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VICTORY
1945

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PACIFIC VICTORY: 1945

PACIFIC VICTORY 1945

By Joseph Driscoll

AUTHOR OF "WAR DISCOVERS ALASKA"

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JOSEPH DRISCOLL

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Under Government regulations for saving paper during the war, the size and bulk of this book have been reduced below the customary peacetime standards. Only the format has been affected. The text is complete and unabridged.

TO HELEN

PREFACE TO VICTORY

THE AUTHOR regards this book as his own small contribution to victory. Within the limitations of space and censorship, he has tried to tell what our fighting men and our fighting ships have been doing in the Pacific to whip the enemy; how soon we may expect a complete victory; and the main paths to Tokyo that we must follow. He believes our success is even greater than most Americans realize. He contends that it is a grand, inspiring story and should be told in the fullest detail.

Now and then the author has pointed out a few things which stand in the way of speedy victory. His only apology for this is that he has not done it more often; for constructive criticism is something our armed forces and our home front can't have too much of.

Generally speaking, war correspondents have found it easy to praise and hard to criticize—that is, if they wished to get their copy past the censors. Fortunately, this one-sided state of affairs is being corrected now that ultimate triumph is assured, and from here on in it should be possible to present a realistic, balanced account of the war for adult readers to the end that the whole nation may unite to win the war without further delays, bickerings or blunders.

And so, with this restrained display of optimism, your correspondent shoves off once again to cover a war which he is convinced will not last forever.

JOSEPH DRISCOLL

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BOOK ONE

Paths of Victory

1

"WAR HAS COMMENCED"

IN THE West Coast port from which I sailed, to pass a year as accredited correspondent with the Pacific Fleet, there stands a public monument erected by patriotic citizens; a tall marble pillar supporting a sea goddess complete with three-pronged fork and laurel wreath. The inscription on one side records a famous message from a Secretary of the Navy to a fighting commodore:

"War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands and capture or destroy the Spanish fleet."

Seven days afterward Commodore George Dewey reached his destination and, "undaunted by the danger of submerged explosives," steamed into Manila at dawn of May 1, 1898; attacked and destroyed the Spanish fleet of ten warships, reduced the forts and held the city in subjection until the arrival of troops from America.

That was fast work and neat. Within a week our Navy had demonstrated that the once powerful Spanish Armada was a hollow shell and

ultimate victory in the war was assured. George Dewey had accomplished all this with seven ships in seven days.

Today, with more than one thousand ships to send against the enemy, we have some pessimists who fear the Pacific war will last seven years—that is, until 1949 or thereabouts. The pessimists point out that we are in the third year of the war against Japan and are not yet at Manila, much less Tokyo. They add, which is equally true, that the barbaric Japanese are no pushover, as the Spanish were.

Granting all this, I think the gloomy prophets are wrong by several years. Nor do I see any particular merit in spreading gloom. Probably what they meant to say was that we should prepare adequately for a war that conceivably could last until 1949, or 1959, or for thirty years or a century; that we should not be caught short on men or material; that, if our liberty and standards of living mean anything to us, we should be prepared to struggle forever. However, that is so elementary that it scarcely needs saying.

Having been deep in the South Pacific when Washington spokesmen issued the 1949 bugaboo, I can testify that it did not help morale. Our soldiers, sailors and marines, who had been fighting a good war for a couple of years and were confident that they were winning, were stunned. Can this be true? They asked themselves and each other. Had Washington any special information that the area commanders did not possess? Had we not whipped the Japanese in every engagement, or nearly every one? Were we not gaining superiority in the air, on land and at sea while the Nips were obviously weakening?

In any calculation, devoid of propaganda angles, as to the probable end of the Pacific war, two factors must be kept in mind:

1. We were crippled at the outset when our fleet was battered at Pearl Harbor and our air forces both at Hawaii and the Philippines were trapped on the ground.

2. Since then we have been fighting Japan with one hand tied behind our back; or, to express it another way, we have been swinging our powerful right hand against the Germans, leaving a comparatively feeble left to jab at the Japs.

In the year 1944 these factors are changing, as the Japs know to their sorrow. Like the Spaniards in 1898, "War has commenced" for them. Our fleet has recovered from its Pearl Harbor grogginess, and

many new battleships, carriers, cruisers and destroyers have been added to make up the greatest fleet in the world's history. Our production of planes and ships and our training of millions in the armed forces have progressed to the point where we can at last fight a strong two-fisted war—one fist for Hitler and another fist for Tojo.

When to the Pacific was being allotted only five per cent of American war production, it was lucky to jab lightly here and there and to wage a holding war, a campaign of attrition; but now it is equipped to carry on an offensive with a genuine punch to it.

Of course, the second front promised to Stalin at Teheran is opening in western Europe, not in the Pacific. That does not preclude a drive against Tokyo before the drive against Berlin is crowned with success and the Anglo-American troops, or the Russian troops, or both, go marching down Unter den Linden.

Europe's second front will be fought principally on land and in the air. The German navy, having lost the *Scharnhorst* and its erstwhile Italian allies, has no more than a nuisance value and an opportunity in which to finish Teutonic preparations for scuttling.

That releases the bulk of the American and British fleets, the two greatest fleets, for war against the Japanese in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. It would be stupid not to employ these grand fleets against the vastly inferior Japanese fleet, which has been in hiding since its Midway singe. Step by step the two co-ordinated fleets can be moved closer to Japan itself, relying on their own carriers for protective air umbrellas (and the two allies now have more than one hundred carriers).

If you believe some armchair strategists, successful invasion is impracticable against shore-based aircraft. If that be true, Japan wins hands down. It simply isn't true. In the Solomons and the Gilberts and the Marshalls, in New Guinea and New Britain, we have displayed our ability to wade into the Japanese, knock down their shore-based aircraft and take their airfields away from them. For these key airfields we have paid a bitter price in blood; and our going in Japan will be many times tougher than the outlying defense perimeter; but it has to be done and it can be done—or else our Navy, our amphibious forces and our flyers have no meaning in this Pacific problem, which is capable of solution like all other problems.

The troops we are dispatching to Europe are not needed in the Pacific at this stage (although we can always use a few more marines). In the coral atolls, such as the Carolines and the Marianas, we can utilize only a few divisions in each operation. This is because the islands are small and the supply difficulties are disproportionately huge. The science of logistics confirms the wisdom of seizing each island with the least number of men.

The day when our progress has carried us to the Philippines, Formosa, the coast of China and to the very home islands of the Nipponese will be the day when we shall require hundreds of thousands of invaders and maybe millions to do the groundwork for our planes and warships. When that day arrives the required men should be available, unless the best-informed calculations fail.

General Eisenhower has predicted Germany's downfall in 1944. Prime Minister Churchill has solemnly promised that after Hitlerism is disposed of Great Britain will throw her full strength alongside America's to liquidate the Japanese Empire.

It appears therefore that by next January 1, if not sooner, Japan should be cornered like a rat. Instead of fighting an America that has one hand tied, Japan will then be up against a two-fisted America and a two-fisted Britain besides.

How long can an encircled Japan stand up against the combined opposition of the United States and Great Britain, not to forget China, with the further likelihood that Russia will turn against Japan once the Bear has devoured the Nazi?

Recently I asked Admiral Nimitz: "At the present rate of progress, do you think the Japanese can hold out until 1949?"

"I doubt it," said Nimitz with an emphasis that indicated 1949 was nowhere near the mark, in his opinion.

For what it's worth, after a year with the fleet in the southern and central Pacific, following months in the Alaskan sector, my opinion is that 1945 is much closer to the mark. If we can beat the great German military organization in 1944, why can't we beat the Japanese in 1945?

To that I would add one qualification. In the words of General Eisenhower, "we can win speedily if the armed forces abroad receive the fullest co-operation from our home front."

That is a big "IF."

2

HIGH ROAD TO HONSHU

REALLY DEVASTATING air attacks on Tokyo, Yokohama and other vital cities and bases of the Japanese home islands are likely before the end of 1944. The United States Navy has sufficient carriers in the Pacific to launch the attacks right now, if it sees fit. Certainly the aerial attacks won't be delayed for many months.

If we had one hundred carriers we could launch a smothering air force over Japan's main island of Honshu. The pleasant fact is, at the present rate of construction, we should now have more than one hundred carriers.

At the beginning of this year we possessed three old carriers, the *Saratoga, Enterprise* and *Ranger;* six new carriers of the large *Essex* type, 27,000 tons; nine new carriers of the *Independence* converted light cruiser type, 10,000 tons; and fifty escort carriers, prefabricated and quantity-produced at the rate of ten ships monthly, and affectionately known to their sailors as Jeeps and Woolworths.

In the first few months of 1944 we have raised to twelve the number of *Essex* class carriers launched since Pearl Harbor, to give us a total of fifteen first-line carriers, counting the three old ones.

In fact, carrier construction is progressing so rapidly it is hard for any book to keep up with it. As I was writing this book, for example, the U.S.S. *Hancock* was launched at the Quincy, Mass. shipyard from which her sister ships, the new *Lexington, Wasp* and *Bunker Hill* had gone forth to war; the *Ticonderoga* was launched at Newport News, Va., the sixth carrier of the *Essex* class to hit the water there; the *Shangri-La* was launched at the Norfolk Navy Yard; and the *Bennington* was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the first of a number to be built there. These carriers cost upwards of $60,000,000 each, can

do thirty-five knots, and are being built in fourteen months as against twenty-three months required before the war.

In addition to the fifteen large carriers, the Navy has ordered three extra-large 45,000-ton carriers. One advantage of these super-carriers is that they will be able to carry medium bombers of the Mitchell type such as Jimmy Doolittle selected for the first raids over Japan. Launching of Mitchells from the old *Hornet* was a stunt which required months of preparation, but from the new carriers medium bombers can take off as a regular thing.

Now, in addition to the fifteen large carriers, and the three extra-large ones to come, and the nine converted-cruiser carriers, our little Jeep carriers are being turned out on a mass production basis so that the fifty we had at the beginning of 1944 must now be about doubled.

What are we building all these carriers for if not to carry the war across the Pacific to the home islands of the war lords who asked for it when they used their carriers to bomb Pearl Harbor? The decline of the submarine menace in the Atlantic is releasing more and more escort carriers to the Pacific. Likewise the ouster of the Axis from the Mediterranean has made it possible for the British to send some of their carriers out through the Indian Ocean toward the Pacific, if we care to use them.

Pretty soon we shall have a surplus of carrier riches. Of course, no admiral ever acknowledges having too many ships or too many planes, but obviously we are getting in a position to strike at Japan at home where it hurts the most.

Our large carriers of the *Saratoga-Essex* types hold more than eighty planes each. Our small Jeep-Woolworth carriers handle one-third as many. Put them all together and they spell Nemesis for Nippon; employing all our carriers, we could put several thousand planes simultaneously over Honshu.

But it won't be necessary to risk all our carriers in an all-out onslaught against the enemy shores. Carrier people, who should know what they're talking about, assure me that they can keep an adequate number of carriers and planes in reserve and still launch hundreds of planes over Tokyo. The Japanese, to be sure, will send hundreds up after our planes. There should be a terrific contest. It's not dead certain we would win, but it should be worth trying.

The element of surprise is one of the sweet advantages of carrier operations. At Pearl Harbor, as our own surface forces were finishing maneuvers to the south, the Japanese slipped in several carriers to the north and launched planes which wiped out our planes on the ground and seriously crippled our fleet. In the Philippines the Japanese planes similarly caught ours on the ground and blitzed them.

It is elementary that our carriers should attempt to sneak up to a hundred miles or so of Honshu some propitious morning, with a view to raiding Japanese air bases; catching the enemy planes on the runways and in the revetments and hangars and giving them the works. What the Japanese did at Hickam, Wheeler and Clark fields we, too, can do now that we have superiority at sea and in the air.

It must be assumed that the surprise and the destruction may not be complete and that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of planes will rise to dogfight our flyers and to dive-bomb and torpedo-bomb our carriers. We must be prepared for the loss of at least several of our carriers. It will be no picnic, in any event.

Our surviving carriers would take aboard our surviving planes and turn back hundreds of miles, where tankers and escort carriers would be waiting in comparative safety. There our main line of carriers would refuel and receive new planes and fresh pilots. Returning to the attack off Honshu, our carriers should again go after the Japanese air bases with renewed determination to destroy enemy air power at its roots.

We may or may not surprise the Japanese defenders on repeat visits, but again they will suffer heavy losses, and so will we. The important difference in that respect, as proved all over the Pacific since Guadalcanal, is that their losses will be out of proportion to ours. Since we can outfight and outbuild the Japanese, we should be able to whittle down their air force to a point where we actually have air supremacy over Japan itself.

What happens then? The fanatical Japanese can be counted upon to keep on sending up their planes to defend the Emperor's sacred soil, if not his abject subjects. Yet after a while, as we persist in flinging our carriers against the Sun God's shores, the enemy air force should be cut down to a percentage where it no longer affords ample protection for the grand fleet, sheltering in Japan's inland seas. The grand fleet will have to ponder a terrible dilemma—either to continue its

humiliating huddle in home waters and chance our bombing, for after their air bases we naturally would go after the naval bases; or else to make a run of it to the open sea and accept a showdown fight with the American grand fleet.

Which is precisely what the United States Pacific Fleet, the largest armada assembled in the world's history, is waiting, hoping and praying for. By themselves our battleships and cruisers can hardly be expected to steam into Japan's ports and drive the enemy out. That would be asking too much, and giving too heavy odds to a canny foe. But if we can launch enough carrier planes to make the home ports untenable and drive Tojo's grand fleet into the open waters then we have a situation which is all that the Americans have ever sought. No American sailor could ask for more.

The American Navy has never doubted, not even in the darkest days after Pearl Harbor, that if the Japanese would come out in the open and fight the issue could be quickly settled in our favor. At Coral Sea, Midway and in the Solomons we did all right, though never getting a full crack at the enemy's main fleet.

The trouble has been that the Japanese refused to conduct the war our way. Instead of a nice, clean, old-fashioned battle royal in the middle of the ocean, they elected to dig into the volcanic islands and the coral atolls and to wage a rat-like jungle warfare to which they were temperamentally suited and for which they had been masterfully trained. We have been wresting these islands from them one by one, but it is a slow process, and we are only about half along to Tokyo, if you measure merely in miles.

The happy truth is that we no longer have to measure merely in miles. We have taken the Solomons, the Gilberts, the Marshalls, and chunks of New Guinea and New Britain, but our progress cannot be fairly reckoned in terms of islands and nautical miles.

What is most important to realize is that, as we pick up momentum in the third year of the Pacific war, we have built up our sea power, our air power and our man power to the stage where all that is past is prologue, and the real drama of the Pacific is about to begin. The whole Navy personnel, and especially our carrier people, believe that 1944 will be a year of great battles and great decisions. I, for one, concur. I see no reason to doubt that at last we are preparing to force

the Japanese into the open, which we urgently must do if the war is not to be prolonged year after year, which is Japan's sole hope of salvation.

3

RACE TO THE PHILIPPINES

SOME TIME during the year 1944 the Pacific war strategists must face up to an important question:

"Are the Philippine Islands to be stormed and taken by frontal assault, or are they to be by-passed and outflanked, to fall into our hands later after we have taken Formosa and the Japanese home islands?"

That is a double-barreled puzzler, the answer to which I never heard in a year with the Pacific fleet. Moreover, I doubt that any final answer has been agreed upon. There are too many factors involved to permit an easy solution, and yet I believe the problem will be settled one way or another before autumn rolls around.

The United States is bound by sacred pledges to redeem the Philippines from the Japanese barbarian. How is that best to be done? There is one school of thought which contends that the Philippines should be taken by isolating them, cutting off their surface and air communications to the islands of the north. According to this school, once we have established positions along the China coast between Amoy and Shanghai, we can bomb, neutralize and capture the large island of Formosa, whereupon we shall have by-passed and outflanked the Philippines. Surrounded on all sides, more or less, by our advance units, the Philippines would be cut off from reinforcements and the Japanese air force there could be taken care of in due time.

The catch to this is that we are still hundreds of miles away from

having positions along the China coast, though the Chinese moves in the Changteh rice bowl are heading in that general direction.

We have promised Chiang Kai-shek to reopen the Burma Road. The Burma Road, in conjunction with the newly constructed Ledo Road from Assam, should enable us to reinforce the Chungking government for drives toward Hankow, Shanghai, Amoy and Canton. Then we can intensify the aerial raids on Formosa, which have been increasing for months.

As Admiral Nimitz sees it, Japan eventually will be defeated from China—with China serving as a springboard for Allied forces. Yet while China may be the main road and the shortest route in the long run, the Allies must travel other roads as well to divert, distract, weaken and worry the enemy—a half dozen roads; from the Solomons, the Gilberts and the Marshalls, from New Guinea, New Britain and the Admiralty Islands, from Malaysia and the Dutch East Indies; from Alaska, the Aleutians, and possibly Siberia; from Formosa, and possibly the Philippines; and to a considerable degree, from our scores of carriers operating right off the shores of Honshu.

If our carriers can attack Tokyo and Yokohama with success, and of that our carrier people have no doubt whatsoever, they could do the same or worse to Manila. However, Manila is not nearly so attractive. After all, Jimmy Doolittle's Army flyers, launched from the carrier *Hornet,* bombed Japan rather than the Philippines, and the Navy is prepared to raid Japan on a tremendous scale that would make the intrepid Doolittle pioneering look like a brave little stunt to build American prestige and shake Japanese morale.

Once upon a time the battleship was called the backbone of our Navy. Today the battleship is still important despite its critics, but there are up-and-coming admirals who will tell you that our fleet's backbone is now the carrier. Being in possession of more than one hundred carriers, we can launch enough planes over Honshu to rattle every window pane in Tokyo and bring the war home to the war lords and the cowering masses.

With Tokyo framed in its sights, the Navy may be pardoned if it sees Manila only as a second choice or as a refueling station on the vast highway across the central Pacific.

The long-awaited central Pacific campaign opened with the bloody occupation of the Gilberts. The second chapter was the capture of the Marshall group of islands.

Meanwhile, General Douglas MacArthur is making an approach of his own to the Philippines. It might seem that the race is between General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz, with Lord Louis Mountbatten as an added starter. The latter wants to recover Singapore and Burma, after which he would be situated to do something about the China coast, Hongkong, Formosa and perhaps the Philippines. The Navy, of course, will assist any Philippine move that fits in with the designs on Honshu.

No one has a keener incentive to recapture the Philippines than MacArthur. Over two years ago he quit the Philippines under orders to take up the defense of Australia and New Guinea. Australia is safe now, instead of being under constant threat of invasion. It has been relegated to a rear-line recreation center, convalescents' camp and staging point for reinforcements moving up the line. The Australian and American troops and flyers under MacArthur's command are pushing doggedly through New Guinea toward their objectives of Wewak and Hollandia.

Hollandia, a name with which to reckon, is a port of Netherlands New Guinea, on the northern shore of the enormous island of New Guinea, just below the equator. Hollandia looks like the most suitable jumping-off place for Mindanao, southernmost island of the Philippines. Certainly any American forces of occupation landing on Mindanao could expect to find substantial support among friendly Filipinos.

Now we come to the $64 question. Will General MacArthur, after he has advanced to Hollandia and has completed his assignment to render New Guinea and Australia safe, be given a further assignment to take Mindanao, Manila and whatever his ambitious forces come across? Or will he be given a vote of thanks for a job well done and be returned to the retirement which he left to go to the Philippines originally?

I believe General MacArthur felt slighted when Lord Mountbatten was inserted into the Pacific war picture. He may have felt that Lord Louis, being a cousin of King George VI, would be afforded all the necessary man power and equipment to strike triumphantly against Singapore, the East Indies and perhaps the Philippines. He might have noted with disquiet that while his own supplies continued limited, Ad-

miral Nimitz was able to gather the world's greatest fleet in the central Pacific and to organize sizable amphibious forces which, after the Gilberts and the Marshalls, might be free to strike around the Philippines.

Senior in age and experience, four-star MacArthur could have suspected that he was to become the victim of a squeeze play, judging by the series of extraordinary statements and interviews that emanated from MacArthur headquarters in Brisbane.

Without promising MacArthur a green light to the Philippines, Washington is lately making appeasing gestures to keep MacArthur in there pitching at the Japs, and out of the Presidential campaign back home.

On the occasion of General MacArthur's sixty-fourth birthday President Roosevelt awarded him another Distinguished Service Medal, citing him for successes over the enemy despite "limited forces of material" and for gaining positions highly favorable for "continuation of offensive operations." And General George C. Marshall, who previously went out of his way to call on General MacArthur, sent this birthday message:

"May the coming months bring you great satisfaction and a reward of successive victories on the road to Tokyo."

Do all these words add up to a MacArthur mission to Mindanao?

4

PATTERN OF CONQUEST

NOW AND THEN people ask me: How come we're making such rapid progress in the Central Pacific, capturing the Gilberts and the Marshalls and bombarding the Carolines and the Marianas? These people seem to remember that it took us six months to capture Guadalcanal

and they wonder why the Pacific war is now producing something new almost every day or week.

And when I tell them the answer is Funafuti they are puzzled. They aren't quite sure what Funafuti is. Some of them confuse it with tutti-frutti, which, I believe, is a chewing gum. As a matter of fact, Funafuti is a small island, just south of the equator, in the Ellice Island group.

At the time I made my first trip down into the South Pacific, on a destroyer, the Ellice Islands were in the hands of the Japs and we kept our distance. But a few weeks later the Japs got careless and an American force managed to occupy the island with the funny name of Funafuti. Funafuti was just another sand bar in the middle of the ocean and had nothing to recommend it except that it made a suitable site for an airfield. So our Seabees immediately began building an airstrip.

By this time the Japs woke up and started bombing our Seabees and our Marines and our Army air force men. It was nip and tuck for quite a while. There was not much in the way of trees or other protection on this sand bar. When the Japs flew over to drop their eggs about all our men could do was to throw themselves face down into the sand and trust to luck or say a prayer. Our men hated to see a full moon because that meant the Japs would come over in force.

Eventually, despite the incessant raids, the strip on Funafuti was ready. From then on we used Funafuti as a jumping-off place to bomb the Gilberts to the north. It had been from the Gilberts that the Japs sent planes to bomb Funafuti, but now the shoe was on the other foot and Funafuti sent planes over the Gilberts to knock the Japs out of the air. By last November our Funafuti air force had wiped out the Jap air force in the Gilberts, which was a necessary preliminary before our Marines could move in and take Tarawa.

Once we had taken Tarawa, we sent hundreds of planes over the Marshalls to knock out Jap planes and airfields in that group of islands. Then our land forces moved in and captured Kwajalein and Eniwetok, two of the best harbors in the whole Pacific.

By now our pattern of conquest is familiar to everyone, including the Japs. First, from Funafuti we send planes to gain aerial supremacy over the Gilberts, so we can bring up our landing forces. From the Gilberts we do the same thing to the Marshalls. And from the Mar-

shalls we have set out to destroy Jap air power at Truk and Guam and Saipan. And from Guam and Saipan we can carry on to the Bonins and the very gates of Japan.

I suppose this is what you would call island-hopping. I remember a certain famous general denounced island-hopping a few months ago. Instead of island-hopping, he suggested that we should employ what he called "massive strokes." Frankly, I don't know what difference there is between island-hopping and massive strokes. If your island-hopping succeeds—which is all that counts, really—you're striking at the enemy in a massive way. And if your massive strokes succeed, you're bound to acquire an island here and there. In fact, I notice our famous general who denounced island-hopping has lately been hopping a few himself.

In the Pacific, or anywhere else, we can't win the war with word-juggling—with academic exercises in the art of semantics. We can win the war in one very simple way—by killing Japs; and lots of 'em.

I would like to make one prediction: Before the end of this year, Guam will be back under the American flag and our planes will be dropping calling cards over Tokyo and Yokohama and the other vital cities and bases of the home islands of Japan.

It is amazing how the picture has changed in the last two years. Early in 1942 the Japs had occupied all of the Solomons and most of New Guinea and were threatening the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Zealand, and Australia. To the east, that is, toward the Americas, they had occupied the Gilberts and the Ellice Islands and were menacing the Fiji Islands and Samoa.

In time of war we must prepare for the worst, and that is exactly what we did. The United States moved large forces not only into American Samoa but also into British Samoa, the Fiji Islands and the Tonga Islands.

If the Japs had gone into Australia, New Zealand, New Caledonia and the Fijis, we were prepared to fall back as far as Samoa and Tongatabu. If Samoa and Tonga were lost to us, we would have to retreat all the way to California and Panama.

Fortunately, things never got that black. The Japs halted in their tracks for some stupid reason—just another of their many mistakes.

While they were busy fighting us in the Solomons, we slipped into the Ellice Islands.

Incidentally, the first planes we sent in to hold Funafuti came from the island of Upolu in British Samoa and from Tutuila in American Samoa.

Those are names to remember . . . Funafuti . . . Upolu . . . Tutuila. Together they make up what has been called Our Forgotten Front. I hope Funafuti and the rest will never be completely forgotten, because a lot of American boys had to die before we could spread out from Funafuti to the Gilberts and the Marshalls, and so on to Tokyo.

I, for one, can't forget Funafuti because I lost a very good friend there, Major Charles Marsalek, of the Army Air Force, who, in private life, had been a reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* Charlie was a big, friendly man. He wasn't a brilliant fellow, just a steady reliable plodder, the kind that gets things done. People liked him. Between raids at Funafuti, he played shortstop on the army team against the marine team. Even the opposition shortstop liked Charlie. In fact, he was the one who wrote this touching farewell to a guy named Charlie:

"Charlie had given up a good job to go into the service, and was happy about it all.

"He had occasion while here to call on me for several things they needed and I fixed him up; drove him around; had a drink or two with him, and knew him for a good fellow.

"In our party (the air raid by the Japs here) he got hit pretty bad in several places. When I went to see him, he did not know me. Later that day they had to take his arm off, and that was only one of several wounds. He was given plasma and transfusions, and rallied, so he was sent out by air to the base hospital.

"My Colonel and I went to see him off, and he recognized us. He looked up at us and smiled and said:

" 'Well, I can't play ball with you any more, but I hope we can team up against the Japs.'

"That was the biggest display of guts I've ever seen in my life. He died six hours later. . . .

"Our country can't sell men like that short."

5

BE KIND TO JAPS

FOR THE LIFE of me I can't think of one good reason why we should not employ gas, poison gas, against the Japs. There are no sound reasons against the use of gas by our side to be found in international law, in common ethics or in wartime charity—if there is such a thing as wartime charity. On the other hand, gas would save thousands of American lives and, if this be a further consideration, would be merciful to the enemy.

When one speaks of gas warfare, somebody is sure to pop up and say: "Well, how about the Geneva convention?" That's a fair question, though the conventions were hardly observed when Pearl Harbor was blitzed. Anyway, the answer is that while Britain and Germany are bound by the Geneva treaty to refrain from the use of gas as a means of killing each other, Japan and the United States are not so bound, and we can be sure the Japs will use gas or any other refinements of murder that suit their barbaric purposes.

In common ethics or common sense, there is no barrier to our use of gas. Since the time when General Sherman defined war as hell, all nations have been improving the technique of bumping off the enemy with the greatest of ease. As each new "secret" weapon is born, the only question is: Will it work? War makes pragmatists of us all. If we must kill, let's do it efficiently, as becomes Americans—in war as in peace, one hundred per cent efficient, or so we like to think.

As for Christian charity, which has precious little to do with war in any case, if one cannot honestly love one's neighbor and forgive one's enemy, then, for God's sake, let's pass him on to the great beyond as painlessly as possible. For painless operations gas is indicated—even dentists use it.

Since we as Americans are engaged in a life-and-death struggle to save America, our thought about any particular weapon should be:

"Will this save American lives and help to win the war?"

Gas will do all that. (Incidentally, to be filed under the Don't-Give-It-A-Thought Department, gas will be kind to the Japs.)

If there are any Americans squeamish about spraying gas on the Nips as you would use Flit on noxious insects, let them read the detailed reports on the torture and slaughter of fifty thousand American and Filipino prisoners taken at Bataan and Corregidor. Better still, let them go again and again to the cinema to see the awful story of Tarawa as filmed by marine combat cameramen, two of whom were killed on the spot. They will see how our marines, stranded on the coral shelf, with the tide going the wrong way, had to wade in for hundreds of yards against the murderous machine gun and mortar fire from the Japs hiding in their pillboxes and blockhouses. They will see hundreds of bodies —fine young American bodies—floating in the crimson lagoon.

The story of Tarawa had to be censored and cut for public presentation, because it was too long and too horrible. But enough remains to make any American see red.

If we had lost Tarawa, we would have failed in our first attempt to break through the eastern defense perimeter prepared by the enemy. Without the Gilberts we would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to achieve the successes since scored in the Marshalls, the Carolines and the Marianas.

We won Tarawa because our marines refused to give up—and because they were equipped with a few flame-throwers. If you have ever burned a finger on a gas stove, you can appreciate the deadliness of a flame-thrower. A flame-thrower (*flammenwerfer,* to the Germans who pioneered them in the previous war) is a contraption resembling a combination of bagpipe and filling station hose or bazooka. The bag, or tank, carried on the soldier's back, holds the gas. Attached to it is a long pipe which sends the gas out toward the enemy as a sizzling life-consuming flame.

When the Japs burrow like rats in their dugouts, we can charge them with bayonet, grenade, pistol, rifle and machine gun—and get mowed down like wheat before the reaper. Or we can use flame-throwers to

pour liquid fire in through the slits and cook the enemy into the emperor's eternity.

Yes, flame-throwers are effective. And they aren't restricted by treaty any more than high-explosive shells which tear a man's body into such tiny threads that funeral services aren't necessary. Or shrapnel, or torpedoes, or a hundred other weapons—each quite deadly in its own sinister fashion.

Our flame-throwers took the enemy by surprise at Tarawa, but the Japs are excellent copycats and you can be sure they will have a reasonable facsimile by the time we get to Honshu. Likewise they will have poison gas and will use it—if the percentage is in their favor.

Anyone who has seen a Jap well done by a flame-thrower will tell you that gas treatment is kindly by comparison. Gas was used in the first World War with considerable effect on both sides, but many gas victims live to a ripe old age. No Jap who ran up against a flame-thrower ever lived to tell of it.

So we come to the conclusion that gas is more merciful than flame-throwing, which is equivalent to hell on earth. What point is there, then, to advocacy of gas, since we are not primarily concerned with a Be-Kind-to-Japs movement? We have a splendid flame-thrower—why not make millions of them?

The point seems to be that you have to storm a beach to use a flame-thrower, and quite often you get mowed down while going beachwards. Also, the maximum range of a flame-thrower is something like one hundred eighty feet, whereas gas shells can be lobbed in from battleships in perfect safety eighteen miles from the beach. Or, if you please, gas bombs can be dropped by planes coming from a carrier one hundred miles away or from land bases two hundred to one thousand miles away.

One further point: The United States is now indisputably the greatest industrial and chemical nation in the world. It is an open secret that we have been experimenting with gases since the last war—just in case, you know. President Roosevelt has threatened to use gas against the enemy if the enemy resorts to that method of warfare. The Japs have already used gas against the Chinese, because the Japs have the advantage over the enemy there. They would use it against us, if

it were to their advantage. It isn't, so they don't. But it is to our advantage, so why don't we?

Let's cook 'em with gas—and soon!

6

SIX ROADS TO TOKYO

AN ACUTE FEELING of claustrophobia must be setting in on Japan. Her greatest dread, encirclement by her foes, is being realized. From six different directions, hostile fingers are reaching toward Japan's throat. No matter whether she looks forward, or sideways, or back over her shoulder, Japan sees ominous shadows; in her imagination she can feel the hot breath of her Nemesis.

Nippon's Nemesis travels under many names—Nimitz, Halsey, MacArthur, Mountbatten, Stilwell, Buckner, Mitscher, Turner, Spruance, Fitch, Fletcher, Kinkaid, Wilkinson, Sherman, Radford, Towers, Lee, McMorris, Merrill, Ainsworth, Moran, McInerney, Ryan, Robbins, Richardson, Hale, Corlett, Harmon, Kenney, Krueger, Schmid, Geiger Smith, Carlson, Roosevelt, Stratemeyer, Wedemeyer, Wingate, Chennault, Chiang Kai-shek—and maybe Joe Stalin. This is an all-star lineup calculated to make little Tojo quake in his boots.

Like Germany, Japan used to complain before the present war that she was being deliberately encircled. Her propagandists pointed out that she was already at war with China; that Russia, her traditional foe, had armies waiting in Siberia for the day when Manchukuo border clashes would develop into real war with Japan; that the Dutch menaced Japan from the East Indies; that the British menaced Japan from India, Burma, Singapore and Hongkong; and that the United States was building up an army in the Philippines, was improving Guam as a naval base, was fortifying the Aleutians and the Alaskan mainland, or

half-thinking about it, and was concentrating the whole American fleet at Pearl Harbor in an unfriendly and pointed gesture.

Like Germany, Japan manufactured an extraordinary persecution complex. Encircled Germany complained that she was being cut off from easy access to raw materials in Africa. Encircled Japan complained that she was being suffocated by American embargoes on oils and metals, and by the refusal of the Dutch and the British to open up the riches of the Indies and Malaysia to her.

To break the ring of restraint, Germany struck at Poland, hoping for a quick victory over a single foe, not knowing that eventually she would be fighting on several fronts against many foes.

To smash her encirclement, Japan struck simultaneously against the Americans, the British and the Dutch—in fact, she waged war against all her encirclers save Russia. Employing her old strategy of surprise and treachery, Japan succeeded beyond the fondest dreams of her war lords.

But the tide turned in the Pacific war with the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway and with our push into the Solomons. As the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor's infamy approaches, Japan finds herself being stripped not only of the islands which she stole from the United Nations in this war but also of islands which she grabbed from Germany in the previous war when opportunistic Japan worked the other side of the street.

International streetwalker that she is, Japan now finds the Allied police closing in upon her at an alarming rate. At first our island-hopping progressed at a crawl and a creep. We moused along because we lacked the men and the material to do more, and not because it was in our nature to be shy. Now that we at last are sending great stores of war into the Pacific, we are equipped to be as bold as we like and we are taking advantage of the situation, with the result that the Japs have become timid and retiring.

Deep in the historic year 1944, we gather our strength from divers directions and many bases and we point it like a dagger toward the heart of Japan. We make no secret about our intentions to dishonor Japan and drive her back into the island obscurity from which we mistakenly rescued her long ago.

Anyone who reads the daily communiqués and studies a detailed map

can see the six roads to Tokyo over which we are harassing an enemy who is beaten but won't surrender, an enemy who may yet have a few tricks up his kimono sleeves. Not in the order of their importance, but starting at the top of the world, these six roads may be described briefly as follows:

1. ALASKA TO ASIA. This is one of the best possible paths to victory but we cannot use it as long as Russia continues her technical neutrality with Japan and adheres to their nonaggression pact. Once Russia has disposed of Germany, she may be willing to fight on another front. Anyway, that is our hope and prayer, for this would be a real short cut to Tokyo. In the Central Pacific, Asia and North America are separated by thousands of miles, but the distance between the same continents, as represented by Alaska's Cape Prince of Wales and Siberia's East Cape, is only fifty-four miles. Not for nothing have we constructed a magnificent chain of military airdromes stretching from British Columbia and the Yukon up to Fairbanks, Alaska, and out to Nome and the Bering Sea. On the other side of that sea the Russians have another chain of airdromes extending down to Kamchatka, Sakhalin and Vladivostok, the latter within six hundred miles of Honshu. Once Russia gives the word, we can fly planes over and connect up the two networks of airdromes that are separated now only by the Bering Sea and a neutrality policy that is based upon expediency rather than friendship, and therefore is not expected to last one second longer than either party deems it expedient. What was proposed along this line at the Teheran conference of Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin is a deep, dark secret. It may be just as well to keep the Japs guessing. Like the Germans, they are not impervious to a war of nerves.

2. ALEUTIANS INTO JAPAN'S HOME ISLANDS. The air road from San Francisco to Japan via the Aleutians (the Great Circle route) is more than 1,700 miles shorter than the route via Hawaii. That is why the Aleutians have been called a "dagger pointed at the heart of Japan." When the Japs invaded the Aleutians they turned the dagger against us and recalled the warning of General Billy Mitchell: "He who holds Alaska holds the world." Having kicked the Japs out of the Aleutians, we are once again pointing our dagger at Japan. From bases at Attu, Kiska and other islands of the Aleutian chain, we have repeatedly bombed Paramushiri and other islands of the Kuril chain, which are

the Japanese counterpart to the Aleutians and lead directly down to the two big home islands of Nippon, which are Hokkaido and Honshu. Our surface ships have joined in the bombardments of the Kurils. The new science of amphibious warfare calls for preliminary assaults from the air and the sea to soften up objectives for landing forces. Our new Alaskan highway permits us to store vast reserves of war material on the mainland for transshipment out to the Aleutians, where we can move from base to base, never more than several hundred miles apart. One drawback to aerial warfare from the Aleutians is the interminable fog and rain—"the world's worst weather." On the other hand, this blanket of invisibility helps our surface forces to advance toward Japan undetected. Attu is only 765 miles from Paramushiri, and Paramushiri is but 1280 miles from Tokyo.

3. Across the Central Pacific to Honshu. From Pearl Harbor we launched the successful attacks upon the Gilberts, Marshalls, Carolines, and Marianas. In that sector we have massed the world's greatest fleet, many times more powerful than the force Japan blitzed at Pearl Harbor to start the war. Faster and faster steps up the tempo of war as the Japs are driven back home and their fleet is challenged to come out and fight to a showdown. But the Japs are not expected to risk their grand fleet until it is bombed out of its hiding place, or until the Japs believe that we have over-extended ourselves and are vulnerable to a lightning assault when we are far from our bases. Lieutenant General Alexander Archer Vandergrift, Commandant of the Marine Corps, who knows the Nipponese shiftiness, has warned that Japan is playing possum and may attempt to destroy our fleet by a single stroke. The Japanese press reports with a world of meaning that the American fleet is "steaming toward Japan as did the Russian fleet thirty-nine years ago." The reference was to the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05. Then the Japanese blitzed the Russian naval base at Port Arthur, as later they were to do to us at Pearl Harbor. Then Japan waited for European Russia to bring the war to her from distant bases. The Russian grand fleet under Admiral Rozhesvenski had to travel twenty thousand miles around Africa's Cape of Good Hope and through the Indian Ocean. Instead of steaming forth to meet the Russians, Admiral Togo bided his time until they reached the approaches to the Sea of Japan. Then, in the battle of Tsushima, the fresh Japanese fleet struck and

destroyed the travel-worn Russian fleet, whose numerical superiority was more than offset by the Japanese advantage of operating in home waters. Is history to repeat itself? Not if I know shrewd Admiral Nimitz.

4. THE MACARTHUR-HALSEY ROUTE from New Guinea, New Britain and the Solomons, with the Philippines as the main objective on the road to Tokyo. Driven out of Manila, Bataan and Corregidor, General MacArthur has pledged himself to return and redeem the Philippines and he has made substantial progress in that direction, ably assisted by the South Pacific force of Admiral Halsey. By the time the men of MacArthur had advanced as far as the Admiralty Islands, the Japs were reported converting the Dutch island of Halmahera into a strong defensive bastion. Likewise, they were rushing an airbase at Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, two hundred miles west of Wewak, to halt the allied advance; Hollandia being desirable as a jumping-off place toward the Palau Islands and the Philippines. Hollandia, in the hands of the Japs, was being used to shuttle planes eastward to Aitape and Wewak, and westward to Manokwari and Halmahera. The Japs were also using Humboldt Bay as an anchorage.

All in all, the MacArthur path to the Philippines was reasonably clear to any reader of the news. New Guinea is shaped like a turkey and the turkey head is the Berau peninsula, the nearest springboard to Mindanao, southernmost of the Philippines, and only six hundred miles away. Will MacArthur get to the Philippines? It was always assumed he would until, after the Casablanca conference and the appointment of Lord Louis Mountbatten to the Southeast Asia command.

When confronted with press reports from the U.S. and England implying that his part in the war was to be progressively curtailed and his command reduced to a secondary and subsidiary role, General MacArthur said:

"'It makes little difference whether I or others wield the weapon just so the cause for which our beloved country fights is victorious. However subordinate may be my role I hope to play it manfully. . . .

"'My strategic conception for the Pacific theater . . . contemplates massive strokes against only main strategic objectives, utilizing surprise and air-ground striking power supported and assisted by the fleet. . . . Island-hopping with extravagant losses and slow progress—some

press reports indicating victory postponed as late as 1949—is not my idea of how to end the war as soon and as cheaply as possible. . . .'

" 'I have no personal military ambitions whatsoever.' "

5. THE MOUNTBATTEN ROYAL ROAD TO TOKYO. In peacetime Lord Mountbatten (whose family name was Battenberg prior to the first World War) was one of Mayfair's glamor boys. In this war he distinguished himself in Greece and particularly at Crete, where he had one ship after another shot from underneath him. No one questions his courage and his charm. When the Southeast Asia command was created for him, out of territory which otherwise might have fallen within MacArthur's jurisdiction, it was generally assumed that Prime Minister Churchill had charged Mountbatten with recovery of Singapore and Hongkong. The British press reported the Americans were pressing for a drive from India through Burma to reopen the Burma Road and expand the trickle of supplies into China. The British on the other hand, while skirmishing around Akyab, were emphasizing the rigors of the Burmese jungles, said to be three times worse than New Guinea's, and they contended an amphibious move against the Irrawaddy estuary would be one of the most difficult military operations in history.

Indicating a definite preference for a return to Singapore which they had to leave in a hurry, the British were confident that they could take Singapore pretty much as the Japs had taken it, or, for the sake of variety, could move against Singapore from the Andaman and Nicobar Islands and from Sumatra. Presumably, after raising the Union Jack over Singapore, the British would leapfrog north through Malaya, Thailand and French Indo-China and along the coast and up the South China Sea toward Hainan and Hong Kong bypassing the Philippines.

6. Now we come to the last of the paths of victory, and perhaps the most important, once we really open it up and bring in the enormous supplies that will be necessary. This is the China road, commanded by General Chiang Kai-shek himself. At present the United Nations are unable to make anything like full use of China's enormous man power because we are unable to feed, clothe and equip the Chinese as we should. With the Burma Road closed, a mere trickle of supplies is being flown in from India over the highest mountains in the world, the Himalayas. With the opening of the new Ledo Road

rom Assam, and the reopening of the old Burma Road, this trickle vill become a stream but still far from being the gushing torrent that s required. What is really required is to open up ports along the China :oast, such as Amoy and Shanghai, Foochow, Swatow and Canton.

Making no bones about his plans, Admiral Nimitz says his fleet ntends to pierce the Japanese blockade and open up sea lanes to con-/oy goods to China.

In addition to supplying the sorely pressed Chinese, landings in China would make it possible for us to intensify our bombings of Formosa (Taiwan) and capture that highly strategic base. With Formosa ınder control, our air and sea forces can cut Japanese communications south to the Philippines and can close in on little old Nippon for the kill.

No wonder Chiang's American aide, Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell, commander of United States forces in China, Burma and India, has pledged full co-operation to Admiral Nimitz in the coming campaign to make China the main highway en route to Japan.

For guidance in translating future communiqués as we progress along the six roads to Tokyo, here is a table of mileage between various bases:

Fairbanks to Tokyo	3500
Dutch Harbor to Attu	845
Attu to Paramushiri	765
Paramushiri to Tokyo	1280
Attu to Tokyo	2000
Attu to Petropavlovsk (Kamchatka)	526
Petropavlovsk to Sapporo (Hokkaido)	911
Sapporo to Tokyo	458
Petropavlovsk to Khabarovsk (Siberia)	931
Khabarovsk to Tokyo	803
Khabarovsk to Vladivostok	370
Vladivostok to Yokohama	579
Vladivostok to Fukuoka	604
Vladivostok to Shanghai	869
Shanghai to Sasebo	435
Shanghai to Formosa	469
Hong Kong to Formosa	306
Formosa to Omuta	786

Midway to Tokyo	2600
Midway to Wake	1033
Wake to Yokohama	1723
Guam to Yokohama	1360
Guam to Manila	1380
Guam to Marcus	817
Guam to Bonin	838
Manila to Yokohama	1619
Manila to Hong Kong	603
Wake to Guam	1535
Wake to Saipan	1235
Wake to Marcus	770
Marcus to Tokyo	1150
Marcus to Kisaratu	989
Marcus to Bonin	661
Bonin to Tokyo	650
Wewak to Palau	850
Wewak to Truk	899
Rabaul to Truk	696
Kavieng to Truk	602
Palau to Saipan	552
Palau to Manila	970

The maps and the miles tell the story of future moves in the great Pacific chess game. We could write a million words about spearheads, strategy and tactics, but we'd rather leave that to our expert friends, such as Hanson Baldwin and Fielding Eliot, while we pass on to chronicle the doings of some fighting men and fighting ships. Space will not permit us to report on all our heroes and hero ships, so we'll single out a few case histories which have particular appeal to us for one reason or another.

BOOK TWO

Architects of Victory

7

ADMIRAL OF THE REOPENED SEA

TWO YEARS have made a major change for the better in the status of Chester William Nimitz and, correspondingly, in the naval position of the United States of America throughout the Pacific area, where Nimitz is her chief seagoing representative. In the latter part of the dark December of 1941, Admiral Nimitz slipped secretly out of Washington, Hawaii-bound, wearing civilian clothes and traveling under an assumed name. Except for the fact that Navy men do not slink, you might almost say that Nimitz slunk, so adverse were the conditions under which he was taking over command from the ill-starred Admiral Husband E. Kimmel.

En route, Nimitz studied the Government's secret reports on the Pearl Harbor affair, which he carried in an old canvas sewing-bag borrowed at the last minute from Mrs. Nimitz. The sewing-bag could well serve as the symbol of the whole tragic situation into which Nimitz was sailing. Our main Pacific base had been caught off watch and the Jap raid had dealt a paralyzing blow to our Pacific naval strength. If we

had been compelled to retaliate quickly, we should have had to do it with the naval equivalent of Mrs. Nimitz's knitting needles. As this was an obvious impossibility, Nimitz, once he had arrived at Pearl Harbor, wisely steered a defensive course, until such time as he would be equipped and staffed to deliver a real punch.

Today, from Pearl, Nimitz wields command of the most formidable ocean-going striking force ever seen on the face of the earth. Most of the ghosts of the fine old vessels which were battered, burned and sunk by the Jap bombers that December Sunday have been restored to the living and have already made excellent records for themselves in combat.

Even more important are the numerous post-Hitler super-duper dreadnaughts at Nimitz's command. It is no longer a secret that the *Massachusetts,* the *North Carolina* and the *South Dakota* have been in action against the Axis. They were among our first big new 'uns to strike a blow for liberty, and they were followed into the fray by many more, whose names and exact numbers need not be disclosed. It is no comfort to the enemy to know that battleships of the *Iowa, South Dakota* and *North Carolina* classes have been commissioned, and that construction has been resumed on the behemoth *Montana* class.

The contrast between what we have out there now and what we had at the time Nimitz took over is terrific. Our 1944-model fleet is no longer a one-ocean navy or a two-ocean navy, but rather a seven-seas fleet, always with emphasis on the Pacific.

To emphasize Nimitz's growing responsibilities and the widening scope of his operations, the title of Commander in Chief of Pacific Ocean Areas has been added to his original title of Commander in Chief of the United States Pacific Fleet.

In the light of recent developments, the unassuming Nimitz has taken the center of the Pacific stage, whether he likes it or not. It's his move —and he's moving!

This admiral of admirals, a hillsman by birth, is conducting an oceanic war over the broadest area ever. His jurisdiction extends from the Aleutians to New Zealand, from the North Pole to the South Pole, actually; and from the western shores of the Americas far out to the fabled islands of the South Seas and up to frigid Siberia and the quaking coast of Japan itself.

Christopher Columbus has been styled the Admiral of the Ocean Sea,

but in certain respects he was a piker compared to our own Nimitz who is opening and reopening that majestic expanse of blue water which the hardy Elizabethan Navigators labeled God's Ocean, centuries before the emperor-worshiping Nips tried to turn it into the Sun God's private lake.

Among 130,000,000-odd Americans, no one has a better opportunity to blast Japan out of the water and out of the war than this keen-eyed Lone Star sharpshooter.

The reason the new CINCPAC replacing Kimmel left Washington so surreptitiously in December, 1941, was the possibility that enemy agents might attempt to sabotage him as he traveled toward the West Coast. Nimitz was accompanied by his flag lieutenant, Lieutenant Commander H. A. Lamar, who also wore civilian clothes and used a name that was not his. They were announced as departing on a Thursday, but they left on a Friday, instead, as an added precaution.

Behind the westward-bound pair lay the suppressed drama of Nimitz's appointment. When Pearl Harbor was being leveled, Nimitz was stationed in Washington as chief of the Bureau of Navigation, now known as the Bureau of Personnel (BUPERS, in navy slang). After Navy Secretary Frank Knox and the Roberts Commission had flown to Hawaii to investigate and had reported negligence in high commands, President Roosevelt sent for Colonel Knox and asked him to recommend a successor to Admiral Kimmel as CINCPAC.

"I'll be satisfied with the second name on the list," said the outspoken colonel. He was referring to the fact that when Admiral J. Otto Richardson had retired in 1941 as CINCUS, Knox had submitted a list of two names as suitable successors, the names being those of Kimmel and Nimitz.

It was a bitter morning when Admiral Nimitz, disguised as a "Mr. Wainright," and his traveling companion arrived in Chicago to transfer from the Capitol Limited to the Santa Fe Chief. While killing time between trains, "Mr. Wainwright" decided he needed a haircut and, finding near-by barber shops crowded, he taxied out to the Naval Pier. There a young bluejacket on sentry duty firmly refused to admit any civilians. Finally, a veteran C.P.O. recognized the admiral in civilian's clothing and cleared out the barber shop for him.

As the Chief sped across the Kansas prairie, "Mr. Wainwright" entered the smoking car and was spotted by a professor who had met him the year before when Nimitz addressed the American Association of University Presidents at Lincoln, Neb. The professor called out to the genial admiral by name, but the dour "Mr. Wainwright" passed on like a total stranger.

Each time that "Mr. Wainwright" and his traveling companion left their drawing rooms to go into the dining car, they carried along the old canvas sewing-bag. This aroused speculation among the other Chief passengers, as well it might.

Admiral Nimitz likes to walk for exercise, and at every train stop he and his younger companion strolled on the platform. That is, every stop but one, for somewhere in New Mexico the Admiral vanished. As his flag lieutenant returned to the train to search for Nimitz, he heard the porter's bell buzzing frantically and encountered a chuckling Admiral, who said:

"That damned porter locked me in, so I locked him up."

It seems that the Admiral had been imprisoned in his own drawing room when the patented lock jammed on the inside. The Pullman porter was summoned, but, being a staunch believer in patents, wouldn't be convinced by the Admiral's shouts that the lock was out of order. So, the Admiral, after the incredulous porter had opened the door from the outside, stepped out and invited the porter to step in and see for himself. Whereupon the Admiral locked the porter in and let him stay there ten minutes. Upon being released and tipped generously, the porter swore he would have the lock repaired the minute the train pulled into Los Angeles.

From Los Angeles "Mr. Wainwright" proceeded to San Diego and thence by navy plane to Pearl Harbor, to survey the wreckage of a grand fleet, and to shoulder a burden such as few Americans have carried.

Pearl Harbor was a sight to make a strong man weep, particularly Admiral Nimitz, for his old flagship *Arizona* was a bomb-riddled, oil-smeared, burned-out hulk that had been murdered at its anchorage, a tomb for hundreds of men trapped below the very decks which Nimitz once had trod. The battleship *Oklahoma* had capsized and turned over. The *West Virginia, California, Pennsylvania, Nevada, Tennessee* and

Maryland had been wounded. The ex-battleship *Utah,* relegated to target practice, had been sunk. Many other ships had been attacked, and three destroyers were among the casualties.

The historic meeting of Nimitz and Kimmel at Pearl Harbor was a painful one.

Generally speaking, with some exceptions, the attitude of high ranking navy officials toward Kimmel's predicament was a sympathetic one— "There but for the grace of God, go I." This sentiment was shared by Nimitz and it was the first thing he told Kimmel.

Admiral Kimmel slowly read a letter that Admiral Nimitz had brought out from Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet, who expressed his personal regrets and voiced sympathy along the same lines.

Shaking hands with his unfortunate predecessor, Admiral Nimitz assured Admiral Kimmel:

"You have my sympathy—the same thing could have happened to me."

(As Annapolis men, Nimitz and Kimmel had many things in common; moreover, both were fathers and had sons who were risking their lives in submarines striking at the enemy.)

Like Admiral Jellicoe at Jutland, Admiral Nimitz now was in a position where he could win or lose the war.

A definite turning of the tide toward victory began for CINCPAC Nimitz in his second year and rolls on in his third. His first year was the hardest. His primary task was to counsel patience and caution, and at the same time to engender confidence in the fleet and to overcome defeatism born of Pearl Harbor disaster. Cool, calculating Nimitz was rewarded when our task forces hurled back the Japanese in the Battle of Coral Sea, which was crucial in that it saved Australia, New Zealand and New Caledonia from threatened invasion, although it was not the crushing defeat we had prayed for. A month later, in the Battle of Midway, we administered that crushing defeat and the Japanese abandoned designs on Midway and Hawaii.

But our premature, hurried-up invasion of Guadalcanal in August, 1942, piled up headaches for Admiral Nimitz and everybody concerned, however remotely. The invasion was only two nights old when the allied side lost the four "sitting duck" cruisers, *Quincy, Vincennes, As-*

toria and *Canberra*. By November the dogged Japanese were still fighting on the outskirts of Henderson Field, and their battleships were shelling our exposed ground positions. Running perilously low were our supplies of aviation gasoline and planes, bullets and beans.

Something had to be done and Admiral Nimitz, who had inspected Guadalcanal in October, decided that in this critical situation, the most experienced naval officer available should take over the command in this contested area. William Frederick Halsey, the most experienced carrier admiral we had, was fortuitously in the South Pacific area, and he was designated to take over, which he did in mid-October.

This was the shot in the arm that rallied our forces. Relieving his friend Bob Ghormley was as painful to the sensitive Nimitz as succeeding Kimmel had been. To demonstrate that there were no personal feelings involved, and that navy men realize the necessity of changes, Admiral Nimitz readily agreed to a subsequent move which brought Vice Admiral Ghormley to work beside him at Pearl, as commandant of the Hawaiian Sea Frontier.

One success after another marked the second year for Nimitz. Under the heavy pressure exerted by Bill Halsey, the Japanese evacuated Guadalcanal and the Russells, after which we leapfrogged through Rendova, New Georgia, Kolombangara, Vella Lavella, Treasury and Bougainville, on the road to New Britain and Truk, not to forget the Gilberts, the Marshalls and Wake.

While our amphibious forces were hopping islands, our navy was winning overwhelmingly whenever the enemy dared to show himself, and our air force was maintaining the consistent superiority in the skies that made our land and sea triumphs possible.

And all the time our submarines, the quietest arm of our Silent Service, and one dear to Nimitz since both he and his only son (Chester W. Nimitz, Jr.) are submariners, were stealing within sight of the shores of Nippon and striking at the Japanese jugular vein—communications.

Now, what manner of man is this soft-spoken, blue-eyed, ruddy-faced, silvery-haired Texan named Nimitz who commands the grandest fleet and sweeps the vastest sea of any admiral in the world's history; the master strategist, quiet, reserved, extremely conservative, yet bold when it pays to be bold, who makes his eagerly awaited major moves at long last?

A product of the democratic middle class, Nimitz was born in Fredericksburg, Texas, a German-American settlement in the hill country which his grandfather, Captain Charles H. Nimitz, had helped to found in the middle of the nineteenth century. Among his ancestors were liberals who had to leave Germany after the abortive uprising of 1848, a providential circumstance that sent some of the best Germanic stock to the United States, mainly to the Middle West and Southwest.

Our Admiral of the Reopened Sea is an able administrator, a stern disciplinarian, a good fighting man, a good family man, an all-around he-man who is kind to dogs and children, who likes to spin salty tales, eat fine food in moderation and sniff a little bourbon after hours, and who is not above growing Texas cactus in his Pearl Harbor backyard and making cactus jelly from the recipe he learned from his mother.

Perhaps the call of the sea was born in Nimitz. His grandfather, Cap'n Charles, who operated the Nimitz Hotel in Fredericksburg, had been a merchant mariner in his day. After a few years in Fredericksburg, Chester moved with his parents to Kerrsville, Texas, where the boy attended public schools and aspired to West Point, but lack of vacancies there kept him from striving for generalship. In 1901 he was appointed to the Naval Academy, a towheaded stripling of sixteen.

Today, grown into a deadly nemesis of Nippon, at the mature age of fifty-eight, Nimit weighs 180, works a long day and sleeps well. He is 69½ inches tall and slightly stooped from the years spent in tiny submarines.

All Annapolis boys have nicknames just as English naval cadets do (the last Prince of Wales was "Sardine" to his classmates). To his roomies Chester Nimitz was never Ches nor Chet but Neddie and Natchew. The origin of Neddie has been forgotten. As for Natchew, the class had a gymnasium instructor named Natchew Strong, a prototype of Lionel Strongfort and the Solid Muldoon. Nimitz was a natural athlete and made a hit with Natchew, whose white-haired boy he became. In reprisal, Chester's classmates dubbed him Natchew.

In the times that I have been around Admiral Nimitz, at his office and home, I have never heard anyone address him as Natchew or Neddie or by any nickname. Almost always he's addressed as Admiral, rarely as Chester. What Mrs. Nimitz calls him is a family secret.

The Admiral takes orders from President Roosevelt, Secretary

Knox, Admiral King and Mrs. Nimitz. Some time ago he attended the opening of Waikiki's exclusive Breakers as a recreation center for enlisted men and he was persuaded to dance with an attractive native hula girl as a token of democracy rampant in the armed forces. The censors passed a photograph of this after due deliberation, and it attained national circulation.

Whereupon readers and taxpayers wrote in to the Admiral, either to compliment him on his zealous democracy, his good fellowship and his surprising agility, or to inquire archly what in hell hulas had to do with the war effort.

To one and all correspondents the busy Admiral replied personally and very politely, as is his wont. But he had already appeased the one that really mattered, his wife. As soon as his hula-lei photograph was snapped, the observant Admiral demanded a copy which he promptly airmailed to Mrs. Nimitz in Berkeley, California. He wanted to be the first to tell her—a lesson for all husbands!

Though he does not wear a flyer's wings, Admiral Nimitz is aviation-minded. Since taking over as CINCPAC, he has flown more than sixty thousand miles, including four round trips to the South Pacific fighting fronts and eight round trips to the States. Under bombing at Guadalcanal, Nimitz found the Guadal night-flying malaria-laden mosquietoes were worse than the enemy Mitsubishis. After three precipitate excursions into the foxholes in his pajamas, Nimitz felt that nothing could hurt him worse than the mosquitoes, and he slept on, in bed, during the next alert. (The Admiral contracted malaria, but recovered quickly.)

There has been some wonderment over the Japanese intuition, or espionage, which enables them to shower eggs on notables such as Admiral Nimitz and Secretary Knox, at Guadalcanal and again at Espiritu Santo. However, they were bombed on nights of full moonlight, good bombing weather for anyone. Besides, they had been flown in under heavy fighter coverage which might have attracted attention somewhere along the line.

The Admiral came closer to death when his seaplane crashed in San Francisco Bay on one of his trips to the mainland for conferences. It was a beautiful day, with unlimited ceiling and a flat calm, but the pilot simply didn't see a log floating in the water, a log about the size

of a telephone pole which a shipyard had carelessly set adrift. The plane landed on the log and wiped out its bottom plates as neatly as if a can opener had functioned. Then the plane flopped over on its nose. The Admiral's co-pilot was killed, and two officers were seriously injured. The Admiral and his flag secretary, Captain Preston V. Mercer, suffered sprains and nicks. The upside-down plane floated fifteen minutes; time enough for the never excited, always meticulous Admiral to gather his papers and gear and step out into a waiting whaleboat.

Flying is all in the day's work to this Admiral, and is done without frills. Nimitz is one high-ranking commander who has no personal plane, no personal pilot, at his constant beck and call. Until there's a surplus of planes and pilots for the battlefronts, Nimitz is willing to draw from a common transportation pool. Of course, he can always get what he needs; he doesn't have to hitch-hike and thumb a ride.

A man of many friendships, in and out of the service, Admiral Nimitz has no closer associate at present than Makalapa Nimitz. The Admiral admires Mak for his discretion, his peculiar ability to keep his trap shut and not leak secrets to the big-eared enemy. Mak, a grayish, bristly, playful, sharp-toothed Schnauzer pup, lives with the Admiral, trots with him to work after breakfast, and keeps quiet under the Admiral's steel desk while the Admiral and his staff members discuss strategy and tactics.

The Admiral's long day begins early when he wakes to read in bed before breakfast—his recent books include *Lee's Lieutenants* by Douglas Southall Freeman. He breakfasts at seven and leaves his house at seven-thirty to walk to his office. There he passes the first hour reading dispatches and conferring with senior members of the staff. At nine he has an operational conference to discuss events of the previous twenty-four hours.

After seeing visitors and reading his mail, the Admiral has lunch at twelve-thirty. He messes with senior staff members either at his house or at a joint mess next door. His regular lunch mates are Rear Admiral Charles H. McMorris, chief of staff; Captain Mercer, assistant chief and flag secretary; Captain Thomas Keliher, operations officer; Rear Admiral Forrest Sherman, war plans officer, and Captain Thomas C. Anderson, medical officer.

Every afternoon Nimitz is at his office from two or two-thirty until

four-thirty or five. Then, after getting in some exercise, he returns to his office at five-thirty to check up for an hour or so, after which he walks home for dinner.

Social life at Pearl Harbor isn't quite what it used to be. Admiral Nimitz frequently has friends in for dinner or goes out to their homes, but he declines many invitations and restricts his social life so as not to be too tired for work.

The Admiral prides himself on his physical fitness. Like many another physical culture addict, the Admiral revels in tiring out younger men. New staff members are invited to pace him on strolls from Pearl Harbor to the top of Aiea Mountain and back, a round trip of 10 2/10 miles, with a one thousand-foot climb thrown in. At tennis, the Admiral is still hard to beat in doubles, but his doctor has advised him to drop that strenuous game. The Admiral pitches horseshoes with the best of 'em, and has a court on his side lawn.

A fair pistol shot, the Admiral has a private range outside his office where he practises before lunch every day. A red flag is hoisted to warn off innocent passers-by.

The Admiral is also proficient at handball, bowling and cribbage. Flying from Guadalcanal to Pearl, in the middle of the night, altitude eight thousand feet, Admiral Nimitz won a cribbage championship match from one of his marine generals, Holland M. Smith.

"Natchew" Nimitz is a collector of maps and charts, spicy stories, mottoes about time-saving, and souvenirs of all sorts. He answers his mail personally, and is never too busy to reply to a mother inquiring about her son, or a Sunday school class asking for an autographed picture.

In his own quiet way, Admiral Nimitz is an excellent politician. (His biographies list neither political nor church affiliations.)

Like Abe Lincoln, Chester Nimitz likes to relate anecdotes to his staff to ease war nerves. The Admiral has a rough and ready sense of humor which is a blend of Honest Abe, Will Rogers, Cal Coolidge and Captain Billy's Whiz Bang. When his staff members troop into his office in the morning and spot a scrap of paper impaled on a desk spike, they know the Admiral has received another fresh joke from the mainland. The jokes are relayed to him by his good friend and classmate, Bruce

Canaga, a captain in BUPERS, who has made it part of his business to send Nimitz the best story of the day.

Navy men generally are fond of Rabelaisian stories and Pullman limericks, and Nimitz is no exception.

When Nimitz gained promotion to the austere dignity of Rear Admiral, his wife advised him to give up telling his sprightly anecdotes. The Admiral promised, but relapsed after six months, as his wife discovered when she attended a Red Cross nurses' convention in Washington to hear him speak. In the heat and humidity of a Washington summer, the hot and bothered lady delegates had their shoes off and were wriggling under the impact of an hour-long oration. When the Admiral's turn came, he told the girls a brief, lively story. The delegates sat up and howled for more. Mrs. Nimitz, seated in a box out of controlling distance, tried to wave him down to his chair, but, instead, he launched into a second yarn which went over equally well, after which he signed off without a Message.

The Admiral's humor and persistence are reflected in one of his office souvenirs, a Japanese sword. The Admiral's ornamental Samurai sword was found on the skipper of a two-man sub which sneaked into Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. The Admiral hasn't forgotten that date—and he doesn't intend to let the Japs forget, either.

Incidentally, the Jap sub skipper wore, in addition to the sword, a loincloth and a bellyband containing amulets to ward off harm. The Japanese know by now that they need more than amulets.

8

ROCKS FOR THE JAPS

"DEAR JESSE: *Thank you for your recent letter and sketch of your slingshot for use against the Japs. I wish we could get close enough to the Japs so that rocks could be effective.*"

Thus wrote Admiral Nimitz to a seven-year-old boy of Sacramento, Cal., who had thoughtfully sent him a sketch of a giant slingshot to carry the war to the enemy, in David-*vs.*-Goliath fashion. That was some months ago. The United States no longer is the underdog that it was immediately after the Pearl Harbor disaster. And today Admiral Nimitz, employing a fleet twice as strong as the one damaged at Pearl, is drawing closer and closer to the Japs and flinging all kinds of "rocks" at them, from the air, from the surface and from below.

Of course, Admiral Nimitz still has a long way to go on the road to Tokyo, but if the Admiral has one outstanding quality above others it is patience. He is the persistent, tireless type of Texas hillsman who would be willing to climb a tree and wait there all night to draw a bead on a prairie dog or a cattle rustler. Give him the Japs, the greatest island rustlers of modern times, and our man from Texas will wait years if necessary, but he won't climb down until he's got his man.

Now we are in the third year, 1944, for which 1942 and 1943 were only preparatory. The year has greater possibilities for punishing the Japanese close to destruction than most Americans seem to realize. If it is conceded that something has been accomplished in the South Pacific during the last two years by Admiral Nimitz's lieutenant, Admiral William Frederick Halsey, then it will be interesting to know that there is now available in the South Pacific a fleet many times stronger than the best task forces ever at the disposal of Admiral Halsey.

In preparation for this year's offensives, Admiral Nimitz reorganized

and enlarged his staff. He took Vice Admiral Raymond Ames Spruance, who was his chief of staff, and appointed him commander of the new Central Pacific Force. As commander of the new North Pacific Fleet he appointed Vice Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher. Admiral Halsey continues in command of the South Pacific Force.

There you have three outstanding naval heroes of this war. Bill Halsey's record as carrier task force commander and as COMSOPAC is well known. It is less generally known that Fletcher and Spruance were in command at the historic battle of Midway, Halsey being absent because of illness on that occasion when the Japanese received their most decisive defeat of the war up until now.

The supreme boss, master-minding these heroes, is Nimitz himself, who, in addition to being CINCPAC, has the title Commander in Chief, Pacific Ocean Areas, meaning all areas except the Southwest Pacific area which is under General MacArthur, one of the first generals in our history to run a naval show. This fleet, of which more should be heard, is commanded by Vice Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid, who distinguished himself in the Coral Sea Battle and the Attu business.

Ray Spruance, to whom Admiral Nimitz has entrusted his most important command, is a quiet and reserved man who reminds one somewhat of Admiral Jellicoe, "the man with the mousetrap mouth," who did all right at Jutland. Admiral Spruance is one of those navy men whom nobody knows since he believes the Silent Service should keep its mouth shut when reporters are around. In fact, he at first refused to take correspondents along to give the public eyewitness reports on the conquest of the Gilberts. However, even cold, tight-lipped Ray Spruance is melting a little under the new Nimitz policy of letting the public in on the so-called people's war. (Spruance has been described by a friend as the "most quiet and reserved white man I know.")

When Spruance left the chief of staff's office for active duty afloat, the assistant chief of staff likewise vacated his chair, to take command of a cruiser division. He was Captain (now Rear Admiral) Lloyd J. Wiltse, who married the mother of the wife of John Roosevelt, youngest son of the President.

Under Admiral Nimitz's new setup, Vice Admiral John Henry Newton is Deputy Commander in Chief of the Pacific Ocean Areas. Rear Admiral C. H. McMorris is Deputy Commander in Chief of the Pacific

Fleet and Chief of the Joint Staff, and Captain Preston V. Mercer is Assistant Chief of Staff and Flag Secretary.

Attached to Admiral Nimitz for the past four years, Lieutenant Commander H. A. Lamar continues as flag lieutenant and answers good-naturedly to the nickname of "Hedy."

Keeping abreast of the times, Admiral Nimitz is growing more amphibious-minded. Around CINCPAC's office and mess, one now sees many army and marine officers, unlike a year or two ago. The Admiral maintains close contacts with Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, commanding army forces in the Central Pacific.

As Chief of the Bureau of Navigation (Personnel) before he became CINCPAC, Nimitz was a breath of fresh air. Formerly one wrote to the Bureau and the letter was pigeonholed and forgotten. If one wished action, one wrote a personal note to a friend in the Bureau or buttonholed somebody. Nimitz changed all this and put the Bureau on an efficient, businesslike basis.

At Pearl, Nimitz has again been a breath of fresh air. He has brought the Navy, Marines and Army together and they have learned to eat, drink and talk with one another and, after a fashion, even to like each other and work against the common enemy.

The tougher a problem, the more pleasant Nimitz is. He is easy to see—admirals, mess attendants and youngsters from his home town all get in to see him. Inspecting a ship, he interests himself in the galley and the welfare of the men. His early engineering experience comes out; if, in inspecting an Alemite fitting, for instance, he discovers a speck of paint on it, the skipper hears about it.

His staff members are intensely loyal. They respectfully defer to him as "The Admiral." He addresses them familiarly as Tom, Jim, John Henry, PeeVee, Dale, Hal and Soc (the latter being short for Socrates, meaning wise old Admiral McMorris).

When Admiral Nimitz took command of the fleet, he broke out his flag on a submarine, a blue flag with four white stars. He flies the same four-star flag when it is his happy privilege to visit a new ship added to the fleet.

"Victory is sure," Admiral Nimitz said recently, and you can believe that implicitly, for the Admiral is careful in his speech as in everything. Not until October, 1943, did he begin to fly his personal flag over the

bombproof CINCPAC headquarters building. Historians may mark that as a significant date.

This piece started with a discussion of a giant slingshot to hurl rocks against the Japs. Maybe there's something in the idea. Admiral Nimitz, who prides himself on his keen eyes, is not satisfied with his daily pistol practice. He has installed a bucket at the bottom of a hill near his office. When out walking his dog, he meanders over to the edge of the hill, picks up a rock, and casually throws it a considerable distance into the bucket.

Not so casually, either, for he hardly ever misses. Practice makes perfect, and Nimitz is a perfectionist.

9

THAT MAN NIMITZ

ADMIRAL NIMITZ is a colorless man, so people used to say, people who hardly knew him. I used to think so myself, but the more I see of him the more I think he is an all-around colorful character and should be made known as such.

Those who called him colorless usually added that he was extremely conservative, precise and meticulous; that his desk and office were neat as a pin and no match could drop anywhere without his knowledge; that he was an able administrator who ran the fleet and his staff so efficiently that he was able to keep all appointments punctually and somehow find time for the daily exercise which he relies upon to keep him in prime physical condition.

Those who stress such admirable qualities are speaking the truth, but there is much more to the man Nimitz than that. As one of his oldest friends told me:

"Admiral Nimitz came out twenty-four days after Pearl Harbor, when our tail was quite sore but not exactly dragging. He told us that if we applied ourselves, in due time success would be ours. I would say that the campaign in the Pacific has moved almost on the schedule he set.

"The Admiral will back up any commander who goes out and fights. He realizes that when we fight we will suffer losses; that we can't win without killing Japs and to kill Japs we must suffer some losses, too.

"He is the absolute personification of go-get-'em. He believes in keeping the Japs so busy they won't have time to do anything else.

"He is even-tempered, but righteous and angry when he has cause to be. He inspires confidence and receives it. His loyalty surpasses words to describe. As for honesty, there is never a communiqué of his that doesn't tell the truth; he is always ultra-conservative. Everybody knows that if Nimitz says he sank a ship, he sank it. Whenever Nimitz announces a cruiser sunk, it is just like cutting Jap ears off.

"His greatest moments as Commander in Chief were, first, at Midway, in success, and, afterwards, at the first battle of Savo Island, in defeat. He can take it and he can give it.

"I'm willing to say it's an act of God that we have Nimitz here. Frankly, I don't know how he'd be replaced.

"His staff and all the admirals ride herd on him and watch him as a mother watches a baby, urging him to mind his health and avoid undue exertion. When he caught malaria on one of his visits to Guadalcanal, they gave him hell. They want him to keep on his feet until this thing is over—either in this job or something better. A lot of us feel that this war is a real crusade, and we don't want to go home until we can go via Tokyo."

Unlike some navy officers who are out of touch with civilian life, Nimitz is fond of civilians and likes to go into town for small civilian parties. Especially does he like picnics and children. Recently he sent his long black limousine into town to pick up fourteen boys and girls, from six to twelve years old, sons and daughters of his civilian friends. Then the flag lieutenant took the children out on the admiral's chromium barge for a feast of ice cream and cake. Naturally, the children were delighted. Not so the cox'n who kept the barge decks and rails

spick and span and now found them all messed up by little sticky fingers.

Admiral Nimitz, who lost the ring finger of his left hand in a Diesel engine accident years ago, amused a little girl by covering the finger space up and pretending to throw the finger out the window. The girl was mystified, even after the Admiral repeated the trick.

The Admiral plays no musical instrument except a gramophone. He is fond of symphonic records. His eldest daughter is head of the music department of the District of Columbia Library, and the second daughter also works there. The third daughter, aged twelve, lives with Mrs. Nimitz in California.

On his last visit to the University of California, where he was commanding officer of the first R.O.T.C., the Admiral passed the sorority and fraternity houses and noticed the boys and girls were going in for square dances. It seemed like a good idea, so the Admiral bought a book of records and when he got back to Pearl he started a series of square dances among the service men, for recreation and exercise.

At Annapolis Nimitz stroked the varsity crew. For four years he was an honor student and company commander. He roomed with Captain George V. (Jeb) Stewart. Among his close friends were two of his present collaborators, Vice Admirals William Lowndes Calhoun and Aubrey Wray Fitch. The class of 1905 produced Admirals Nimitz, Ingersoll, Furlong, Leary and Cook; the class of 1906 turned out Admirals Calhoun, Fitch, McCain, Ghormley, Towers and Fletcher.

Admiral Nimitz doesn't mind telling stories on himself. There was the time he went on a picnic with Admiral Samuel S. Robinson and they found some strange nuts in a valley. They were kukui nuts which the Hawaiians grind up to use a pinch of the powder for seasoning pork at luaus (native banquets). Admiral Nimitz is a student of plants and trees, but at that time he did not know it was near fatal to eat a whole kukui, which is both emetic and cathartic. He found out.

In Australia, as assistant chief of staff to Sam Robinson, whose protégé he was, Nimitz was responsible among other things for the welfare of the Admiral's pet dog, Mac. Matters were complicated when the Admiral received a gift of a pair of magpies which were housed in a cage on deck. Mac went sniffing around the cage and made the tactical error of wetting the wiring, whereupon the indignant magpies poked their

triangular bills through and nipped Mac in a vital spot. Nimitz has had many jobs in his day, but one of the toughest was to keep Admiral Robinson from killing those magpies. Whoever hurt his Mac hurt the Admiral.

When he was a junior gunnery officer on the old battleship *Ohio* on the Asiatic station, Nimitz and his colleagues gathered in Yokohama's café Maison D'Or one Saturday night to celebrate their target practice score, and the future admiral invited some chance acquaintances out to the *Ohio* for Sunday lunch. Going back to his ship, Nimitz slept soundly, only to be awakened at 11:30 A.M. and informed that his guests were alongside. It was then that Nimitz laid down a definition oft quoted since in naval society:

"The difference between a gentleman and a gent," said Nimitz, "is this—if one is out on a party and invites guests, the gentleman accepts but doesn't show up; the gent both accepts and comes."

Nimitz knows Japan and is well known to the Japanese. He served two separate tours of duty on the Asiatic Station and at various times lived at Yokohama, Kobe, and Nikko. On his second tour he had a family with him, including his son and namesake, now executive officer of a submarine in Japanese waters. Young Nimitz, before going to Annapolis, attended Punahou School in Honolulu while his father was on duty at Pearl as commandant of the submarine base.

Admiral Nimitz today wears the No. 1 dolphin's insignia as the senior submarine officer in the navy.

10

KELLY AND THE EMPEROR

IN THE QUAINT parlance of the United States Navy there is a composite word "Willco" which signifies co-operation. One ship will signal

a suggestion or an order to another, and the second ship will signal back "Willco," meaning "Will co-operate." Ashore, one officer will ask another to pass the butter or the beer, and the other will automatically respond "Willco."

Unofficially, a stronger term to describe perfection in co-operation, co-ordination and achievement is coming into vogue in amphibious circles. "Kelly Can Do" is the magic password, and it means that Kelly Turner has taken charge of operations and all is well, for Kelly has become America's leading expert in the newfangled, bloodletting science known as amphibious warfare.

The multi-angled amphibious technique, combining land, sea and air operations in one harmonious team working to destroy a common enemy, which Kelly evolved through the painful process of trial and error in the dark days of the Solomons, has since been adapted, with acknowledgments, in the Mediterranean area and the Aleutians, and Kelly nowadays finds himself imitating and improving on himself in the Central Pacific.

Kelly is Vice Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, the good right amphibious arm of Admiral Nimitz in the expanding war against Japan. Born Richmond Kelly Turner, our hero signs the payroll as R. Kelly Turner, but his friends call him just plain Kelly, which is one measure of the man.

Another and deeper measure of the man is to be found in the words which he kept repeating over and over on the eve of the amazingly successful Marshalls occupation in the same way that he had murmured them, as a sort of litany of grace and mercy, prior to booting the Japs out of Guadalcanal, the Russells, Rendova and the Gilberts:

"I hate to see soldiers swim."

Kelly Turner hates to see soldiers swimming in blue water and green lagoons; forced to swim because their transports or their landing craft have been stranded or shot up, which quite possibly may be because the advance preparations made by their leaders were inadequate in some respect. It is good that Kelly hates to see soldiers swim, for he is the head man charged with the heavy responsibility of seeing that they don't have to swim, and that they get ashore and have a chance to engage the enemy on equal terms or better.

How Kelly has lived up to his responsibility has been clear for some

time, and was emphasized promptly after the Marshalls roundup when President Roosevelt recommended him for promotion from Rear Admiral to Vice Admiral. The extra gold stripe will not turn Kelly's lean, gray head for he is probably the most democratic admiral in the entire Navy. His democracy is blended with absolute fearlessness and a protean humor that can be bitter or tender as circumstances warrant.

During the landing of our troops and supplies at Rendova, to start off the New Georgia campaign, Kelly Turner stood on the exposed bridge of his flagship, the *McCawley,* formerly the Grace liner *Santa Barbara.* The Japs obviously had special orders to destroy the *McCawley* at all costs, the *McCawley* which had defied and eluded them since the early days of Guadalcanal, for they passed up the protective screen of American destroyers and sent in wave after wave of dive-bombers and torpedo-bombers at the *Wacky Mac,* as the flagship was affectionately known to her crew. Some of the bombs got home and started fires, but there Kelly stood, like the boy on the burning deck, until it became apparent that the *McCawley* was doomed.

With the order to "Abandon Ship," Turner and his staff reluctantly clambered down the side and jumped crunchingly on the steel deck of a destroyer, the *Fahrenholt,* alias *Old Overholt.*

It was typical that Kelly wasted no time pondering the sobering fact that he had narrowly escaped death from bombing or being forced to swim with the sharks. Instead, he spied a friend on the quarter-deck of the *Old Overholt,* a correspondent from the *London Daily Express,* and, pounding the correspondent on the back, Turner exclaimed gleefully:

"Didn't I tell you there was going to be a great story here!"

After the Japs gave her the works, the crippled, unarmored *Mac* limped on until one of our own PT boys mistook her for a Jap transport and slipped her a tin fish that ended her respectable career. The young PT skipper proudly messaged Admiral Turner that he had sunk an enemy transport at such a place and such a time, whereupon the outraged Kelly messaged back a sardonic rebuke which has become a navy classic:

"Your torpedo sank my flagship."

Needless to say, the brash PT skipper was in the doghouse for a while and was subjected to unrationed ribbing by his fellows. But just as Kelly Turner is quick to anger, so is he fast to forgive. He took the

PT boy back into his amphibian fold and never mentioned the *McCawley* again. After all, everybody makes mistakes, even Turner, and the perpetrator of this monumental blunder was an authentic national hero, whose PT exploits in the Philippines had been written up in a best-seller at the time.

The attachment between Kelly Turner and the *McCawley* was a beautiful thing to see. For her he spurned bigger, faster and newer craft. To outsiders, the *Wacky Mac* was the least attractive of the "Big Five," also known as the "Fierce Five," which were pressed into service at Guadalcanal and thereafter headed our AP (auxiliary passenger transport) fleet for amphibious operations.

Built in 1928 to ply the Latin-American routes, the *Santa Barbara,* 7858 tons, which was to be taken over by the Navy in 1940 as the *McCawley,* with the serial identification AP10 painted on her bow, was twelve years older than her traveling companions and could not match them in speed, horsepower, mean draft or overall length. Nor in creature comforts, for the newer ships were air-conditioned, whereas the McCawley was hot as blazes in the tropics.

Yet Kelly Turner chose to sweat it out on the *Wacky Mac* instead of switching his flag to more luxurious surroundings. The only explanation I ever heard was that under his direction the *Mac* had set a fleet record for speed in unloading men and matériel onto a beachhead. That may have been a good reason, but I suspect the overpowering factor was that Kelly Turner had hung up his gold-braided hat on the *McCawley* and called it home, and, being a sentimental Irishman and a stubborn one, he could not be budged from it.

During the World War Turner served on the *Pennsylvania, Michigan* and *Mississippi.* He won his flyer's wings at Pensacola in 1927 and later he was executive officer of the carrier *Saratoga.* Compared to such glamorous men-o'-war, the *McCawley* was a staid spinsterish thing, but Turner loved her, for together they had ridden out many perils.

Why the *McCawley* got to be dubbed *Wacky Mac* I don't know, unless because her amphibious staff was a colorful bunch of hard-working, hard-drinking merry men who had no fear of the devil or Hirohito. For chief of staff and brains trust, Admiral Turner had Captain Jimmie Doyle, whose tall cadaverous frame encompassed a stout heart and a hair-trigger tongue and brain. Skipper of the *Mac* was Cap'n "Speed"

Rodgers, who had been mathematics professor at Annapolis where he derived his nickname, but who was livelier than any professor I ever knew; really, a rollicking image of Popeye the Sailor. Then there was the executive officer, big, bald, lumbering Cy Hamblett, a hard-boiled merchant mariner, who was unconcerned over losing $600 a night in a crap game, but was grievously upset when we discovered his first name was Cyril. When the *McCawley* went down with almost all hands saved, big Cy had one favor to ask: Would I mention his name in my dispatch so his family would not worry? So I included his name and Speed's, too—and the censor cut them out!

When Admiral Bill Halsey, under whom Kelly Turner then served, had his fleet around New Caledonia, the *Wacky Mac* staff went ashore and leased, for $72 a month, what they named the Admiral Turner Room. Actually, this was a basement room in Cercle de Noumea, a cobwebby French club which boasted the finest cuisine in Noumea, which wasn't saying too much. The basement room was turned into a private dining room, and had the advantage of being closer to the Chinese-manned galley than was the main dining room, which was always overcrowded, anyway. Moreover, the Admiral Turner Room was equipped with refrigerator and radio, and was personally served by the club manager, Charlot, and his semiattractive wife, Lillian, who let their Tonkinese and Melanesian serfs wait upon the hungry rabble.

Unfortunately, the Admiral Turner Room was seldom attended by the Admiral himself. As he could not very well imbibe on a naval craft, he had a private stock stored hard by the club's icebox, but since the *McCawley* was his home, and he was working day and night, he rarely got ashore, although his staff would argue that he needed relaxation. When he refused to go beachwards, his staff would say "Too Bad," and drink a toast to him in his own spirits, which is the least a fellow can do for a friend.

At times Kelly Turner gives forth an impression of extreme weariness. This is understandable, for he is recognized in the Navy as a master organizer and he works over his plans twenty-four hours a day when something is afoot.

For one who can drink and sing and swear with the best of them when his work is done and he's in the groove, Turner ordinarily has a solemn owlish expression that has caused him to be likened to a country

parson or a certified public accountant. He's medium tall and more than medium slender and gaunt; in fact, he's skinny. His hair is gray and, what's worse, he's losing it, except for his quizzical eyebrows which are bushy black. He hides his searching, deep-set eyes behind silver specs. He smokes cigarettes as rapidly as any debutante and, chain smoker that he is, he doesn't waste his tobacco; he puffs each gasper down to the last soggy half-inch. His face is leathery and lined with character. He doesn't smile often; he is not the smiling, glad-hand type. He has wide, thin lips that keep moving nervously in and out as he talks. Few sailors can cuss sideways smoother than Kelly when he's provoked.

At Guadalcanal Admiral Turner lived in a tent like the other officers on his staff, army, navy and marine. For the whole staff there were three improvised showerbaths, outdoors, with a barrel of water suspended over each shower to supply a trickle to wash down the soap. One of the three was marked Private for the Admiral, but when things were crowded, the Admiral would let any ensign go first. Some of the ensigns and jg's used to pity their Admiral—he looked so emaciated, stripped of his service khaki. But Kelly Turner needs no pity; like many another skinny man, he's as hard as nails. He has to be, to work as strenuously as he does.

Many months of intensive planning preceded Turner's assaults in the Gilberts and the Marshalls. Landings involving the lives of thousands of our best fighting men are not hastily plotted overnight. The Turner timetable took him into Guadalcanal in August, 1942; into the Russells in February, 1943; into Rendova in June, 1943; into the Gilberts in November, 1943, and into the Marshalls in February, 1944.

And into—(Wake, Truk, Guam, etc.) in——, 1944? You can study a map of the Central Pacific and write your own ticket, with stopovers, to be sure, en route to the ultimate destination, that inviting, vulnerable island of Honshu. For those who attempt to figure when the war will end, it should be interesting to note that Admiral Turner is picking up momentum as he sweeps across the Pacific toward the heart of Japan.

Certainly Kelly Turner, if his health and his luck hold out, won't stop until he puts men ashore on Honshu. He has been there before. Not that he yammers about it now, but he is one of the few American

naval officers who has met Hirohito. That was in 1939 when the Emperor personally thanked Kelly for returning to Japan the ashes of pint-size Hirosi Saito, former Ambassador to Washington, who was a baseball fan and a gum-chewer and was rated pro-American (all Japanese envoys, including foxy old Nomura, pretended to love America up until that Sunday morning, Dec. 7, 1941).

Admiral Turner was then in command of the heavy cruiser *Astoria,* which hauled the ashes. Three years later the Japanese showed their gratitude by sinking the *Astoria* off Guadalcanal while Turner, aboard the *McCawley,* a few miles away, looked on helplessly.

Kelly has a bone to pick with the Emperor.

It seemed fitting that a hurricane was blowing when I met Kelly Turner aboard his *McCawley.* Kelly ignored the hurricane. Had Japs been coming, he would have alerted, as we say in the Navy, but since it was merely a neutral hurricane he left it up to Speed and Cy to lift anchor and run ahead of the storm until it blew itself out.

I asked Admiral Turner about a legend of the Solomons campaign to the effect that he, Turner, war plans officer on Admiral King's staff in Washington, drew up the Solomons plans and carried them to President Roosevelt who said:

"Very good, Admiral, you've drawn up the plans, now go out and execute them."

"That's not true," said Turner, spoiling a nice yarn with no more compunction than he would have in blasting a Jap out of a foxhole.

"The truth is," he said, "that I and others in Washington had worked out plans covering the whole strategic concept of the South Pacific, of which Guadalcanal was only a part, and that Admiral King had discussed the plans with the President."

Though he modestly disclaims full authorship of the plans, Turner did carry them out, ably assisted in the field by Generals Vandergrift and Patch. The landings on Guadalcanal and adjacent islands were made on August 7, 1942, but the Solomons campaign may be said to have commenced the previous June 13 when Kelly Turner closed his desk in Washington and flew out to Pearl Harbor and on to New Caledonia and New Zealand, where we were sending a variety of convoys with men and equipment inasmuch as we had resolved to halt Japan

at all costs before she annexed Australia. Working like mad, Admiral Turner loaded parts of two Marine divisions aboard transports and appeared in force off Lunga Beach, Guadalcanal, that historic August morning.

Explaining why the final plans could not possibly have been drafted by him in Washington, Turner told me:

"Our armada was halfway into Guadal before we knew Guadal was to be our main objective."

It is now officially admitted that our Guadalcanal occupation was hurried up to meet the onrushing Japs, which accounts for some of the mistakes we made. Luckily, the Japs pulled more boners than we did. Turner chuckles on recalling how he slipped his motley fleet of transports past the supposedly ever-wakeful Nips.

"My friends said I was crazy," Kelly remembers, "but I bet them I had a 50-50 chance of catching the Japs napping, which we did."

In the Marshalls, Turner outwitted the Japs by landing his main forces on Kwajalein atoll when they expected him on the nearer isles of Mili, Jaluit, Wotje and Maloelap. At Guadalcanal, the Japs guarded the southeastern coast while Turner's fleet crept up the western coast, rounded Cape Esperance and turned south to land without immediate opposition.

To this day Admiral Turner won't talk for publication about the disastrous setback on the following night of August 8-9 when a Japanese task force sneaked through a destroyer screen and sank the four "sitting duck" cruisers. From other sources I have learned that the four cruisers were not under the control of Admiral Turner, but rather under Rear Admiral V. Crutchley, of the British Royal Navy, who carried his flag on a second Australian cruiser which escaped destruction. It so happened that Admiral Crutchley was visiting Admiral Turner aboard the *McCawley* that fatal night when the four unalerted cruisers were surprised and sent to the bottom, one after another, within sight and sound of the two horrified admirals.

Admiral Crutchley had won the Victoria Cross in the last war for gallant action with His Majesty's Navy at Zeebrugge. In 1940 he commanded the battleship *Warspite* during the attack on Narvik, Norway. More recently he commanded Australian fleet units in the landings at Cape Gloucester, New Britain.

An intriguing case for naval historians, the mystery of the four "sitting ducks" may not be solved, publicly, until after the war. I understand a share of blame attaches to an American destroyer which was assigned to the slot off Savo Island where the Japanese task force gumshoed in. There will be no verdict against the destroyer or her commander, for both were lost in a later action.

In the face of whisperings over the loss of four fine cruisers, depriving our transport force of adequate cover and nearly costing us Guadalcanal, Kelly Turner remained mute rather than peach on someone else. He was vindicated finally when the Guadalcanal campaign, turning point in the Pacific war, had been won, and Admiral Halsey pinned a Distinguished Service Medal on his amphibious force commander.

Since then Turner has gone on from one success to another. He enjoyed a pleasant surprise in the Russells. As he expressed it characteristically, his troops arrived there "full of beans" and with "their tail over the dashboard," ready and eager to mix with the Japs who had attempted to torpedo the transports on the way up. However, the Japs lammed out of the Russells to take a stand farther north in the New Georgia group.

As is true of most men of action, Kelly Turner is frank rather than subtle, and filled with common sense rather than brilliance. After he moved into the Russells he told us of plans to build airdromes there. A censor who was present interrupted to say that mention of airfields in dispatches was censorable.

"Well, it's perfectly apparent," Turner snorted. "We've cut all the trees down. The Japs have flown over and can see for themselves."

Now when we move into the Marshalls and similar strategic spots, it is freely admitted we do it to take airfields away from the Japs and use their own fields against them. We are not paying courtesy calls, as Kelly Turner once did upon Nippon's Emperor.

Admiral Turner is one who sincerely believes this is a people's war and the people should be fully informed about it, through press and radio. Where certain colleagues in the Silent Service have taped their mouths and gone superbly hush-hush, Admiral Turner has been generous with information, even in advance of important operations.

Atlantic correspondents have reported how General Eisenhower, a warrior who appears to have much in common with our Admiral, tipped

off the correspondents a month in advance on allied plans to invade Sicily, giving them names and dates in strictest confidence, which, of course, was not violated by anyone.

There again the precedent had been established by Admiral Turner who, more than a month ahead of the New Georgia offensive, let correspondents in on the secret of D Day so they could make necessary plans for coverage. The confidence was observed faithfully, proof of which is found in the fact that the Japs were caught off guard. Actually we were tipped off twice—in general terms before we went up to the Solomons and in intimate detail on a Friday afternoon at Camp Crocodile, Guadalcanal, five days before the landings on Rendova and the other islands of the New Georgia group.

Amphibious warfare being relatively new, it should be interesting to analyze it, take it apart and learn what makes it tick. Before the first shot is fired, millions of man-hours have gone into the planning, the training, and the concentrating of supplies for D Day. It was my good fortune to hear from Admiral Turner's own lips his detailed conception of one typical campaign (the New Georgia) which, with changes here and there, in the light of our increasing power and the lessons learned from past errors, can serve as a blueprint for all landings, in Europe as in the Pacific.

Camp Crocodile:

Picture a long screened tent, the officers' mess room of Turner's amphibious force. Rough unpainted wooden tables are set up lengthwise in the tent for the service of meals.

Now the tables are cleared off and a dozen correspondents and two admirals gather around the largest table to discuss plans on which thousands of lives depend. We notice one admiral (Turner) looks worn and very gaunt. His sensitive face is pale and lined and marked with fatigue. His speech is slow and slangy. His unpressed khaki is open at the throat. He smokes cigarettes thriftily to the cork tip, and he alternates two cigarette lighters, one gold, the other black GI. He fingers a pencil and some loose-leaf folders containing The Plans.

Beside him sits a more ample admiral; red-haired, heavy of build, humorous and drawling, with a flair for epigram and jest. This is Rear Admiral Theodore Stark Wilkinson, Turner's understudy and

working partner, who doodles with a yellow pencil on the table while he listens with one ear to plans that are old stuff to him. Harmless eavesdroppers are the lizardlike chameleons that scamper under the tables and up and down the screens.

Through the screens we can study the al fresco camp where the officers and men are to live until D Day comes and they shove off to grapple the enemy. We see rows of peaked tents with wooden floors. We see three open showers with barrels of river water suspended above them. (Also very open Chic Sale arrangements.)

Under the trees men are shaving and splashing, using collapsible canvas water buckets and steel pocket mirrors. Here you have green tents in a green coconut grove—invisible to the enemy, we hope.

As the press conference begins, an aide enters, bends over and whispers in Admiral Turner's ear.

"Gentlemen," says Turner (and he always treats the correspondents as gentlemen), "We are about to have an air raid. I've just been told the Japs are on their way down and should be over Koli Point in twenty minutes. You'll have time to drive there and see the fun."

So we drove to Koli, but the Japs turned back and disappointed us. After an hour's wait we jeeped back to Crocodile and resumed the conference.

First, the democratic Kelly, acting as chairman of a lottery, drew from a green jungle cap paper slips on which had been written names of special correspondents who wished to accompany the three news agency men on the Rendova landing. Only three specials were to be sent, and the impromptu lottery was to decide which three could go.

The slips came out of the cap in this order of preference: Bill Boddie (*Newsweek*), Clay Gowran (*Chicago Tribune*), and Henry Keys (*London Daily Express*).

As we settled back in our chairs, Admiral Turner outlined The Plans, as follows:

"The movement will be made in ships of all sizes, large and small. We fully expect the enemy to see us; they ought to be able to count. . . .

"Look at the chart I have here. On Kolombangara there are Japs at Vila and Starbayo. On Gizo there is a small force. On the north coast of New Georgia Island there are Japs, across from Vila. They have observation outposts down through the jungle. They're at Wickham

Anchorage off the southeast coast of Vangunu Island. Reports also have a few on the northwest coast of Vangunu. There have been some landings on Gatukai Island. There are some at Viru Harbor. And some on Rendova, not many at present.

"Their major position in that region is Munda where they attempted to make an airfield, used sporadically by small aircraft. They have small outposts here and there. They run boat patrols chiefly at night. So far as we know there are no forces on Tetipari Island.

"The Buin-Faisi area is not far away. Naval vessels coming through the passes can reach the northern side of New Georgia easier than the southern side. Hence we considered bringing forces from the south and landing in Kolombangara to separate the enemy's two forces. We finally decided to attack from the southern side.

"I wish to emphasize that the landings have to be made in strength to accomplish the objectives. We can take in limited supplies. The daily movement of troops and freight tells the story. Only recently have we been able to build up in Guadal reasonably strong reserves of supplies, as every move is combated.

"Now for our plans:

"About dawn of D Day (June 30) we effect a major landing on Rendova. We face very serious difficulties as landing places are few. Landings are to be made from —— ships; —— transports and —— freights. There will be —— small boats (Higgins) to make the beaches. Dispersal of that many takes a considerable stretch of beach. We have lots of vehicles, food and ammo to land. We will put the transports in as close as possible to Renard Entrance between Bay and Kokorana islands, and Mubin Cove to the south.

"We have already landed in the Segi area because it looked like the Japs were landing there in strength. We really didn't want to go in as it might expose our hand, probably has. But first we had to go in and bring out two reconnaissance parties and get their information. And, second, Segi was the only location for an airfield, a quick contribution to get at the Jap positions farther north and support our forces at Rendova, and our shipping.

"From Segi we send Marine raiders over native trails and attack Viru from three sides at the earliest dawn of the 30th. We may be able to come in and clean them out without difficulty. However, our ships

will wait outside and upon signal will land against the enemy position.

"It's unfortunate; we'd prefer to land where the enemy ain't.

"Additional landing of troops will be made on Segi at 8 A.M. through a different channel, landing with airfield construction people to go to work.

"About 2:30 A.M. in the Wickham Anchorage area we'll put troops ashore and at dawn we'll try to hit the Japs from two sides and land supplies. The Japs are along the Gevala River.

"Our objectives are first to clean out the Japs and, second, to establish a staging point for small craft to lie there in daylight and then proceed to Rendova. We hope to clean out the Japs in a few hours and take the troops forward to land on Rendova.

"During the night of 29-30th we'll bombard Faisi from the sea and retire to the vicinity of Guadal and the Russells for support as needed.

"Some people questioned the advisability of occupying the Russells and putting airfields there. It was simply because we must have fighter coverage for Rendova, which is going to be hit during the day, maybe two or three times. We couldn't have fighters from Guadal. It's that extra little distance west that makes coverage possible for Rendova.

"Our next operation will be the attack on Munda. That is a most magnificent defensive area from the sea. There is a dense jungle behind. In front is the Munda Bar which bars ships with more than nine feet draft. The water is chock full of reefs. Navigation is possible only with considerable experience.

"Our present plan is not to land at Bairoko Harbor and Enogai Inlet, as once planned, to hold against Japs from Kolombangara.

"We intend to clean up Rendova immediately. . . . We'll put a great deal of artillery on Rendova and use it to soften up Munda. From Rendova to Munda Plantation is about nine miles. From Rendova to the Russells is 125 miles; from Guadal to the Russells 60 miles. Refueling at Guadal and the Russells will give us the largest plane force ever seen in the Solomons. It should be very tough bus-nees!"

Noisy planes, but friendly, are overheard as the conference goes on. From the enlisted men's quarters we heard recordings of "You Are My Sunshine" and "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" (sometimes sung as "I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress" or "It All Comes Black To Me Now").

It is 100 degrees in the shade, and it's not only the heat, it's the subequatorial humidity. Our speaker wipes his face and his silver specs. His bushy eyebrows and the gold wings on his right chest are moist. Everybody and everything are sweating.

Admiral Turner continues with the plans:

"Choiseul and Santa Isabel don't enter into the picture. There's no site for an airfield on this side of Santa Isabel and only one or two places on the other side. The Japs haven't been able to get their seaplane base at Rekata Bay going. The Japs have increased their patrols in Choiseul, but are not making any real use of that island.

"Wickham Island should be pretty good sport. Might be pretty sharp fighting there. We make a night landing, then proceed over to Rendova for a naval bombardment. We hope to wash it up by noon, but we can't tell.

"Formerly we favored taking up light carriers. If we lose 'em, we lose 'em.

"Will the Japs concentrate subs against us? Who knows? The Japs are very tender about the Bougainville Straits area. . . .

"I hope our planes will take care of the Jap planes so there won't be so many after the first few days. That happened at Guadal. Of course, people there the first few days have to take it.

"New Georgia is the goddamnedest country you ever saw. It's tough. It's tough for us and tough for the Japs.

"We hope to get Munda airfield soon. It's hard to predict the time. There's 1200 feet of hell in the midst of a coco plantation.

"Some people think Munda's not going to be tough. I think it's a very tough nut to crack. I know we can do it.

"After we get in Munda we plan to go over and clean up Kolombangara.

"This is no island-by-island policy reversal. Actually, this is the only way we can do it.

"The only other way is to bring in carriers and let them sit for days —and you know what that means.

"Each island is a jumping-off place for another.

"We wouldn't land in Rendova if we could come up in ships and land on Munda, but we can't do it. Once we get cleaned up, Rendova drops off in importance; the major objective is Munda.

"The Seabees are extremely important but are not to be overemphasized at the expense of other naval units—the boat pools, communications, signals, administrative and operating staffs, and the commissary. The naval base units are an army in themselves. The Navy has general engineering units which the Army and Marines don't have. . . ."

At this stage of the conference there is a genial interruption from Admiral Wilkinson who remarks: "Wish I had stock in the bulldozer company when war came up."

Admiral Turner, continuing: "They'll have to build dugouts, for one thing."

Admiral Wilkinson: "And 'Latrines For Ladies.' Did you hear that song in the *South Seas Scandals?*"

Admiral Turner: "No, I wasn't feeling well at the time. I had malaria and dengue."

"Better take along your gas masks, boys, though we don't expect the Japs to use gas," Admiral Turner resumes. "Take two days' food rations. We're not putting tents in except for the hospitals and staff. Tents are at a premium. You'll have to live as the Marines do, in shelter houses."

As Admiral Turner concludes his most illuminating press conference, dusk is dropping.

Over the dusty road a water truck speeds, carrying water in Lister bags to parched throats.

The hot sun is sinking. The jungle heat is making way for a chilling, dampish, pneumonia-inducing coolness.

A full moon is rising.

Full moon means good bombing weather.

It won't be long now.

Admiral Kelly Turner predicted Munda would be "very tough," contrary to what certain others thought. He was right. Some had predicted Munda would fall within five days; strangely, it held out five weeks. This was no fault of the amphibious force commander whose major responsibility was ended when he landed the troops and supplies safely. Unfortunately, some of our troops were woefully green and amateurish in jungle warfare, and had to be reorganized and reinforced before taking Munda.

Admiral Turner was a sick man before the New Georgia campaign started; he "shoulda stood in bed," as they say in the Bronx. A fortnight before D Day, he was stricken with malaria and dengue fever and hoisted aboard the hospital ship *Solace,* and it looked as if he would require a month to recover, if recover he did. But Kelly had a job to do, so he recovered faster. The day before the flagship *McCawley* sailed, Kelly crawled back there from the *Solace.*

By the time the *McCawley* was sunk, Kelly was in the pink of health, with a tropical sunburn masking his usual pallor.

Kelly Turner had an urgent motive to elude his doctors and reach Rendova. He wanted to eyewitness the first tryouts under fire of his new landing craft—LCI's (landing craft, infantry), LCT's (landing craft, tanks) and LST's (landing ship, tanks)—which he and other ingenious Americans had dreamed up to get landing parties and their tanks, trucks, tractors and bulldozers in closer to shore than old-style transports like the "Big Five" could take them. Kelly was delighted with the performance of the shallow-draft, prefabricated, expendable LC's which since have become famous all the way from Sicily to Salerno to Kwajalein.

And all the time our side is dreaming up new landing craft to baffle the enemy and do the work which, in the primitive Guadal days, had to be handled largely by the *Wacky Mac* and her four sister transports.

From Rendova Admiral Turner went to the States in July, 1942, for a well-earned rest. After a few weeks he returned, not to command the amphibious force in the South Pacific, where he had trained a capable successor in Ted Wilkinson (who moved on to occupy Vella Lavella, Kolombangara and Bougainville), but to a more important command in the newly created Central Pacific Force, working under Admirals Nimitz and Spruance.

Now, backed up by the greatest fleet in the world's history, Admiral Turner landed his forces of occupation and massacre in the Gilbert group, at Makin, Tarawa and Abemama. Our planes and warships had bombed and shelled the main base at Tarawa into silence and fears were expressed that the Japs would "pull another Kiska"—that is, fold their tents in the darkness and sneak out for home. Instead, as our marines waded ashore, the tricky defenders came to life and mowed down our men with machine guns and mortars.

There ensued the bloodiest battle in the annals of the Marine Corps, a battle which has been likened to "The Charge of the Light Brigade," to Pickett's cavalry charge at Gettysburg, and to the British amphibious operations at Gallipoli in the last war and at Dieppe in the present war. We suffered 3700 casualties, but we wiped out more than 5,000 Japs in seventy-six hours.

This can be said for Admiral Turner's amphibious warfare; invariably the end result is Victory. But victory, purchased at Tarawa's frightful cost, cannot be completely satisfactory to a man like Turner who hates to see soldiers swim, swim in their own blood.

Kelly Turner was a grim, iron-jawed man when he returned to Pearl Harbor. He was brooding over the lessons that Tarawa taught. He had seen the enemy mow down our men who were caught on coral reefs and had to wade and walk in hundreds of yards with only their bare chests as shields against the murderous gunfire.

Kelly had seen that we never would have taken Tarawa except that we had a couple dozen amphibious tanks, trucks and tractors—Trojan horses of the sea—which brought several hundred troops ashore under cover. Like prehistoric monsters rising from the foam, these terrific Things shook off the surf, raced across the sands with their guns belching forth dragon's tongues of flame and blasted and withered the enemy pillboxes and blockhouses. With the dirty work done by these amphibious monsters—alligators, ducks and water buffaloes, as they are called —we were able to bring up reinforcements to consolidate the victory.

Seeing all this, Kelly Turner and his associates voted to postpone the Marshalls campaign until sufficient ducks, alligators and buffaloes could be produced to protect our soldiers who could not swim or dodge bullets. Back in the States, the highest priority was accorded landing craft and hundreds of factories worked on them around the clock.

Two months later, when Kelly Turner landed his forces in the Marshalls, our soldiers did not have to swim. Admiral Turner had seen to that. Moreover, our biggest warships had bombarded the atoll for three days running, instead of three hours as at Tarawa. And our planes had been bombing the Marshalls without letup for two months. This was Combined Operations at its peak, and the result was we wiped out a Jap garrison of more than 8000 Shinto souls and lost less than 300 men ourselves.

War being the haphazard business it is, the Marshalls score was about as close to perfection as one could hope. Perfectionist that he is, Kelly Turner could afford to retire on his laurels and his medals, to hibernate in his cottage at Carmel, California, but that wouldn't be Kelly, who has just begun to fight.

Kelly had an individualized apology to make after the overwhelming success at Kwajalein. He remarked that perhaps he had brought up an excessive amount of landing craft and other mechanized equipment for the job at hand. Still, he said, harking back to "I hate to see soldiers swim," he would rather err on the side of too much rather than too little.

The refreshing thing about this admiral is that he is not a spendthrift where human lives are concerned; that he is forever seeking new means of protecting the boys who have to storm the beaches; and that he has learned his lessons after each campaign and has come up with some new wrinkles for the next one.

After Guadalcanal came the so-called "Spam fleet" of tin cannish LC's; after New Georgia came the ducks, alligators and buffaloes.

Kelly Turner, born in Portland, Oregon, has been studying strategy and tactics since 1904 when he was appointed to the Naval Academy from California; yet he is always willing to lend an ear to newcomers and new ideas. During a celebration after the Marshalls affair, a correspondent from Brooklyn, who had studied warfare at Madison Square Garden, slapped the Admiral on the back and declared confidently:

"If I was running the Navy, I'd take the whole shebang right out to Tokyo and blow those yellow —— out of the water."

Without blinking an eye, Admiral Turner assured the correspondent: "I think you have something there."

Where Kelly Turner will strike next is anybody's guess. The Japs probably have an idea, but, as proved at Kwajalein, they'll have to have more than an idea.

At the age of fifty-eight, and upped to the rank of Vice Admiral, Kelly Turner is a thin man in a hurry. He's got a date in Tokyo with the Emperor who once thanked him for hauling poor little Saito's ashes.

This time the Emperor may well have to haul his own ashes.

11

PORTRAIT OF A JAP-KILLER

REAR ADMIRAL Marc A. Mitscher will go down in history as one of the boldest, most intrusive Americans since Admiral Perry muscled in upon the closed-door Nipponese in 1854 and forced them to agree to the so-called Open Door Policy. The feudal, foreigner-hating Nips never really had their hearts in that policy and they began closing the door again in 1931. Ten years later they shut it altogether with a loud bang at Pearl Harbor—closed it permanently, so they thought.

But the fabled Fuller Brush salesman with his inevitable foot in the householder's door has nothing on Admiral Mitscher. The year 1944 was young when he stuck his foot into Palau, Yap, Truk, Guam, Saipan and Tinian and blasted the Japs on their own doorsteps. With a start like that, Tokyo itself should be within his reach fairly soon. No wonder the Jap war lords have ordered evacuation of Tokyo and other principal cities in anticipation of heavy air raids.

It may fall to the lot of Mitscher to prove that Tokyo and Yokohama are just as vulnerable as Truk. For years the American reading and listening public had been told that Truk was impregnable, that half of the grand fleet was sheltered there, and that it would be suicide to make any frontal assault. Of course, we should have known better because we ourselves had similar illusions about the impregnability of Pearl Harbor.

Once we had acquired air bases in the Marshalls and the Gilberts, we dispatched our new long-range reconnaissance planes high over Truk to take some pictures. What the cameras saw was very inviting, and Admiral Mitscher was assigned to test the enemy's "Pearl Harbor." At Truk alone the Mitscher-commanded carrier task force sank 23 Jap ships, including cruisers, destroyers and merchantmen; probably sank six more ships, and seriously damaged eleven others. Our planes de-

stroyed 201 planes while losing only 17. With studied insolence, our force lingered on Truk's front porch for two days to finish the job, and on the second day the aerial opposition had dwindled to nothing at all.

What a loss of face that was to the face-loving Japs! Premier Hideki Tojo saved his face by the cheap expedient of lopping off the heads (figuratively) of his Navy Chief of Staff, Osami Nagano, and his Army Chief of Staff, General Sugiyama. Kicked out of office, these two worthies were expected to save their faces by committing hara-kari but they did not immediately accept the opportunity. Can it be that Bushido Japan is going soft and no longer appreciates dying for the sake of death itself, or the Emperor? Or are they waiting for Tojo and Hirohito to show the way? What a wholesale disemboweling there should be in bloody Japan one of these days.

Not content with smashing ships and faces at Truk, Admiral Mitscher with the same task force steamed another 700 miles farther toward Japan and raided Saipan and Tinian Islands, in the lower Mariana group, and Guam, the first American island taken from us in this war. In these raids the Mitscher men sank two more ships and nabbed another 135 planes while losing six.

At Truk the enemy had been taken by surprise, but in the Marianas Mitscher's task force was detected some distance from its objectives and had to slug its way in.

"Stand by for a fight to the finish," was the Admiral's classic signal to his ships and planes.

And when the fight had been finished, the Admiral was able to congratulate all hands: "This attack was history-making for daring and tenacity of execution."

Not even Admiral George Dewey's victory at Manila Bay against the Spaniards was more one-sided and overwhelming than this score run up against the Japs in their own strongholds.

Moreover, Admiral Mitscher is not stopping to rest on his laurels. He is a man of perseverance and endurance—it will be remembered that he was in that band of Navy pioneers who made the first flight around the world in 1920. His present destination is Japan, not Saipan.

The Admiral is one of our most successful Jap-killers and he likes his work. He hates the Jap with a cold, deliberate, sustained fury. He

won't let you forget that the Jap is a mortal enemy. He won't let himself forget, either.

When I first met Admiral Mitscher he was alone in his headquarters, a hut in Guadalcanal. It was a dank, gloomy day and tropical dusk was falling fast. There was no light in the hut. We talked, the Admiral and I, about one thing and another, and as we talked the Admiral swiveled around in his chair every now and then. Flies and mosquitoes were buzzing around with their dengue and malaria, and Mitscher swung languidly at them with a wire swatter. It was a melancholy day in more ways than one, for the Admiral had sent a batch of his boys on a strike against Nauru, and they were now overdue on the homeleg of their flight. A flyer himself, Mitscher was in a position to measure the dangers risked by his boys day after day. And it was plain to see that Mitscher prized those young American lives in the same generous proportion that he despised the Japanese.

"Damn it, I'm proud of our American boys," Mitscher told me. "They said our boys were soft, pampered, coddled, decadent, unfit to cope with the Jap or German. Foreigners said that, and so did a lot of Americans. Maybe I did, too. We were all a little worried, I know.

"But I found otherwise. Nothing is too rugged for our boys. They live in tents and the mud and the rain. They go up to fly day and night until they drop from exhaustion. They volunteer for missions which may mean death in a few hours.

"Damn it, those boys make you proud of them. Not so with the Nips. In the beginning they showed a dull, stolid, suicidal animal recklessness and contempt for death. They died not for freedom but for the Emperor and because they had been told that Americans killed all prisoners.

"Now, after two years of their holy war for 'co-prosperity' they are weakening. Learning that the Americans are glad to take prisoners, they are surrendering more than they used to—only two officers were taken alive in the Guadalcanal campaign."

(This story is told of four Japs surrounded at the Teneru River in Guadal. The superior officer exercised the privilege of dying first on his Samurai sword. After the major came the captain, then the lieutenant. Finally it was the sergeant's turn to commit hara-kiri. Seeing the three officers disemboweled and realizing they would enjoy the privileges of rank over him in their celestial foxhole, as on earth, the sergeant mut-

tered the Japanese equivalent of "Oh, to hell with it," and walked over to the Americans to surrender.)

Admiral Mitscher's lavish hate for the Japs was shared by the boys he sent up in the few Corsairs, Wildcats and Warhawks at his disposal. Years before the American public was informed of the atrocities in the Philippines, our flyers knew about them, and about atrocities in the Solomons as well, such as the case of the American flyer who bailed out of his battered plane only to have a playful Zero make repeated passes at him with the propellers to cut off his legs.

Mindful of these evidences of Jap-veneered civilization, our boys became quite impersonal in the business of killing Japs. Mitscher smiled sweetly as he told me of a raid on Munda. For the first time, he said, they caught Japs running on the beach, running from one building to another. With expressive gestures, Mitscher told me how his boys swooped low and dropped bombs among the yellow sprinters, blowing them to bits. Some of the bits had to be scraped off the bottoms of the planes, so low did they fly.

As I talked to Mitscher he was slumped in his chair, alternately glaring and looking up at the darkening skies. The Admiral is a small man with a round, wrinkled, persimmony face, a face, however, that is sour only when he thinks of the Japs. Apart from that, the Admiral is the mildest of men; he bears a deceptive appearance of being a Caspar Milquetoast, Donald Meek, Ernest Truex type of homebody instead of the relentless swashbuckler he really is. His voice is soft and low, almost a whisper. He wears his hat most of the time despite tropical heat; when he removes it, you see that he is very bald and not very tall.

Regardless of physique, Admiral Mitscher has a fighter's heart as large as a lion's. He started out in the Pacific as commander of Admiral Halsey's air base at Ile Nou, across the bay from Noumea. He moved up to Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, during the toughest part of our fighting there. Working directly under Vice Admiral Fitch, who was COMAIRSOPAC (Commander of Aircraft in the South Pacific) Mitscher held the title of COMAIRSOLS (which means Commander of Aircraft in the Solomons, but which was purposely mispronounced by pranksters). After months in Guadalcanal, the worst malarial pesthole in the Pacific, Admiral Mitscher was relieved by Major General Nathan F. Twining, who has since gone to Italy.

It was a routine relief, because of the enervating climate of the Solomons, but Mitscher had wanted to stay on and kill more Japs. He was heartbroken when sent home to a healthy California air base where there were no Japs to be hunted down. People who did not know the situation spoke of Mitscher as a has-been, who had served his time well but was through for the duration.

Little did they know Mitscher when they spoke that way. Mitscher is another American who has just begun to fight. California and the Solomons afforded him no Jap-killing opportunities such as he enjoys now, as he roams the Pacific with an assignment that Bill Halsey and every other carrier man must envy, an assignment with no full stops this side of Honshu.

"Stand by for a fight to the finish."

12

NATCHEW AND DOUG

THE PACIFIC WAR is one of the strangest wars in the history of the United States. The Japanese have helped to make it so. They won't fight a white man's style of war, like the British and the Germans with whom we have tangled from time to time. The more we see of them, the more we realize the Japs are a strange race; a people we hardly know.

But the Americans themselves are helping to make the Pacific war an odd one, indeed. We are winning the war, which is not strange, for winning has become a habit with us, but we are winning it in a strange way. We started off the hard way when we allowed ourselves to be almost knocked out at Pearl Harbor, but, having recovered from that setback, we continue to do things in a manner that must baffle the layman and the professional, too.

Believe it or not, General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz, though

fighting the Jap side by side, have never met each other and have shown no desire to do so. If they should meet in Tokyo in 1945, let us say, along about Christmas, they may have to be introduced to each other.

Why haven't General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz met long before this? I put that question to persons very close to them. The answer was invariably: Why should they? Which is scarcely an answer at all, but more of a justification for the present anomalous situation.

I can think of any number of reasons why they should get together, and I hope a meeting is arranged this year, and the sooner the better. (It may have taken place by the time this is printed.) Since they are fighting a common enemy, they should put their heads together and agree on common strategy and tactics. Of course, this can be done indirectly, through the joint army-navy board in Washington functioning under President Roosevelt, but closer co-operation and co-ordination would be bound to result from MacArthur-Nimitz conferences, and many of them.

In wartime there is no reason why a Lowell should speak only to a Cabot, and a Cabot only to God. There was a time at Pearl Harbor when Admiral Kimmel and General Short did not speak to each other as often as they should have, but nowadays it is quite possible for generals and admirals to be the best of friends and collaborators.

Admiral Nimitz has been stationed at Pearl Harbor since December, 1941; General MacArthur has been in Australia and New Guinea since March, 1942. Thus either one could fly to the other within a day or two. Why don't they? Could it be protocol, each one wishing the other to come to him first? What else could it be? Both like to travel. MacArthur commutes by air between Brisbane and Port Moresby; Nimitz flies back and forth between Pearl Harbor and the States, and from Pearl to the various islands his command has taken from the enemy.

This coyness, this shyness and reluctance of one American chief to meet another can be overcome. There was the case of General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey who, for eighteen months, had fought a common enemy in the South and Southwest Pacific without ever meeting to talk things over. Finally, as their commands rubbed shoulders while the Japs were being pushed out of the Solomons, General MacArthur invited (or summoned) Admiral Halsey to come over and see him some time. MacArthur had never visited Halsey in New Caledonia,

but Halsey had no choice save to accept the invitation, inasmuch as his command was subordniate to that of MacArthur's as well as Nimitz's.

Nothing but good came of that meeting. Until Bill and Doug met, there had been bitter rivalry between the Navy and the Army. Thereafter that bitterness moderated to some extent south of the equator, though it still flourishes elsewhere.

Unlike Halsey, Nimitz is not subordinate to MacArthur or to anyone else except Admirals King and Leahy in Washington, and the Commander in Chief, President Roosevelt. MacArthur is Nimitz's senior in age, by five years, and was the first to obtain four stars, but Nimitz and MacArthur have equal rank as full commanders of their respective areas.

Moreover, Admiral Nimitz commands the whole Pacific Ocean except for the MacArthur preserve in the southwest corner, taking in Australia, New Guinea, New Britain, the upper Solomons and possibly, if he gets around to them, the Philippines. MacArthur spokesmen have intimated frequently that their chief was being slighted on material and jurisdiction and might have to take a back seat for those white-headed boys, Admiral Nimitz and Lord Mountbatten. MacArthur himself has said: "However subordinate may be my role, I hope to play it manfully . . . I'm a soldier and will hold the horse if ordered."

For three years armchair strategists, typewriter tacticians and other people more or less well informed, including veterans returning from the Pacific, have been demanding a unified command out there. Admitting that some measure of co-ordniation of the different commands has been accomplished, they maintain that that is not enough; that as sure as we are fighting one enemy in the Pacific, so should we have one united front under one supreme command in the same way that the British and the Americans have agreed upon General Eisenhower for their Number One man in Europe. Whether the Pacific Number One boss would be Nimitz or MacArthur, or somebody else, matters less than the principle of the thing, or so we are told.

If this demand for unified command in the Pacific has merit, then the need for it becomes more urgent each month as we hop-skip along the road to Tokyo. If Nimitz's command were strictly naval, and MacArthur's were purely army, the advocates of unification would have less than half an argument and would be going against tradition, for our

army and navy have always gone their separate ways. But the amphibious warfare being waged in the Pacific is like no other war in our history, and it should not be hampered by tradition or protocol. The fact is that Nimitz, though he is an Admiral and controls the bulk of our warships, also has army and marine generals working on his staff and is ruler over hundreds of thousands of troops. And MacArthur, though he is an army general and has large army forces at his disposal, also had admirals and marine generals on his staff and is building up the "MacArthur Navy" in the Southwest Pacific, a small fleet which is independent of Nimitz.

In other words, Nimitz and MacArthur find themselves in practically the same business and each is stocking up with the various essentials to successful amphibious warfare—marine and army shock troops to storm the beachheads and a navy to bombard the enemy and guard our communications. Nimitz also has navy, marine and army flyers to gain air superiority; MacArthur, so far, has relied mainly upon army flyers.

When MacArthur and Nimitz assumed their commands in the Pacific, they were land and sea men, respectively. With the phenomenal development of amphibious operations since the Guadalcanal experiment, MacArthur and Nimitz have had to diversify their operations and now they are men of both the land and sea, and the air, too.

Since the three elements of land, sea and air have merged, so to speak, why not the area commanders thereof? That appears to be a fairly simple question to answer in the affirmative except in so far as it involves Nimitz swallowing MacArthur or vice versa. Then it becomes a puzzler on a par with the Lady or the Tiger.

To my knowledge, Admiral Nimitz, while accumulating the greatest fleet in the world's history for a sweep across the Pacific to the shores of Japan itself, has never derided the importance of land forces. On the contrary, he has said that the war will be won from China; that while a number of routes must be followed to vanquish Japan, the best road leads from China.

On the other hand, General MacArthur more than once has stressed the importance of the army and air force over the navy; when the Guadalcanal campaign seemed to be bogging down he washed his hands of it as a "navy show"; and he has called for "massive strokes" as

opposed to the navy's "island-hopping," although, he, too, has seen fit to hop a few islands.

The MacArthur viewpoint cannot be better expressed than in the statement, arranged in the shape of an interview, which he issued early in 1944:

"In discussing recent successes in the Southwest Pacific, in which blockade and bombardment have played so successful a part, General MacArthur was asked if he thought Japan could be defeated through blockade and bombing alone. His answer was a decisive 'No.

" 'Both of these are powerful weapons, indeed,' General MacArthur continued, 'but decisive results in modern war can only be achieved through the combined efforts of all three forces—ground, naval and air. No one or no two of them can obtain victory.

" 'The strongest military element of Japan is her army, which must be defeated before our success is assured. This can only be done by use of the ground forces. It is useless and misleading to talk of short cuts. They do not exist.

" 'It is the teamwork of a united and well-balanced command used as a unit, not the preponderance of any one element, that is essential to victory. We delude ourselves if we plan otherwise.

" 'Just as in the case of Germany, we must defeat Japan's army, and for that purpose our strategy must devise ways and means to bring our ground forces into contact with his at decisive points. The old concept of Japan as primarily a maritime nation based upon her island empire is no longer factual.

" 'With her immense holdings on the Asiastic continent, Manchuria, Korea and northern China, to say nothing of her southern mainland conquests, she has become intrinsically a continental power with her greatest potential inland. Her outlying islands of the Pacific represent an outpost position, important, it is true, but no longer decisive.' "

By emphasizing that Japan cannot be defeated through naval and air power alone, and that we must defeat Japan's army by devising strategy to bring our ground forces into contact with Japan's at decisive points, MacArthur would seem to be hinting that the big job to be done is one for an army man, that is, for a general rather than an admiral.

And if a general, who is better qualified for the job than MacArthur himself, who has borne the heat and burden of the day, from Manila to

Bataan, Corregidor, and points south, and who, despite his well-known modesty, is hardly a man to hold a horse for anyone else?

Obviously MacArthur does not agree with navy people who think it may be advisable to by-pass and blockade the Philippines and let the Japanese armies there wither on the vine. His assertion that no "short cuts" exist would exclude the route from the Aleutians into the Kurils, as well as ideas that "We ought to steam straight into Tokyo and blast the place off the face of the earth," as voiced by Kentucky's Representative, Andrew J. May, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee.

If MacArthur is not given the large armies he wants for a drive into the Philippines and beyond, what will he do? Will he be content to consolidate his victory in New Guinea and remain there as a relatively obscure garrison commander? I doubt it. It's not in character.

No, it's either the Philippines for MacArthur—or a trip back home. Time will tell.

(By a coincidence, Nimitz and MacArthur, who had not conferred previously during the war, finally met late in April, 1944, to discuss future operations and co-ordinate their plans.)

13

MACARTHUR STRIKES!

I FIND some confusion at home over the Solomons campaign. It is not widely realized that the campaign was carried to its successful conclusion under the personal direction of Admiral Halsey and that General MacArthur was never in the Solomons, though Halsey was subordinate to him as he was also to Admiral Nimitz.

This confusion was shared by the Australians. Shortly after the strike against Munda, somebody in a certain navy office pinned up the

first page of a Melbourne newspaper with a 72-point Gothic bold headline: MAC ARTHUR STRIKES!

To which a navy humorist penciled this comment: "Dugout Doug's done it again—hit the jackpot with somebody else's money!"

When the amphibious force's flagship *McCawley* was sunk after landing troops at Rendova, our stories named Lieutenant General Millard F. Harmon as one of the passengers, but the censor deleted Harmon's name and allowed us merely to mention that the South Pacific's highest ranking general was aboard. In view of MacArthur's communiqués announcing that he was in supreme command of the combined operations, at least one American newspaper jumped to the conclusion that MacArthur was the general who escaped from the *McCawley* to a destroyer. The fact was that Generals MacArthur and Kreuger were busy directing New Guinea operations while Admirals Halsey and Fitch headed the New Georgia operations, assisted by General Harmon.

General MacArthur had an advantage over Admiral Halsey in that he had been authorized by Washington to issue communiqués, and Halsey had been denied that privilege. With the Solomons communiqués coming from MacArthur, it was natural for the public and press to assume that Mac himself was somewhere in the Solomons. The navy resented this and gave wide circulation to "Doug's Communiqué," a cruel parody on the general's purple prose.

General MacArthur's flair for publicity, and his intermittent sniping at the navy, have built up a terrific backfire. There has always been a certain amount of competition between the Army and the Navy, dating back to the Revolutionary War and continued in the annual football games, and this competition can be healthy if not carried to an extreme. I have never seen a more extreme case than that of MacArthur *vs.* Navy.

It is impossible for Americans back home to realize the magnitude of resentment which the mere name of MacArthur arouses in loyal navy breasts.

Mac has spoiled more breakfasts in the Pacific than all the army and navy cooks combined, which is saying a mouthful. In the morning as the prunes are served, our people pick up their copy of the mimeographed Press and read that General Mac says this, does this, flies there, or is personally directing operations in the field. Immediately,

the reader chokes on his prunes, grows apoplectic, spills a glass of water, hurls the paper on the floor, and stomps away to his office to swallow some sodium bicarbonate. The mere mention of Mac's name, without any reference to his noble work in the Lord's vineyard, is enough to break up any conversation and make ensigns and admirals swear.

Now what are the reasons for the incessant, irritable razzing of the military czar of God's country? First, I would say, his vanity. But then there are one or two vain peacocks in the navy too.

No one should despise Mac because he travels poorly and becomes airsick. One third of the navy people sicken in rough seas. (And recently I read that Madame Chiang Kai-shek was airsick on alighting from her plane at Chungking.)

Now we come to the most important reason why MacArthur is Mac-Anathema to the navy, which is that he has minimized the importance of the navy and suggested the navy doesn't amount to a hill of beans in modern warfare. He has declared that he can win the war with air and land forces, and that though he would like the fleet to backstop him he really puts his trust in God and Flying Fortresses. Navy men who have been trained to regard warships as their home, their club, their workshop and their whole world don't like to have anyone throwing stones at 'em, especially when the stones are aimed from on high to do the maximum hurt.

It's as if you lived all your life in an isolated house on a Nebraska hilltop and then a cyclone came along and huffed and puffed your bricks away. Mac hasn't knocked down the bricks yet but he is the highest spokesman for air force *vs.* sea power. Something has to be done about him. If he is not stilled or ridiculed into impotence, people may believe him and the battlewagon may become a relic of the past along with the covered wagon. At least that's one point of view.

Meanwhile Mac has the last laugh as he issues communiqués as freely as a wrestling promoter issues passes to sports editors.

The navy continually complains that the army steals the credit and gets the major share of publicity for any joint operation from Midway to Munda to Bougainville. As the correspondents see it, the navy has itself to blame. The army recognizes the value of publicity in building goodwill and in obtaining recruits and appropriations. Over a period of

years the army has cultivated the press and fed it with information. The navy, on the other hand, has been inordinately austere, overplaying the tradition of the Silent Service. It may be all right for His Majesty's Royal Navy to place itself above the common man and not subject to approach, but the United States People's Navy, engaged in a war for the People, the Four Freedoms and the Seven Seas, might unbend and let the taxpayers and Gold Star Mothers know a little more about what's going on. In peacetime, of course, the Navy does condescend a trifle when big navy appropriations are sought of Congress, but in wartime the press is just another nuisance like The MacArthur.

MacArthur is important as a spokesman for air power. He is not a flyer himself, but in his old age he's been converted to the theories of the Douhets, the Udets and Seversky. MacArthur is another of the old-line army leaders who have seen the airplane in action in wartime and have been convinced that aerial supremacy is a prime consideration. Some of the admirals have been convinced, too, but not all, particularly those who haven't had ships bombed from underneath them.

Another generation may solve our problem. Our new admirals and generals will agree that the warplane is not a passing fad or toy any more that the torpedo was at the turn of the century.

P.S.—Here is the text of "DOUG'S COMMUNIQUÉ":

For two long years, since blood and tears have been so very rife,
Confusion in our war news, burdens more a soldier's life.
But from this chaos daily, like a hospice on the way,
Like a shining light to guide us, rises Doug's Communiqué.

For should we fail to get the mail, if prisoners won't talk,
If radios are indisposed and carrier pigeons walk,
We have no fear because we'll hear tomorrow's news today
And see our operations plan in Doug's Communiqué.

Here, too, is told the saga bold, of virile deathless youth
In stories seldom tarnished with the plain unvarnished truth.
It's quite a rag, it waves the flag, its motif is the fray,
And modesty is plain to see, in Doug's Communiqué.

"My battleships bombard the Nips from Maine to Singapore.
My subs have sunk a million tons, they'll sink a billion more.

My aircraft bombed Berlin last night." In Italy they say
"Our turn's tonight, because it's right in Doug's Communiqué.

"My armored tanks have mowed his ranks, so Rommel's gone to hide.
And the frozen Steppes of Russia see my wild Don Cossacks ride.
My brave beleaguered Chetniks make the Axis sweat and pay"
It's got to be, it's what we see in Doug's Communiqué.

His area is quite cosmic, and capricious as a breeze;
Ninety times as big as Texas, bigger than Los Angeles,
It springs from lost Atlantis up to where the angels play,
And no sparrow falls unheeded, it's in Doug's Communiqué.

He used to say, "And with God's help," but lately it has seemed
That his patience is exhausted and God's on his second team.
And the Cabots and the Lodges, too, have long ceased to pray
That they'll even squeeze a by-line into Doug's Communiqué.

And while possibly a rumor now, some day it will be fact
That the Lord will hear a deep voice say, "Move over God, it's Mac."
So bet your shoes that all the news, that last great Judgment Day,
Will go to press in nothing less than Doug's Communiqué.

14

THE WOUNDED LION

WRITING in advance of the election, I doubt, for a number of reasons, that General MacArthur will make the White House. Has he not said: "I have no political ambitions whatsoever . . . I started as a soldier and I shall finish as one."

Which perhaps is as it should be. MacArthur has done well as a general fighting with his back to the wall. His instructions were to save Australia and, if possible, New Guinea. He has done that and more, with a minimum of men and material.

An aloof, proud, sensitive man, MacArthur has no close friends among the correspondents who have covered his operations. Some are his severest critics. But among them I found nearly unanimous agreement that MacArthur has done a good job in the Southwest Pacific; that nobody could have done more and few could have accomplished half as much.

Although there is a great deal of respect and some enthusiasm for MacArthur as a general, I found little belief that his election would be good for either MacArthur or the American public. In this connection the sorry reign of President-General Ulysses S. Grant is recalled, as well as the firm refusals of Generals Sherman and Pershing to become presidential candidates.

While he has disclaimed political ambitions, MacArthur is intensely interested in the political setup back home. He made it clear to me that, in his estimation, neither Wendell Willkie nor Thomas Dewey could beat the old champ, as he referred to President Roosevelt. He gave me the impression, without actually saying so, that the old champ could be beaten only by another champion, MacArthur himself.

My friend, Raymond Clapper, the famous correspondent, who flew to his death in the Marshalls shortly after interviewing General MacArthur, described the general as a "deeply tragic figure" and "a caged or wounded lion, suffering deeply." A delegation of Canadian journalists, impressed after a prolonged interview with MacArthur, reported his command of English was as masterly and as vigorous as the style of Prime Minister Churchill, and that in stating his philosophy of war and life he quoted the Bible, Abraham Lincoln and Adam Smith.

There is no doubt that MacArthur will go down in history as a striking figure of his time, and that he makes a definite impression on all who meet him. I know he did on me.

When I reached Brisbane the first time, General MacArthur was away, up the line at another headquarters. Later, I returned and found he was willing to receive me in private audience.

So, near the end of the afternoon, for he works late, I am invited into the presence. On a wall table in the outer office, I spy the General's gold-laced cap, which he designs himself. The General, you know, is famous for his *soignés* caps and uniforms. The inner office is a large, carpeted room with a big desk and several chairs and tables.

The General is too dramatic, too accomplished a thespian, to be caught in a swivel chair. As I advance to meet him he strides forward and shakes my hand vigorously. For nearly an hour he talks. He talks well and acts even better. He is not a young man, but he acts like a young man. He moves quickly, he is all over the room, he gestures vigorously, he is sarcastic and tender, mild, mellow and pontifical. With equal facility and self-confidence, he discusses journalism and wars and politics; he is sure and full of himself.

The General offers me cigarettes. He smokes a long-stemmed briar pipe, but mostly he holds it in his left hand, stem extended, to emphasize his points. He is wearing a rich, beige, fleece-lined jacket above his khaki trousers. When he is not pacing the room, he sits on a window sill with his back to the sunlight, which is in my face. It's an old trick at interviews, and a good trick. The General knows all the tricks. He radiates glamour and reminds you of a John Barrymore in khaki. His aquiline features constitute a Barrymore-ish profile, and he sometimes turns his profile to the camera. His skin is clean and waxen pale with a faint luminous pink. His eyes are clear and sharp. There is no gray in his hair, and they say it's not dyed either. On top the hair is sparse, and so it's parted far over on the right side and dragged across the scalp, deceiving nobody. The general is immaculately dressed and pressed, well-soaped and perfumed. Here is Julius Caesar with modern refinements, no coarse, tobacco-stained, whisky-guzzling Ulysses Grant. But would he make a better President than did Grant? Shall we ever know?

Born in Arkansas, now claiming Wisconsin as his home, the General looks like an Easterner, talks like a Middle Westerner, and dresses like Lucius Beebe.

When Oklahoma's Pat Hurley was Secretary of War and looking for a new Army chief of staff, he sought the advice of the older generals who told him:

"Mac? Sure, Mac's a peacock, but he's the best man for the job."

Later on, Pat sized up Mac this way: "He's most positive when least sure of himself."

Both counts are correct. One of the General's aides said to me: "Peacock? Yes, he is. He takes great pride in his personal appearance, every detail of it. Why shouldn't he?

"Another thing to remember is this: When his mind is made up, he's very quiet. But when he's uncertain, he'll shout and thump the desk to provoke a reaction and elicit your views."

The General commands rockbound loyalty from his lieutenants. He is willing to listen to them upon occasion. Once he told an aide: "Damn it, I'm tired of having you represent the press." But after listening to the aide's explanation, the General said:

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

And he and his aide sat up all night to solve that particular problem affecting the press.

The General is press-conscious. He reads every line in the two Brisbane papers. He also keeps in touch with the American papers and radio. He is very "pro-American"—a favorite phrase with him.

"America Is at War" says the wall sign in the outer office, above the General's gilded cap. "I Am an American" is another of his signs.

"Uncle Joe" is what the correspondents call the General. This is a code name which they have devised so they can discuss him in public without attracting eavesdroppers. Presumably nobody would be interested in poor Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe does all right. He drives a private limousine with license plate numbered "1, USA." His wife drives No. 2. The next nearest number is 160, for a general on the staff. When the General's staff moved north by special train from Melbourne in June, 1942, Nos. 1 and 2 autos rode prominently on a flat car behind the locomotive, with the General's private coach at the end of the circus-like train.

The General has an attentive young wife. She even cooks for him. Their meals are served in their private suite high up in the city's most exclusive hotel. For their private meals they have a private waitress. The General's wife has an aide of her own.

The General is seldom seen in public. Nor is he readily accessible to the press. Since he arrived at Melbourne from Corregidor in March, 1942, he has held a half dozen press conferences. Maybe he will change if he makes the White House. Shall we see? (Whatever ambitions MacArthur may have entertained toward the White House apparently were abandoned after the Wisconsin primaries in which Governor Dewey defeated Wendell L. Willkie, former Governor Harold Stassen and General MacArthur. Following publication of his personal corre-

spondence with an obscure Congressman, MacArthur announced: "I do not covet it (the nomination) nor would I accept it," recalling General Sherman's famous renunciation: "If nominated I will not accept; if elected I will not serve.")

15

MACNIMSEY RUNS THE SHOW

WHEN we have finally won the war in the Pacific, chroniclers in the know will have to devote more than one chapter to the curious role played by Admiral-General MacNimsey. For never before, on land or sea or in the air, was there ever such a fabulous military and naval character.

As 1943 neared the half-mark, this correspondent, using the word "MacNimsey" for the first time in any news dispatch, predicted that we were about to renew our offensive in the South Pacific under the aegis of the newly born MacNimsey. When the offensive actually broke out on the last day of June, correspondents operating out of SOPAC headquarters were forbidden, for reasons of security, to mention the names of our commanders in the field. However, the censors did permit me to inform a palpitating public:

"MacNimsey is running this show."

MacNimsey was in the Pacific Ocean, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, from the Gulf of Alaska and the Panama Canal out to the Coral Sea and the Indian Ocean. In brief, MacNimsey was General MacArthur, Admiral Nimitz and Admiral Halsey.

There you had, syntheticized into one operating command, one full general and two full admirals. Three four-star bigwigs, twelve stars in all, accompanied by the traditional gold-braid and lacework—"scrambled eggs" is the navy's description for the brass-hat scrollwork.

And who would have thought until recently that the army and the navy, traditionally separate institutions for a century and a half, would ever get together and, figuratively speaking, scramble eggs in one common frying pan, which is the Pacific?

In the first World War things were different. Instead of hopping from island to island, our expeditionary force fought mainly in France and did not require the navy's help, except to take it over and bring it back and sink some submarines in the process.

When this war broke out in the Pacific, MacNimsey was divided three ways. General MacArthur was in the Philippines, Admiral Halsey was on the high seas with a carrier task force, and Admiral Nimitz was on duty in Washington. But soon Nimitz took over at Pearl Harbor, in place of Admiral Kimmel; MacArthur was in Australia, organizing a last-ditch stand against Japanese encroachments, and Halsey was destined to assume the SOPAC command, in lieu of Admiral Ghormley.

Even then, MacNimsey had not been assembled. Nimitz and Halsey ruled the Pacific waves and such islands as Samoa, Tongatabu, Fijis, New Caledonia, New Hebrides and the lower Solomons, but MacArthur had a separate jurisdiction embracing Australia, New Guinea, the East Indies (if he could capture them) and the upper Solomons.

When it became urgent for us to move into Guadalcanal to halt the Japanese drive in the South Seas, it was discovered that the line of demarcation between MacArthur on the one side and "Nimsey" on the other cut through Guadalcanal, and the line had to be stretched slightly to permit the navy to have full command of the show.

This peculiar state of affairs, a house divided against itself, was not conducive to maximum harmony. Month after month I watched our service cauldrons bubbling over with jealousies and resentments, and I wondered what the end would be. Nor did certain official statements help to smooth matters any.

For instance, General MacArthur was quoted as deriding naval power in relation to air power and land forces. Quote:

"If we lose the air, naval forces cannot save us. The Allied naval forces can be counted upon to play their own magnificent part, but the battle of the Western Pacific will be won or lost by the proper application of the ground-air team."

Himself a convert to aviation, General MacArthur noted that a new

form of campaign was being tested, the offensive and defensive power of aircraft used in an effective combination with ground forces to permit massive strokes "rather than a costly island-to-island advance."

And again:

"The first line of Australian defense is our bomber line. The Japs have complete control of the sea lanes in the Western Pacific and the outer approaches to Australia. Control of such sea lanes no longer depends solely or even perhaps primarily upon naval power but upon air power operating from land bases held by ground troops."

Derision cast upon the waters sometimes comes back multiplied. Navy people, who regard warships as their homes, their castles and their sweethearts, were stung by any suggestion that battlewagons and the other steel walls afloat had been rendered obsolete by the rapid rise of aviation. Unwilling to strike back at aviation itself, they poked fun at the handsome, photogenic figure of MacArthur and his profiled photographs, his batons, his communiqués and his fancy caps.

A stock story was that General MacArthur had three special hats and a colored orderly who inquired of the General every morning after breakfast:

"Massa, massa, what hat do you all want me to bash down this morning?"

Of course, no one really believed this yarn, any more than they credited the tale that the MacArthurian breakfast consisted of orange juice and three sets of communiqués, and that the General invariably selected the one communiqué which painted the rosiest picture of the previous day's happenings.

Goings-on in this whimsical vein might be considered amusing, which is more than could be said of repeated references to MacArthur as "Dugout Doug," "that seasick general" and "God's cousin."

I must say I never heard Halsey indulge in these practices; neither, so far as I know, did MacArthur display anything but respect for Halsey, which may be proof that ensigns and second lieutenants like to foster other people's quarrels.

Even before Pearl Harbor, informed commentators were stressing the need for increased co-operation and co-ordination and perhaps absolute unification of land, sea and air forces. The lessons learned from the inquiry into Pearl Harbor increased the agitation.

Nevertheless the war had been on for a year and a half before MacArthur and Halsey had their first conference. Without any fanfare, Halsey shipped away from his flagship and turned up in Brisbane for the historic meeting. COMSOPAC correspondents knew he was gone but were not permitted to disclose his absence or the reason for it.

No doubt the conference was amicable. Big men who are really big have a way of getting along together where puny people would bicker. Halsey had no comment to make upon his return, but we learned he had agreed to a revised setup whereby MacArthur was to be Halsey's boss in any joint action in the South Pacific-Southwest Pacific areas. What would have happened had Halsey disagreed is something else. One reason for his agreement may have been that the war in the upper Solomons was swinging over into MacArthur's bailiwick and away from Halsey's. Then, too, Halsey had told friends that he felt he could work under MacArthur, but he was not sure MacArthur could work under him.

Regardless of personalities, this correspondent believes that co-operation and co-ordination between the army and navy are bound to grow with each month, out of the urgent necessities of the situation, and that absolute unification of all our armed forces is not a mirage but is inevitable; if not in this war, it will come before the next, and perhaps help to prevent any next war.

Admiral Halsey has pioneered in this direction. Repeatedly he has told his men that he doesn't want them to think of themselves as soldiers, sailors or marines, but all of them as belonging to one force—the good old United States of America. In his area officers of the army, navy and marines wear khaki exclusively—blues and whites are out for the duration. At a distance it's impossible to tell a navy officer from an army officer, which is as it should be. Navy officers, particularly survivors, buy their khaki at army stores; otherwise many would have to go unclad.

Democratic and informal, Bill, when he took charge of the *Enterprise* in time past, ripped off his black tie and directed his officers to follow suit. He was criticized for that by the old school-tie element, but Bill didn't care; he's a practical man. (When his bunions hurt him, he wore carpet slippers on the bridge.)

Today from one end of the South Pacific to the other, our navy

officers wear khaki shirts open at the neck and stow their ties and their dress uniforms for the time when they earn thirty days leave back in the States.

Judged on results thus far, the firm of MacNimsey has been a success. That was to be expected since the three partners had done all right previously when they operated more or less on their own. Nor must it be overlooked that the Pacific war is an amphibious business in which the various forces would have to co-operate to some extent or perish.

For instance, General MacArthur, as previously mentioned, has always had a small naval force at his disposal, based off Australia. Admiral Nimitz has always outranked the army generals co-operating with the navy in Alaska, Hawaii and the South Pacific.

Directly under Admiral Halsey in the SOPAC were Lieutenant General Harmon, for the Army, and Lieutenant General Vandergrift for the Marines. Later, Van went to Washington to head the Marines and was succeeded in the field by Major General Roy Geiger.

It was Vandergrift who led the Marines into Guadalcanal in August, 1942. When asked some time later whether the Japanese had acquired a wholesome respect for the Marines, Van replied:

"I wouldn't know. Most of the Japs I saw were dead."

The motto of MacNimsey & Co. might well be: When more Japs are to be killed, we'll do it.

As befits a topflight partner in MacNimsey, Bill Halsey manages to get along equably both with those who give orders and those who take 'em. When he assured me his army, navy and marine folk were functioning as one organization, not as three, I suggested that might be because both he and Harmon wore wings. Halsey agreed, but made light of the silver wings on his leather jacket.

"Harmon earned his," he said in blunt tribute to the dapper general who has been a flyer all his adult life.

"Yes, but you earned yours the hard way, learning to fly in your fifties," I said.

"No, mine are only a decoration," the admiral insisted.

Admiral Halsey is going on sixty-two. A gentleman who called upon him lately came away with this shrewd observation:

"When I saw him for the first time, I said to myself that either he

was the youngest old man in the world or else the oldest young man."

Probably the former. Bill Halsey has a pixie, Peter Rabbit quality about him, accentuated by his bushy eyebrows.

I find it difficult to sum up Admiral Halsey's character. I'll leave that to his former deputy, Rear Admiral Ted Wilkinson, now commander of the amphibious forces in the SOPAC:

"Admiral Halsey is a strong character. He is a man of decided opinions. When he makes up his mind, it is hard to change his views. He does not change his mind from day to day. He is stubborn but he is not adamant. He might change his mind if convinced that he was wrong.

"The Admiral does not seek publicity. He does not curry favor. His sole thought is to win the war. If he thought that to solicit public favor at home would run counter to winning the war out here, the admiral would not hesitate a second. He would stick to the latter course."

Correspondents who had to do business with Admiral Halsey and his former chief of staff, Captain Browning, will agree that COMSOPAC never sought publicity. Quite the contrary. In his individual contacts with members of the press, Halsey was friendly, but he shied away from them en masse. His attitude was described by a journeyman reporter from Los Angeles:

"The Bull acts like a housedog that has been told to let the cat alone."

The tie that binds Halsey, Nimsey and MacArthur in the firm of MacNimsey & Co., is their fierce hatred of the Japanese and their yearning to kill millions of 'em.

"Why do you see fit to fight this war in the Solomons, of all places?" a brash young correspondent dared to ask Admiral Halsey.

"What in hell do you care where we fight the war just so we kill enough Japs?" was Halsey's comeback. "We're doing that, aren't we?"

On being informed by his head chaplain that a certain elderly chaplain, educated in the Orient, was fluent in the Japanese language and should be useful in interviewing prisoners, Halsey said:

"I hope not. The only good Japs are dead Japs."

16

FIGHTING MAN AND PROPHET

Hirohito, your time is short. Admiral Yamamoto, you will be present at a dictated peace in the White House, but it won't be as you envisaged. Tojo, when you unleashed the attack on Pearl Harbor, you started something which will make you wish you had died when you were a baby. We are just starting now and we won't halt at Rabaul.
—WILLIAM FREDERICK HALSEY, New Year's Day, 1943.

WE ALL KNOW Admiral Halsey is a great fighting man. His record for carrying the war to the enemy at Wake and Marcus and in the Marshall and Gilbert islands proves that. Here's an old destroyer man who has kept march with the times and learned to use planes and carriers in co-ordination with the time-tried battleship-cruiser-destroyer setup.

His fighting ability being beyond dispute, the question now arises: Is Halsey also a good prophet? Having watched the progress of events for many months from Halsey headquarters, I propose to be one of the first to answer the question, and that in the affirmative:

Yes, Admiral Halsey is not only a fine fighter but he is a good prophet. Verily, a prophet who deserves to be honored in his own country.

As New Year's Day of 1943 approached, the correspondents who cover COMSOPAC headquarters for the news agencies and individual newspapers had a brilliant idea—Why not ask Admiral Halsey to gaze into the crystal ball and foretell the shape of things to come for the benefit of millions of American readers who had but recently observed the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor and were not altogether sure of the future?

To the surprise of the correspondents, Admiral Halsey accepted the

invitation for a seance. They were surprised because Halsey rarely submits to being interviewed and he has declared that he is completely wrapped up in winning this war and does not care one bit for personal publicity, whether good, bad or indifferent. Once you get to Halsey, however, you find a friendly fellow, without bluff or reserve, and so it was on this occasion. The handful of correspondents fired one query after another at him and he answered them frankly and without evasion. The delighted correspondents thanked the admiral for his punchy interview and rushed away to their portables. When they had typed their copy in cablese for transmission to the States, it was subjected to censorship by the chief censor, who was then Commander Alex Lewis, a hard-bitten former submarine skipper. Admiral Halsey and his then chief of staff, Captain Miles R. Browning, also did a once-over-lightly on the copy. At Browning's suggestion, minor eliminations were made to tone down certain plain Anglo-Saxon references to the feeble-minded Hirohito, who was at that time still accorded some respect in American diplomacy. Aside from these changes, Admiral Halsey's prophecy went forth to the world exactly as originally uttered.

In the light of developments, it is interesting to check back on the fighting admiral and figure out his score as a major prophet.

Admiral Halsey had prefaced the passage already quoted by predicting that 1943 would see bombs and shells bursting on Japan proper. Well, our forces kicked the Japanese out of Attu before the year was half over, and we followed that up by bombing Paramushiri, the submarine base at the beginning of the chain of islands that leads into the heart of Japan.

"I have the initiative," Halsey had said. Well, he's proved that plenty.

Thrown back on the defensive, the Japanese not only lost the strategic Solomons; they also lost important sections of their task forces and merchant shipping which they cannot replace as quickly as we can our own losses. So many Japanese warships were sunk in the successive battles of Savo Island that Halsey's men jested about organizing a Savo Island Salvage Corporation after the war. And the hulks of bombed and burned-out Japanese cargo ships still line the Guadalcanal beaches south from Cape Esperance.

In his famous interview, Halsey called attention to Tojo's "foul

claims" that the United States fleet had been annihilated. These claims were on a par with Axis boasts that we had been reduced to a third-rate naval power and later on, strangely enough, reduced to a second-rate naval power. In other words, we had been "annihilated" again and again in a curious geometric progression.

"The Japs are getting harder and harder to find," Halsey had told the correspondents.

After their defeats around Savo and Lunga Point, the prudent men of Tojo never brought their fleet south again. When we moved north into the Russells, we were prepared to engage the enemy, but he was nowhere to be found. Not until we moved further, this time to occupy the New Georgia group of islands, did the Japanese risk any more engagements. We found the Japanese then and we sent enough of their ships to the bottom of Kula Gulf to add that body of water to what our navy wits call iron-bottomed gulfs. We contributed some iron ourselves, notably the cruiser *Helena* and the destroyers *Gwin* and *Strong,* but we handed out more punishment than we received.

Admiral Halsey no longer has to worry about Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander in chief of the combined Japanese fleet, who was responsible for the strategy of treachery and surprise with which Japan opened her war against us, notoriously at Pearl Harbor which was blasted by navy-borne planes directed by the nasty little Mr. Moto, who later sent the Japanese task forces to defeats in the Coral Sea and at Midway.

Just as Halsey hates the Japanese with a contempt beyond printing, so did the little brown Moto despise the Americans for a gentility which he mistook for softness and decadence.

"We are saving our navy for the war against America and Britain," Moto had said in 1917 when asked by an American officer why Japan with her growing navy was rendering no assistance to her ally, Great Britain, to fight off German submarines in the Mediterranean.

Again, in 1934, representing Japan at the London Naval conference, Moto seized every opportunity to hurl a monkey wrench into the works and to remove Nippon from any co-operation with Britain, her former ally, and the United States, her long-time friend.

About the same age as Halsey, Yamamoto was likewise air-minded and up-to-date in his concept of modern warfare. However, when it

comes to rating prophets, Admiral Yamamoto was not fit to tie Admiral Halsey's shoelaces. Only a few months after Halsey had predicted that Yamamoto would not get to dictate peace in the White House as he envisaged, the Tokyo radio announced that their Number One Admiral and American-Hater had "met a gallant death in a warplane while fighting the enemy." Tokyo volunteered no details as to the locale and other circumstances of the aerial combat. Washington maintained silence and so did Halsey, officially, although I understand he said something stronger than Gosh when he heard of the broadcast.

Successor to Yamamoto is Admiral Mineichi Koga, but he is a small potato compared to Moto. As for Yamamoto, his reward from the sun Emperor was posthumous decoration with the First-Class Order of the Golden Kite. Presumably the Kite will fly his soaring spirit to Washington for that appointment with destiny which his physical body was unable to keep.

Admiral Halsey, with one of his opposite numbers reduced to impotent Kitehood, was now in a position to emulate the Count of Monte Cristo, chalk up One on the war's scoreboard, and turn his undivided attention to the Unholy Three's survivors, Hirohito and Tojo.

Not being a statesman, Halsey, having warned Hirohito that his time is short, is content to leave final disposition of the doomed Emperor up to President Roosevelt, who has served notice that the war-mongers of Japan, Germany and Italy will be punished. If Hirohito does not commit hara-kiri, he faces the cheery prospect of being hanged, being deposed, or being reduced to a puppet status such as he devised for poor Henry Pu-Yi of Manchukuo.

This brings us to Premier Tojo, perhaps the worst offender of the Unholy Three, since it was his newly formed government which launched the infamous assault upon Pearl Harbor. In so doing that, Tojo started something which "will make you wish you had died when you were a baby," to quote Halsey's colorful malediction.

Despite the soothing syrup he ladles out to the ignorant masses at home, Tojo must already wish he had died a-bornin'. Imitating Mussolini, who had stabbed France in the back when France was reeling under the Nazi invasion, Tojo plunged his country into war at a time when he felt it was a cinch bet to win. Germany had overrun Europe and was deep into Asiatic Russia. Italy was then a factor to be reck-

oned with, and, coupled with Field Marshal Rommel, a threat to Alexandria and the Suez Canal. Tojo may have figured that the white powers would fight to exhaustion in Russia and throughout Europe and the Atlantic, leaving Japan to clean up in the Pacific on a scale many times more than the island booty she filched from the first World War.

Thanks to men of Halsey's stout breed, two-timing Tojo knows better now. His southward march of empire was definitely checked when marines were sent into Guadalcanal to capture Henderson Field from the Japanese. It was a daring move, nor preordained to succeed, and when things went badly for a while there were people in high places who were disposed to wash their hands of the whole affair and to dismiss it simply as a "navy show" rather than as a desperate undertaking to halt the enemy before he grabbed everything in sight and endangered our communications to Australia and New Zealand. I remember seeing around October and November of that year inspired stories attempting to prepare the American public for an expected disaster at Guadalcanal —"another Bataan," so we were advised.

Bill Halsey is nothing if not a bulldog. He and his men hung on tenaciously and sank their teeth into the Nipponese at every opportunity, with the result that it was the enemy, not us, who became discouraged and evacuated Guadal early this year. We made some mistakes, of course, but the enemy made more, and for the first time we had the little brown brethren on the run, heading for home.

It seems somewhat difficult to make Americans appreciate the full importance of the Solomons campaign. They look at Guadalcanal or New Georgia on a map and see that those islands are much smaller than Sicily or Madagascar, and much more remote. They also note that armies of hundreds of thousands were deployed in Russia as against tens of thousands in the Solomons. Ergo, the Solomons constituted merely a sideshow of little consequence.

What these superficial, swivel-chair historians overlook is that we landed a few thousand, let us say, in New Georgia because the island was not large enough to accommodate any more (even if we had them available and could keep them supplied). There are many islands in the South Pacific and we cannot afford to overpopulate them.

Even more important is the fact that these island campaigns are the sole means we have developed so far for bringing the Japanese fleet out

of hiding and destroying it. Long after the European members of the Axis have been put out of commission, Japan can fight on and defy us to come to her. She doesn't have to come to us; she has what she wants in the rubber of Malaya and the tin, oil and quinine of the East Indies.

No one can deny that Admiral Halsey's force has penetrated the Nipponese defenses in a substantial way. When we occupied Guadalcanal, Tojo made an elaborate apology to his rubberstamp Diet in the course of which he indicated Japan would not retreat beyond the Bougainville-Rabaul perimeter.

My hunch is that we will be fighting in Japan itself in 1944-45, and that Premier Tojo will be out of office and, who knows, out of this world for keeps.

I think future historians will conclude that Bill Halsey proved himself one hundred per cent fighting man, whatever faults may have been his as an administrator, publicist or personal press agent. Considering how right he was on so many points in that New Year's interview of his, I am tempted to rate him as a true prophet: except for one paragraph in which he predicted that the United Nations would score a complete victory over all the Axis powers in 1943. That word "complete" may need definition.

Japan, Italy and Germany have taken sound lickings from men like Halsey, men who would not give up, men who would attack, attack, attack.

It might be argued that an enemy's defeat is accomplished and completed the minute he realizes the jig is up, that he cannot win no matter how long he prolongs the agony. In that sense, the Axis defeat is not around the corner; it is right here. Mussolini has abdicated; Hitler's turn is next. Yamamoto has joined his peace-loving ancestors, and Hirohito and Tojo cannot be far behind. (Yamamoto's successor, Admiral Mineichi Koga, died at his post in March, 1944, "while directing general operations from a plane at the front," according to an imperial headquarters communiqué from Tokyo.)

By way of postscript, this correspondent would like to reassure a certain spinster in Ventura, Cal. who took exception to a fragment of the Halsey prophecy. Standing pat on his New Year's interview, Halsey told me that he made those strong statements deliberately to convince the American people they had no grounds to fear the Yellow

Peril. But the estimable lady from Ventura had written the Admiral to protest the reward he held out to his sailors; the promise of a big shore liberty in Tokyo. Liberty to her meant rape, and she protested lest we commit rape and murder in Tokyo as the Japanese had done in the sack of Nanking.

On his word of honor, Admiral Halsey has no such intentions. He intends to scuttle the Japs, not rape 'em.

17

"HEADS WE WIN"

IF UNIFICATION of our armed forces was not fully achieved under Admiral Halsey, it was only because he lacked the authority to impose his ideas as thoroughly as he would have wished. No one has stated the case for unification more concisely than Halsey did when he assumed command in the South Pacific:

"Gentlemen, we are the South Pacific Fighting Force. I don't want anybody to be even thinking in terms of the Army, Navy, and Marines. Every man must understand it—and every blankety-blank so-and-so will understand it if I have to take off all uniforms, issue coveralls, and imprint the insignia 'South Pacific Fighting Force' on the seat of the pants."

Concerning the pants problem, Admiral Halsey was not above a modicum of punning:

"Having sent General Patch to do a tailoring job on Guadalcanal, I was surprised and pleased at the speed with which he removed the enemy's pants."

(Incidentally, General Patch's fame was fleeting. After carrying through the pants-stripping program begun by General Vandergrift, Patch was transferred to an obscure post in the South Atlantic, at Trin-

idad, for reasons which have never been announced. As the man who finessed the entry of American forces into New Caledonia without firing a shot, Patch should have a good story to tell, after the war. Meanwhile, General Patch has been given a second chance at glory, having been lately transferred to command the 7th Army to succeed hard-boiled, soldier-slapping General Patton.)

"Where do we go from here?" is a question that arises each time we take another island from the Japs. To that Admiral Halsey has a stock reply:

"Well, we have a little engagement in Tokyo. You know, ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

Being an old carrier man, the policy of island-hopping makes sense to Halsey, who remarks:

"Every airfield you can get is a potential carrier. Every time you inch toward the enemy you pile up trouble for him.

"As far as the Japs are concerned, trouble is our middle name."

Still dedicated to complete and absolute victory, Halsey has no post-war plans except to retire to his Virginia home and enjoy himself. Meanwhile, having promised American sailors shore leave in Tokyo, he is doing his bit toward that end. His recipe for victory is expressed in the language of a snappy motto received from Admiral Nimitz:

"The Lord gave us two ends to use; one to think with and one to sit with. The war depends on which we choose—heads we win, tails we lose."

Tough old seadog that he is, Admiral Halsey is also a father and he's quite human. Separated by thousands of miles from his wife and married daughter, the Admiral, as often as possible, had a house guest in his son and namesake when the latter was supply officer on the U.S.S. *Saratoga*. Flying back to his ship one day (which happened to be a Friday the 13th), the son was reported missing.

Naturally, the father was heartbroken. The news that the Admiral's only son had vanished would have made an important story. I came into exclusive possession of the story, but was glad to withhold it at the request of the grief-stricken father.

There was a faint hope that the boy might not have been on the missing plane. With a parachute packed on his back, he had last been seen running across an airfield outside Noumea, running toward one of

the three brand-new combat planes which were returning to their carrier. No witness could say positively that young Halsey had entered the plane. Moreover, a rumor circulated that he had been seen that night, safe and sound, in an officers' club in Noumea. This proved false.

Three days later, when Admiral Halsey feared the worst, his son was found alive and unharmed. It seems that he had been in one of the three planes which took off in murky weather, got lost off the New Hebrides, and made a crash landing on the sandy beach of a deserted island. Going ashore, they discovered a plantation manager's abandoned home, well stocked with food and scotch. Lacking communication facilities, they sat down and patiently awaited their inevitable rescue by searching parties.

Admiral Halsey himself flies around a good deal, from island to island. Whether he now lives ashore or afloat is one of those secrets, but at one time he did reside ashore in a house which had belonged to a Japanese official. A guest who arrived there one day during a rainstorm caught the Admiral closing the windows to protect the Oriental draperies from the downpour.

"Damn it all!" expostulated Halsey, "I don't know why I should go around closing windows to protect that Jap bastard's property."

After dinner, the Admiral would put on his specs and spend an hour or two perusing memoranda on the day's operations. But when his chief of staff and operations officer who shared his house would tiptoe out to walk down the hill to a junior officers' mess, Halsey would spring up, lay away his specs, and command:

"Wait for me, baby."

Halsey enjoyed the company of younger officers such as Commanders Gene Markey and Bob Montgomery, and they often got together for private movies or songfests. One night after dinner the Admiral joined Bob, Gene and myself on a screened veranda for a showing of Olsen & Johnson's "Hellzapoppin." Halsey chuckled and enjoyed the zany show as much as the native blacks from the neighborhood, children and adults, who were permitted to move in and squat on the floor in front of the whites, who had chairs.

I suppose the black Melanesians accepted "Hellzapoppin" as a factual documentary on American civilization; anyway, they liked the crazy antics of those very strange people, les Américaines.

With the possible exception of Eleanor Roosevelt, Halsey has been the subject of more anecdotes than any other person who ever came to the Pacific.

First anecdote I heard about the Admiral had to do with an inspection he paid to Guadalcanal when General Vandergrift had his cook, a veteran marine sergeant named Butch Morgan, prepare a special dinner devoid of the usual Spam and beans. Halsey was so pleased with the delicious steaks that he summoned the cook and complimented him on his culinary art.

Bashful Butch shuffled awkwardly on his big feet and twisted his ham-like hands as the Admiral assured him: "Butch, I want to say this is the best meal I've ever eaten, considering the difficult circumstances in which you have to work."

Butch was gratified, but didn't quite know how to express his thanks to the Admiral. He took thought, blushed behind his hairy ears, and mumbled hoarsely:

"Oh, horsefeathers!"

Bill Halsey likes to tell that story.

Picturesque, earthly speech is one of Halsey's assets. "Holy jumping General Jackson" is one of his milder expletives. After an interview with Admiral Halsey, Bob Brumby, INS correspondent, received a wire from his editor: "Why don't you stop making Halsey talk like baseball umpire?" To which Bob replied: "Well, why don't you ask him to stop talking like baseball umpire?"

The Halsey brand of humor has not neglected the new gray postman's uniform which somebody ordered for the Navy for camouflage purposes, gray being less visible on gray ships than would be khaki, blues or whites. The gray uniforms have become the vogue in the States, but out in the Pacific neither Halsey nor Nimitz cared for them.

Outside his office one morning, as his daily strategy conference broke up, Admiral Halsey spotted a newcomer in gray and introduced him around:

"Gentlemen, this is not a Kiwi (New Zealander) or a refugee from a Greyhound bus—it's an officer of the U.S. Navy."

Most people who fly oceans are members of the Short Snorters, which makes it more exclusive not to belong to that mushrooming club. Admiral Halsey is prouder of his membership in the ultra-exclusive Snort-

ing Turtles. To qualify for this, one must have crossed the equator and the international date line twice within one month, which Bill did while chasing Japs.

Halsey belongs also to the Eighty Million Club, formed in his youth when the nation's population attained that figure. The club's rules are not complex:

1. Two members constitute a quorum.
2. Whenever a quorum is assembled, drinks are in order.

Though shy in his personal contacts with people he has not known since his Annapolis and destroyer days, Admiral Halsey is far from being thin-skinned. He is not afraid to relate the story of two sailors talking about him, unaware that he could hear them from an overhanging bridge.

"Do you think that old —— of —— knows what he's doing in these dangerous waters?" one sailor asks, anxiously.

"Oh, I guess the old —— knows what he's doing all right, or else he wouldn't bring us here," says the second sailor.

Halsey, turning plaintively to junior officers on the bridge:

"Why do the boys all call me 'old'?"

Internationally minded in some matters, Halsey tells the yarn of the Englishman making love to a French girl who protests: "If anything happens, I shall kill myself." To which the blighter responds: "I say, that's frightfully decent of you, old thing."

Once I met Halsey when he was indisposed and came in a room adjoining his office for a drink of special mineral water sent out for his use.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Fine," I said. "And you?"

"Pretty good for an old man. They wanted to saw my leg off."

Halsey's leg trouble was assigned as the reason he canceled a Memorial Day speech advertised for Noumea's Cocoanut Grove; at the same time he was advised not to make public appearances too well advertised in advance, lest some enemy agent attempt to do away with him.

Bill Halsey was then preparing to go to Guadalcanal to confer with his sidekick Jake Fitch as soon as his sore leg healed. While the leg was being drained, Halsey was forced to stay abed, on a water diet.

"Guadalcanal's no place for a man with a game leg," he told me.

Loyalty to his friends is a characteristic of Admiral Halsey and Admiral Fitch is one of his dearest friends. As he told me:

"I don't believe in tooting anyone's horn, but others have been tooting theirs, and it's about time somebody tooted for Jake who has an unbeatable record."

After the war is won, Halsey expects Guadalcanal to be a shrine for Gold Star parents. A son of good friends of his is among the heroes buried on Guadalcanal, and Halsey says those parents and many more will be sure to visit the graves. Guadalcanal, as Halsey sees it, will become a tourist mecca for Americans who heretofore have never traveled beyond Hollywood or Honolulu.

Admiral Halsey is a man of a few words. When correspondents waited upon him to request restoration of their air transportation privileges which he, alone of area commanders, had revoked, the Admiral did not beat around the bush:

"Gentlemen," he said, "you're wasting my time and I'm wasting yours."

But it wasn't long before the correspondents were mobile again and able to fly anywhere in the area on business; the Admiral had looked into the matter and he was not too proud to change his mind.

Halsey is primarily a fighter, not an administrator, and he has had a succession of deputies to manage administrative details. As he confided to one officer: "I'm only interested in ships; you handle the shore installations as you see fit."

As long as he lives, the name of Fighting Bill Halsey will be associated with the turning of the tide toward victory in the Pacific.

Without throwing caution to the winds, the necessities of the times and Halsey's own aggressive temperament inspired his classic message to our battered fleet:

"Attack, Attack."

The best possible defense is attack, as Admiral Halsey, Marshal Foch and all other great leaders have known.

Fortunate was Halsey to have equally aggressive men to execute his offensives. High on any list of heroes must come the name of Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, one-time chief of staff to Admiral Ghormley and aide to President Roosevelt. Beloved, white-haired "Uncle Dan"

ran his flagship, the cruiser *San Francisco,* down a Japanese gauntlet at Savo Island, losing his own life but gaining a smashing victory and teaching the enemy the meaning of the words, "Attack, attack."

Then there was Rear Admiral Willis A. Lee Jr., who risked American battleships, new ones, for the first time in the Pacific war, taking them into the narrow Savo waters and surprising the Japs who had not expected us to be so daring. We were daring because we had to be.

More recently, Rear Admirals Aaron S. Merrill and Walden L. Ainsworth have distinguished themselves in cruiser actions. In the new field of amphibious warfare, Vice Admiral Turner and Rear Admiral Wilkinson pioneered under Halsey. One could mention other admirals who share in Halsey's glory, but space is lacking and, besides, this has not been an exclusive war of admirals.

Before the war moved away from the South Pacific, Halsey had had hundreds of thousands of enlisted men and officers serving under him, more men than had ever before fought a war for the United States.

Not all of our sailors get a crack at the enemy, because for every warrior at the front we have at least eighteen men behind the lines to supply the warrior. But they also serve who only stand and supply, and there is glory enough to go around, for admirals and ensigns and boots to share in common.

18

EVOLUTION OF A WARRIOR

IN A CHEAP waterfront saloon along San Francisco's picturesque Embarcadero, directly opposite the Southern Pacific ferry station, I saw a sign over the bar where longshoremen and their ladies were wolfing turkey sandwiches and guzzling straight shots of rye:

JIMMIE ROOSEVELT'S
SOUNDIES UPSTAIRS

Further details promising to make a trip up the staircase worthwhile included burlesque acts, notably strip-tease. However, I didn't bother to climb the creaking stairs because I had seen enough of the Soundies two years before as far away as Fairbanks, Alaska, where the sourdoughs and the cheechakos used to sit around the Soundie juke box and wonder what clever Jimmie would think up next. They could hardly suspect he would doff the checkered regalia of a Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and put on the bloody, worn khaki of an authentic American hero.

The Jimmie Roosevelt Soundies so brazenly advertised constituted a throwback to the earlier days and the dual personality of the President's eldest son, who, it was alleged by his critics, had seemed to capitalize on his position and name in curious ways—the insurance business; lending his name to an alcohol company; and finally entering into a Hollywood partnership with a Chicago slot machine company to produce, of all things, Soundies. (In case your cultural side has been neglected, Soundies are miniature peepshow movies with songs, dances and other accompaniments. These Soundies are to be found in superior honky-tonks from Alaska to Arizona; compared to these quarter cabinets the ordinary nickel jukes are déclassé.)

That was the first J.R. The second J.R. is a gentleman of another stripe and color, the marine officer who risked his life at Makin with Carlson's raiders in the original reconnaissance mission, in August, 1942, when a handful of marines landed from submarines and surprised and wiped out the Jap garrison; and who returned to the same Makin, in November, 1943, this time as observer and scout for New York's Fighting Sixty-ninth, which massacred a reinforced Jap garrison and took over Makin for keeps.

Even as Jimmie's Soundies were entertaining thousands of honkys, thousands of respectable cinemas were screening the highly realistic newsreels depicting the gory triumphs of our marines and army over the Japs at Tarawa and Makin, and about the same time other newsreels were showing President Roosevelt conferring with Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. You just can't keep those Roosevelts off the screen!

Between his hazardous trips to Makin, one which would have been enough for the ordinary man, Jimmie Roosevelt sweltered in the New Hebrides and other South Sea "paradises" not to be recommended for

a thin, jaundiced young man with malaria and a severe case of stomach ulcers.

My writing friend, Alva Johnston, who delighted in exposing the earlier Get-Rich-Quick Jimmie for a national magazine, could now find a fresh subject in Colonel Jimmie Roosevelt, twice-hero of Makin. Alva's mercenary Mr. Hyde has turned in to a thoroughly admirable Dr. Jekyll.

Of course, being the son of the President, Jimmie still has his critics, and I heard one captious fellow say:

"Jimmie would have been rejected by the marines after his stomach operation, because he's underweight, but he was kept in because he's related to the White House. I call that special privilege."

"Yes," retorted a second fellow, "you're right, it is special privilege—special privilege to risk his life on the field of battle and to die young if his number comes up."

Jimmie has his friends as well as his critics.

Because of his connections, I heard people sneer when Jimmie was shipped home in advance of the Munda campaign for which he had prepared. Yet I was told at the time that he was in no condition to live or fight in the tropics; that his ulcers were so bad as to cause internal bleeding.

(Similarly, I heard some loudmouth sneer upon reading that Barney Ross, ex-boxing champion, had been decorated for bravery with the marines on Guadalcanal. "Probably never heard a shot fired," opined this wiseacre over a safe breakfast table. Fact in that case was that Sergeant Barney heard millions of shots fired and himself was shot up like a sieve.)

Jimmie Roosevelt's number hasn't come up yet. I saw him at Pearl Harbor when he returned from the successful but bloody Gilberts campaign with his mentor, Lieutenant Colonel Evans Carlson.

"You'll have to excuse me—I just got off a plane," Jimmie apologized. Frankly he looked more like an intellectual hobo than like a son of the President of the United States. His face was unshaven and yellow from atabrin; his sparse, stringy hair was uncut and uncombed, and his loose khaki blouse and pants were unpressed and muddy. But behind his thick-lensed glasses his light blue eyes were sparkling with high adventure.

Jimmie is thirty-six years old and appears older. He's tall and lean and hungry-looking, but he effervesces with spirit. As a marine observer on an army operation, he had landed on Makin fifteen seconds after the last bomb dropped. He was three feet away when Colonel Gardiner Conroy, commanding New York's old Fighting 69th, was killed leading his troops against a machine gun nest. He saw a typical American lad stand his ground as fanatical Japanese officers, dressed in parade clothes with medals and feathered caps and armed with sabers, launched a suicidal counterattack. The lad had one arm almost sliced off, but he wrested a saber from the leading officer and rammed him through twice and killed him.

"We learned an awful lot from our operations," Jimmie said. Among other recommendations he suggested a longer softening up period to reduce Jap resistance in future landings. This was one of the lessons applied successfully in the subsequent landings in the Marshalls.

Jimmie nodded agreement as the grizzled Carlson remarked reverently:

"Those boys who died down there didn't die in vain. They took an island but more important than any island was the knowledge gained for future operations. . . . Damn it all, they simply can't beat us."

When Jimmie, emulating the postman who always knocks twice, landed on Makin the second time, he was recognized by the black Micronesian natives who babbled a welcome to the island they call Muggin. The natives had buried the American dead from the original raid and had kept flowers on the graves. Incidentally, the Japs had erected a monument to their own dead, but had omitted the date or any other details.

Thanks to men like Jimmie Roosevelt, Evans Carlson and the Fighting 69th, there are no live Japs left today on Makin or anywhere near in that part of the Pacific.

The reunion of Carlson and Roosevelt was not without drama of its own. They had been first and second in command, respectively, when Carlson's raiders crept into Makin from submarines that first time and exterminated the garrison, neatly arranging the corpses on the beach before stealing away.

Since then Carlson and Roosevelt have become experts in amphibious operations and serve as coaches to less experienced commanders. It was

as coaches that Roosevelt revisited Makin and Carlson visited Tarawa.

Now as they met again after reporting to Admiral Nimitz each looked good and long at the other.

"Did you have a good trip?" Jimmie said and grinned broadly.

"Not too badly," said Carlson and he asked:

"How did it go with you, Jimmie?"

"It went pretty well."

"Was it a breeze?" Roosevelt was asked by a correspondent. He grinned and answered:

"There was a lot of wind but no breeze."

Though Jimmie was dirty and tired, he was completely self-possessed as are all the Roosevelts. Interviewers ascertained that Carlson, a veteran of many wars, had three medals to the one (Navy cross) awarded Jimmie, for his first Makin raid.

"I got all mine in a rush," laughed Jimmie.

There you have Jimmie in a nutshell. In peacetime, his well-wishers will agree, he too often rushed in the wrong direction, seeking easy money. Now that he's a marine and his country is locked in a death struggle, Jimmie is rushing again.

And this time Jimmie is rushing in the right direction, toward Tokyo.

P.S.—Aside from his mother's tour through the South Seas, Jimmie has been the sole Roosevelt representative in the Pacific war area. President Roosevelt has been up and down and across the Atlantic, and the other Roosevelt boys, Elliott, Franklin and John, have been active in the Atlantic theater of war. But now Franklin declares he is about to transfer his services to the Pacific, which should help to equalize things.

P.P.S.—By the way, Jimmie now has a second medal, the Silver Star, awarded for gallantry in action during the capture of Makin.

19

ELEANOR THE LEGEND

THE SOUTH SEAS have long been a fecund spawning-ground for legends. Perhaps the most popular legend was that the islands there were inhabited by charming, cuddling Polynesian wenches whose flawless tan complexions grew lighter with every year that you stayed on there. As our expeditionary forces have learned to their sorrow, that simply isn't true, and there's no basis for the legend, with the possible exception of a few natives in Samoa, Tahiti, Bora Bora and Stewart and Rennell islands. They have learned that the saronged Dorothy Lamours are to be found mainly in Hollywood.

Another legend of more recent manufacture has to do with Amelia Earhart, the flying schoolteacher with the boyish bob, who was lost in the Pacific on a round-the-world flight, being last reported en route from Lae, New Guinea, to Howland Island, on the road to Pearl Harbor. One legend is that our Pacific Fleet, ordered by the President to search for the famous aviatrix, did so with a sweeping earnestness that permitted us to pry into the secrets of the mandated Caroline Islands, which the Japanese were fortifying in preparation for the present war. I have been assured that this is not so and that we did no prying, but nevertheless it is a legend which will not die. It is on a par with the legend that two of our naval officers some years before managed to enter the Carolines as scientists and big-game fishermen and that they were never heard of again, except that the Japanese mailed their ashes home with a polite note announcing the pair had died of leprosy or something which required cremation for export.

As for poor Amelia, she will not die. Although she has been adjudged legally dead and her husband has remarried, Amelia lives on in the unquestioning faith of American doughboys who have searched for her in the Solomons, the Gilberts and the Marshalls, and all over little

Howland Island. There was a commotion at Munda one day when a mysterious young white woman was observed boarding a Douglas transport plane for Australia, accompanied by two pickaninnies. A prankster among the war correspondents whispered a rumor that Amelia Earhart had at last been found living among the native Melanesians as a white queen who had dropped from the skies, and that the invading Americans had persuaded the natives to release her for a royal visit to Australia's royal governor. As the rumor spread it took on fantastic details, but, alas, like most rumors it was destroyed by investigation, which established that the young woman was an American missionary who had been smuggled out of Bougainville with two of her minor charges.

Which brings us down to the greatest legendary figure in all Pacific history, Eleanor Roosevelt. War correspondents who were forever checking up on the movements of admirals and generals used to thank God that they did not have to follow the restless, super-energetic Mrs. Roosevelt, who walked and flew all over the country on her business and her husband's. Well aware that Eleanor had been down in coal mines and up in planes, nevertheless the correspondents felt that, what with a war on and an election coming up, Mrs. Roosevelt would not be able to make the Pacific.

Because it seemed fantastic, we used to circulate rumors that Mrs. Roosevelt was about to arrive in our midst. It was good for a laugh, just as if the correspondents in Italy were to announce Venus would rise from the Mediterranean at noon (war time).

And one day it happened. Eleanor *did* arrive in the South Seas and she caught most of the correspondents napping—or covering the island-hopping up the line. Not that it mattered, because Mrs. Roosevelt was wearing a Red Cross uniform and indicated she wanted no press coverage, although she was accompanied by an experienced press adviser, Major George Durno, who formerly covered the White House for Hearst.

The fact that Mrs. Roosevelt was not given the day-to-day coverage which she rated as the wife of the President and Commander in Chief may account for the rich crop of anecdotes, rumors and tall legends which flourished in her wake. Offhand I would guess that more stories have been circulated about Mrs. R's flying jaunt than were ever in-

spired by Henry Ford's Tin Lizzie or Mae West's pulchritude. Some of the stories were funny and kindly, some were not.

It is months now since Mrs. Roosevelt left the South Seas, but the legends, true or false, will not die. Instead they multiply like weeds in a middle class cemetery, and enough should be at hand to fill a book, in the same way that the anecdotes concerning Silent Cal Coolidge were preserved for posterity between covers.

When Mrs. Roosevelt visited American Samoa there was worry at Major General Price's marine headquarters because some of our boys had been swimming nude (an old Samoan custom) along a stretch of beach paralleling the highway which connects the new lagoon airport with the old Pago Pago naval station (near where Sadie Thompson used to play her noisy phonograph records in a ramshackle frame hotel, second floor, rear). There was official debate as to whether to halt the swimming or put clothes on the swimmers. Perhaps somebody remembered that swimming *au naturel* is in vogue among boys even along the Hudson River route between New York and Poughkeepsie and Hyde Park. Anyway, nothing was done about the Samoan situation, and nothing untoward happened. (In Samoa almost always almost nothing happens.)

The problems facing Mrs. Roosevelt as she moved swiftly through the South Seas were the problems of any white woman in a vast area which is virtually devoid of white women, and where carefree American boys take certain liberties with dress and speech which they would not take if the climate were colder and white girls were within eye-or-earshot.

To take one example, our flyers have a habit of giving their planes rather ribald names and illustrating them accordingly. Their planes have personalities, definite unmistakable personalities. Hence there was consternation when the First Lady arrived in the Fijis. The only plane available at the time to ferry her across from Suva to Nandi was an old Douglas DC3 transport whose fuselage was emblazed with a name not commonly used in family journals. Out of deference to American womanhood the embarrassed crew hastily painted out the awful word —— (Editor's note: Bastard). As soon as their ferrying was done, and Mrs. Roosevelt returned to her converted Liberator bomber, the irrepressible boys painted the name of their ship back in again.

Spreading good will right and left, Mrs. Roosevelt still found it impossible to please everybody. In New Zealand she rubbed noses with a Maori woman, which pleased both the dusky Maoris and the white New Zealanders, who respect the Maoris who were there before them, and treat them as equals. Mrs. Roosevelt's nose-rubbing was democratic with a lower-case "d," but it did not go down well with our Southern Democrats who saw pictures of the touching incident and discerned that the Maori lady was very dark, indeed.

In Australia the government and the press and public welcomed Mrs. Roosevelt's goodwilling, and even General MacArthur smiled upon her, though certain of his staff members cut down on transportation facilities for the American correspondents and intimated bluntly that Mrs. Roosevelt's visit was less worthy of coverage than what MacArthur's men were doing to the Japs in New Guinea. A section of the Aussie press chided Mrs. Roosevelt for her published comments on why the American troops were winning Aussie girls away from the Aussie men. Her idea was that the Australian male was too aloof. Her critics seemed to think aloof was a disparaging word.

As is her wont when up against trick questions, Mrs. Roosevelt let a few cats out of the bag. The fact that President Roosevelt intended to meet with Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek (as he actually did a few months later, at Teheran and Cairo) became everybody's secret when Mrs. Roosevelt, asked if she would fly from Australia to China, said, No, she would postpone that trip until some time after her husband had first called upon Chiang and Joe.

Then there was the celebrated affair of The Lady and the Beer Garden. At a recent White House press conference Mrs. Roosevelt said something about seeing no harm in war mothers taking their babies into taverns, but, upon friendly prompting, she said she had no idea what taverns were, and are. Which reminds me of the time Mrs. Roosevelt dropped off at New Caledonia and created a tempest in a teapot, or in a beer garden, depending upon which version you prefer. Anyway, she was reported by an Army sergeant, interviewed when he returned home to Massachusetts, as having been booed by wounded soldiers when she addressed them in a Noumea beer garden and said: "We all know you would like to be walking the streets of the U.S.A.,

but the President has decided to give you the privilege of walking the streets of Tokyo."

With justifiable indignation, Mrs. Roosevelt has denied visiting any beer garden or making any such statement. I for one am willing to believe Mrs. Roosevelt, and to assure her she would not have been misquoted had she seen fit to let the press cover her interesting tour. But when Mrs. Roosevelt adds, "I doubt if there is a beer garden in Noumea," she is as uninformed as she was later about the taverns in our towns back home.

Fact is, directly across the narrow street from the Red Cross canteen where Mrs. Roosevelt spoke in Noumea, there is the largest beer garden in the South Pacific, an all-service recreation center where hundreds of our warriors drink beer in the afternoons and witness boxing and films after dark. The chief bouncer and referee is Tom Heeney, erstwhile New Zealand heavyweight champion, now a petty officer in the U.S.N. Last time I was there Commander Gene Tunney, U.S.N.R., retired heavyweight champion, came by to shake hands with old Tom, whom he once pounded to a pulp in Miami.

For the First Lady's information, there is a second beer garden in Noumea, at the Hôtel Grand du Pacifique which has been converted into a beer and spirits rendezvous, but the Pacifique is for officers only and would scarcely be as interesting to Mrs. Roosevelt as the Triangle, as the other one is called, which is for enlisted men only, whites and blacks, Americans, New Zealanders, Australians and what have you.

Though she is a teetotaler, Mrs. Roosevelt would rather gaze upon beer than hard liquor, and I imagine that, time permitting, she would have been willing to speak to soldiers at a beer garden, had she known about it.

It was over a few barrels of beer that I met Eleanor for the first time. That was at the White House at the annual party for Washington correspondents and their wives. As we trooped across the grand reception hall toward her, two brewery workers with wheelbarrows cut in between us, hauling kegs of beer toward a room where sandwiches and cold lager were to be provided for the guests. Was the First Lady nonplused? Not at all. She smiled on us, and on the brewery boys, and, like a philosopher, murmured that such things will happen in the best regulated houses. The beer, incidentally, was a local Washington product.

After the sandwiches, the guests, glasses in hand, strolled in the White House gardens, surely the loveliest beer gardens in the world.

Getting back to the Pacific, I am able to report that Mrs. Roosevelt, in her multiple capacity as the wife of the President and Commander in Chief, and as a Red Cross envoy and a mother of four boys in uniform, was generally welcomed and applauded in the various islands where she visited, although there were some dissenting views, especially among the officers, with navy officers more unenthusiastic than the others.

Incidentally, I saw a cartoon from an anti-Roosevelt paper in the Middle West (the *Chicago Tribune*) posted widely in American offices all over Australia and New Caledonia. The top panel of the cartoon showed General MacArthur pleading for more planes, more ships and more troops to beat the Japs. A lower panel purported to show what actually was shipped out to him—Mrs. R. The cartoonist seemed to think this was funny, and so did many Americans, in and out of high places. Was there ever such another war as this one?

Visiting the hospital wards in one island after another, Mrs. Roosevelt asked the routine questions of disabled veterans, their names and addresses and the nature of their injuries. In so doing she encountered some of the embarrassments that befell Lieutenant General Bill Knudsen, who had preceded her into the Pacific in company with War Undersecretary Robert Patterson.

Genial old Bill, who used to be production boss of General Motors and WPB and was kicked upstairs into his handsome general's uniform, moped through the wards until he came upon a Scandinavian soldier, then brightened up. He held a lengthy conversation in Scandihoovian with the vet before asking the nature of the hero's injury.

"Athlete's foot," the boy replied bravely, forswearing all hope of a Purple Heart.

Quite a test of nerve and stamina for a lady around sixty was Mrs. Roosevelt's tour by plane to Australia and back, with stopovers at the various islands where large American forces are stationed. It was an ordeal for Mrs. Roosevelt, who lost a score of pounds, and to a lesser extent it was an ordeal for the commanding officers and the troops along the route. Day after day special inspections were held to make certain the troops had their buttons and boots polished for the First

Lady. Special precautions also were taken in other directions, as indicated when a lady is about to visit a hitherto all-male society.

Mrs. Roosevelt traveled in a fast long-range Liberator bomber, converted to make it considerably more comfortable than a strictly combat craft. The use of the bomber, with its crew and gasoline, stirred some subdued criticism, as well as inspiring (?) the inevitable poem which, though on the prejudiced side, is perhaps worth preserving as a reflection of an historic tour:

Call off the bombing for today—
Wheel out an Army ship;
Hold up the war so Eleanor
Can take another trip.

Immobilize a fighting plane,
Fetch oil and gas galore—
For this old gal is off again
To some enchanted shore.

For twenty thousand miles she goes
To have her weekly fling;
And rub her nose against the nose
Of some damned Zulu king.

Now having rubbed the royal nose,
She crossed another sea—
To scare the natives, I suppose,
And watch 'em plant a tree.

This happy thought occurred to me,
As homeward-bound she sped,
Why couldn't they have shipped the tree
And planted her instead.

The foregoing is a fair (or unfair) sample of the opposition viewpoint that cropped up in the wake of Mrs. Roosevelt's unprecedented trip. I'm sure Mrs. Roosevelt would laugh at it. I'm not so sure she would laugh at suggestions that her patriotic tour was not altogether unconnected with the coming presidential campaign. At one of our bases we had a fishing commando who hailed from Paterson, N. J. and therefore knew all about world affairs. Reading at breakfast one day that half a

million Americans had been discharged from the army as unfit or over 38, which isn't always the same thing, our commando remarked that no doubt the New Deal hoped to win half a million votes.

In war even more than peacetime, I feel we must be fair to the President and his family. Especially to Mrs. Roosevelt, who upon visiting Guadalcanal remarked that her heartstrings had been torn by Guadalcanal Street, where our heroic dead are buried.

There was no taint of electioneering as Mrs. Roosevelt walked slowly and reverently among the green graves with their plain white crosses. In her you saw the eternal sorrowing mother, rather than the wife of a candidate for temporal office.

Which is as it should be.

BOOK THREE

Ships of Victory

20

THE "FRUSTRATE" FIRES IN ANGER

LET ME BE ONE who sings of the little ships that are fighting our war—the destroyers, the subchasers, the minesweepers, the net-tenders, the PT boats and the Yippie boats. The gargantuan battlewagons have their own advocates and historians and that is all right, too, and they have their own heroes, of course, but my particular heroes are the boys who rough it with the small fry of the ocean.

And among all the small fry my favorite is a certain hard-luck tin can which had to pursue Victory as a will-o'-wisp for two years and 200,000 miles before arranging a suitable marriage with destiny.

There are hundreds of ships in the fleet and every single one is heroic in one way or another. To some it falls to sink enemy battleships, carriers and cruisers and to achieve fame in one swift action. When these victors return to Pearl Harbor or some other base for whatever repairs are necessary, they are lionized as is their due. The other ships in port run out gay pennants and have their crews stand at attention to hail the conquering heroes. When the heroes get liberty and go ashore to

celebrate they strut a bit, and who has a better right? In this class come such gallant ships as the *San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Boise* and *Marblehead,* to mention only a few.

There is a second class of equal valor. Theirs but to do and die and they go to honored watery graves after taking heavy toll of the enemy. They don't come back to port to receive medals and keys to the city, but none the less their fame is secure. In this category rest the original *Lexington, Yorktown, Wasp* and *Hornet,* the *Houston, Quincy* and *Vincennes,* the *Strong, Gwin, Chevalier, Aaron Ward, O'Brien, Porter* and *Hammann.*

Entitled to both admiration and sympathy is a third class of ships in the fleet. They are the frustrated ones. They neither sink the enemy nor get sunk themselves. They venture forth to battle and the enemy flees them, or they smash into a nest of torpedoes and dive-bombers and escape unscratched. These frustrated ships consider they are the unlucky ones.

The enemy comes and the enemy goes but nothing ever happens to them.

I went on a cruise in one of the finest destroyers afloat. She had a splendid crew of young Americans who were eager to try out their new and powerful guns on the enemy. Fortunately for the foe, we did not have a single opportunity. And as we returned basewards with a score of No Runs, No Hits, No Errors, I had never seen a more disappointed bunch of fellows.

For security reasons, the name of our ship cannot be disclosed. However, all ships have nicknames and our particular destroyer answers to U.S.S. *Frustrate.*

There's no ship in the fleet that possesses a better record than the *Frustrate* for rugged, honest, unspectacular devotion to duty. Commissioned several years before the war, she is a 1600-tonner with an actual displacement of 2200 tons.

Tojo's surprise attack on Pearl Harbor found the *Frustrate* and the *Lexington* returning to Oahu from Wake Island with a convoy that delivered planes which enabled our marine garrison at Wake to hold off the Japs until Christmas Eve. When she received word of the nasty business at Pearl, the *Frustrate* took out after the Jap carriers and chased them toward Truk and the Marshalls until her oil was exhausted.

Since then the *Frustrate* has roamed the broad Pacific from Australia to California, piling up 100,000 miles annually. At the epochal battle of Midway, the *Frustrate* was itching for combat, but our triumph was managed nicely by air power.

In the Guadalcanal sector our *Frustrate* kept company with the *Wasp*, but was diverted from the engagements which knocked off so many warships on both sides, including the *Wasp*. *Frustrate's* reputation as a hard luck vessel was helped along when a couple of accidents caused her to be hospitalized while her sister ships covered themselves with glory at Savo and Santa Cruz. Eventually the *Frustrate* emerged with full repairs and something new added—bigger and better guns and tons of other new installations.

So we quit the yard and threaded our path through the mines and the nets and out to open sea. "Good-by, good luck, and good hunting," signaled an invalid destroyer left behind.

Our officers were glad to be at sea again. They said they were fed up with the dull routine of life in the yard and the adjacent city. Besides, they had made several false starts before and had been embarrassed at each speedy reunion with friends and sweethearts with whom they had exchanged fond farewells for the duration.

In the wardroom the executive officer read out the orders to the lieutenants and ensigns. What we had hoped for was to materialize—we were to rendezvous with an important convoy and proceed to join forces with Admiral Bill Halsey. Throughout the day we skimmed along to overtake the convoy, which we did after dusk as the moon was rising above the horizon to compete with Mars, Saturn and Jupiter. We were happy to catch up with our convoy and no doubt they were relieved to have our additional guns and men.

Our skipper was a resourceful, even-tempered lieutenant-commander in his early thirty's, a native of Mayfield, Kentucky, to whom I'll always feel indebted for he let me sleep in his stateroom while he passed his nights on the navigation bridge.

Mac, our gunnery officer, was a broth of a lad who amiably answered to the monicker of Moose, a tribute to his muscular 187 pounds. Until last June he had been rowing on the Naval Academy's varsity crew. About twenty years old, he was now charged with a great responsibility

and he measured up to it. It was with the grave mien of an old salt that he lined up our biggest guns for practice firing.

Standing on the fire-control platform, we filled our ears with wads of cotton and awaited terrific explosions. Fore and aft our guns belched simultaneously and straddled the mythical enemy at incredible distances. We hit the bull's-eye repeatedly. Against such superb gunnery the enemy would stand scant chance of survival.

"Congratulations!" the skipper shouted from the bridge below us. And the skipper had a kind word also for Mac's co-worker, a petty officer named Collins from Chicago, a veteran of six years in the Navy. Here was an example of the partnership that exists in the American Navy—commissioned officers giving orders to noncoms and yet welcoming advice from the enlisted men whose experience is valuable to the youngsters.

Noteworthy among our enlisted men was a soft-voiced, light-footed Oklahoma Indian named Naghombe, who served ably as quartermaster and untiringly chewed tobacco on the side. On his last two trips to sea he had taken seven and eight pounds of chewing tobacco, respectively, and each time he had run short before the voyage was finished. This time he carried ten pounds as insurance against a long voyage. Neat as a pin, the Indian used a wastebasket in co-ordination with his chewing material, and his timing and trajectory were faultless.

For stowaway we had a cat named Tom who had adopted the *Frustrate* while in the yard. Thomas was a tomcat whose habit it had been to leave the ship every evening, returning in time for breakfast. The saying on the *Frustrate* was that only the ship's doctor, the paymaster and prowling Tom enjoyed shore leave every night.

On our second day out, we were in good shape. The applecheeked ensigns were recovering from their mal de mer; the ocean was smooth as blue silk; and gunnery practice, fire drill, collision drill and abandon ship drill were being rehearsed without a hitch. Assigned by the skipper to Number One motor whaleboat in abandon ship drill, I felt I had a reserved seat for whatever was to come.

Suddenly in the midst of general quarters, our engines got hot and bothered. Soon we learned the bad news; we were ordered to quit the convoy and turn back to the yard for a further checkup. It was most

embarrassing. We signaled aloha to the convoy and retreated like a whipped cur with tail between legs.

There was no cheering from hero-worshiping throngs as we slunk home through the mines and nets and tied up to our pier which we had left only three days before. The yard mechanics stared up unbelievably at us and grinned outrageously. To them it was a pleasant joke; to us it was semitragedy. The U.S.S. *Frustrate* had been frustrated once again.

"We're sure a bunch of sad apples," commented the Moose.

Totally unconcerned and first down the gangplank was our tomcat. When last seen Tom was streaking toward the Officers' Club. He'll be back one morning to rejoin the *Frustrate* as she heads for sea to have another try at finding the enemy.

After all her frustrations, the Japs should be less than a fleabite to the *Frustrate*. In the Navy as elsewhere, they also serve who only stand and wait, but the *Frustrate* is weary of waiting; she's eager to meet the enemy face to face, gun to gun.

And that is the spirit, I assure you, of our brave young American Navy.

The enormous expansion of the Navy was brought home to us the morning after our sturdy destroyer crossed the equator on a convoy mission to the islands of the South Seas. Half of the young officers who bustled into the wardroom mess for their ham and eggs, hot coffee and hot cornbread, looked as if they had been mutilated overnight in some barber college. Some had all their hair clipped and their scalps shaved after the fashion set by Chiang Kai-shek and Timoshenko. Others had their locks exterminated in odd spots as if mice had been at work. The crowning masterpiece was that of our torpedo officer, silent Lieutenant Ball, whose classic Roman head was shorn totally except for a hedge extending down the middle of his scalp, reminiscent of Chief Tecumseh's hairdo.

These mutilated officers were polliwogs making their first crossing of the equator and therefore subject to hazing by veteran shellbacks officiating in the name of Father Neptune and Davy Jones. Not only had half of the officers never been south of the equator before, but several were enjoying their first extended cruise on any body of water. They

were mostly ninety-day wonders from Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Northwestern, Wisconsin, Stanford, California, Illinois, Georgia Tech, M.I.T. and U.C.L.A.

Ninety-day wonder is a derisory term applied by Annapolis graduates and old-line reserves to ensigns who are sprouting from colleges all over the country after completing a three-months course in seamanship, navigation and ordnance with naval customs and traditions thrown in as a chaser. Some of the wonders have been known to prepare as long as four months for their naval careers and to undergo specialized courses in communications and supply.

"Are you an Annapolis man?" formerly was a stock question in the wardrooms in the days leading up to the war when Annapolis regulars were being augmented by reserves, not all of them from the sacred banks of the Severn.

Now the question is: "Are you a college man?"

College men, as distinguished from Annapolis men, are in the majority in all wardrooms nowadays. In our destroyer, for example, only three out of the eighteen officers were trained in the Naval Academy, the threesome being the captain, the executive officer and the fire control officer. In peacetime this ship managed with nine officers. Today most ships carry twice the usual number of ensigns to indoctrinate them for our rapidly expanding forces.

Merry and pointed is the banter that flies across the wardroom at meal time.

"Why didn't you go to college?" the ninety-dayers will tease the indulgent Academy men.

"If you fellows had to study at Annapolis, you'd never pass" is the retort.

Something is said about an Annapolis education costing the taxpayers $42,000.

"Why not spend $500 more and teach you guys how to spell?" the ninety-dayers inquire amiably, and they add without malice: "Our fathers had to pay to send us through college while you guys were paid to attend Annapolis. What this Navy needs is more college men."

Away from the wardroom the banter evaporates and the Navy's job is executed with proper seriousness by all concerned. With a seasoned nucleus of Annapolis men plus warrant officers and petty officers to

guide them, our college ensigns become trustworthy officers and often it is difficult to tell an Annapolis man and a Harvard man apart, both being officers, gentlemen and sailors.

Naturally, the ninety-day wonders aren't yet the best navigators, gunners and engineers in the world but they're on their way. They possess great spirit and only experience is lacking. The gigantic growth of our Navy and the consequent dearth of older officers have placed heavy responsibilities on the shoulders of fuzzy-cheeked youths who less than a year ago were adorning some campus; footballing, rowing or buying banana splits for pretty coeds.

These youths carry into the service their animal vitality and their love of horseplay. On the beach or in the wardroom they rib each other mercilessly and particularly they indict the mess treasurer for low quality of meals which, as a matter of fact, are usually excellent.

And they call each other names like Thunderbolt, Cannonball, Muscles, Skull, Moose, Smitty, Pay and Surge—the latter two being ship's paymaster and ship's surgeon, respectively. They like to spar and wrestle and cut up generally.

But these budding officers aren't children endowed by American taxpayers with million-dollar toys. When on watch they are mature men with full realization they must die if necessary for the people and the freedoms back home. They realize, too, that they are expendable—that many of them may not survive. They try not to dwell on that but they know certain of their sister ships and college classmates have been expended, and so might they.

Our officers don't complain about long working hours or absence of extra pay for overtime. Without a murmur, these youths once accustomed to soft beds and late breakfasts at home, now stand grinding watches of four-and-four, that is, four hours on duty for every four hours off, around the clock. This proves fatiguing, indeed, and after days of it they fall asleep the minute they hit their sack (bunk).

There are compensations. They have beauty and excitement. Gunners, torpedo men and lookouts are ever alert for enemy subs and planes. There's nothing quite like the thrill of discovering a strange craft and commanding it to identify itself as friend or foe. Your own life and the lives of your shipmates may depend upon that revelation. Hairtrigger decisions are required and a second's delay may be the

margin between victory or defeat, for two forces being equal, the one that shoots first is likely to conquer.

Master and mentor to our ninety-day wonders is our Kentucky-bred skipper, who is their friend and confessor and strict disciplinarian to boot. From the standpoint of discipline some ships are called "taut" while others are "loose." Our destroyer is taut but withal a happy ship.

Flipping through the pages of his Academy yearbook, our skipper points out photographs and brief biographies of classmates lately killed in action—on the *Benham, Jarvis* and other ships lost in this war.

Our skipper is a philosopher and a fatalist. A liberal reader, he browses among Saroyan and Shakespeare, Joseph Conrad, Irvin S. Cobb and William Cowper Brann, the iconoclast. Bachelor that he is, he chuckles at Brann's essays on the art of kissing.

Before going bridgewards for the night, our skipper interviews Hobson, his mess attendant, black as a moonless Pacific night. Hobson reports a third of the ship's company, including ninety-day wonders, are ill from the rough seas.

"Ah used to get sick, myself, so sick ah wanted to die," Hobson laughs. "Now ah don't want to die no more."

Nobody on our ship wants to die. It's the joint responsibility of our Annapolis men and our college boys to run the ship and see that all three hundred aboard come out alive, or, if they must die, that they take a lot of Japs with them.

The U.S.S. *Frustrate* has been frustrated again. Not that the *Frustrate* has failed to accomplish good work. Far from it. The good old *Frustrate* is always in there punching. For instance, we have just led an important convoy through four thousand miles of ocean infested with enemy submarines and planes. The officers and men on our destroyer were hardly in a position to relax their constant vigilance, and they didn't. But it seems that the Japanese just won't play ball with the *Frustrate*. For one reason and another, nothing ever happens to the *Frustrate;* she never gets a chance to shoot at the foe, or be shot at.

This sort of thing can't go on forever, we figure. Or could it? Is the *Frustrate* to be a haunted ship, dogged by misfortune and ignored by the Japanese? While other destroyers like the *Aaron Ward,* the *Fahrenholt* and the *Smith* are winning Naval Crosses, we are becoming

a collective pain in the neck, even to ourselves. People on the other destroyers are heroes; when they go into port, they are entitled to display a placard for the information of the visitors: "This is a ship full of heroes." All we can display is an inferiority complex.

But this is to be changed. Our convalescence is now adjudged completed and we are placed at the forefront of a second important convoy rushing men and supplies to one of our fastest growing advanced bases. Enemy subs are reported lying here and there across our path in a quantity that promises to make things lively. Daily we try out our guns, big and little, in rough seas and smooth. Our torpedo tubes are in readiness every second. We cross the equator and the international date line.

Heavy Japanese task forces are reported moving south into our orbit. The *Frustrate* is a fighting ship, and at long last it looks as if she might have a fight on her hands. The mere possibility of it thrills everyone aboard.

Day after day we speed along without seeing anything on the surface or in the air except the flying fish, ranging in color from white to pinkish blue. The flying fish is not a gourmet's delight, but is useful for baiting tuna. First you catch a flying fish and connect it to a strong hook and a long stout string. You unreel your line and the flying fish goes skimming along the water like a kite. The tuna snaps at the fish, grabs the hook, and is hauled in. The tuna gives the wardroom mess a variety that is appreciated on extended cruises. One starts out from port with steaks, chops and chickens and winds up with chile con carne and cold cuts out of cans. Still, the navy can't complain; it fares better than the people back home so far as food is concerned. Which is as it should be.

We see no sharks, though they must have been around, patiently awaiting developments. Now and then we spot whales and subs which turn out on closer inspection to be schools of dolphins disporting themselves in war as in peace, blithely cutting across our bow with contempt for the itching fingers of our youthful gunners. It is hard for our gunners to practice every day, firing bursts into the air and the sea, and yet pass up anything so tangible as a school of fish. The boys on the *Frustrate* have been frustrated for so many months that there will be no cease-firing once we meet up with the enemy.

As we approach our most dangerous waters, we think we glimpse the enemy or at least a piece of his handiwork. Our spy glasses pick out a speck on the horizon. Friend or foe, we wonder; meanwhile maneuvering into position where we can take care of the foe if need be. As we come closer the speck is identified as an improvised life raft—two rusty old barrels connected by planks. It could be a relic of a destroyed merchantman. Or it could be a booby trap floated by the enemy to lure us within torpedo distance of a lurking submarine. We remember how one of our destroyers (the *Porter*) was torpedoed while slowing up to rescue sailors from another sunken ship.

So we circle at high speed while our gunners open up and riddle the raft until it disappears. What ship the raft came from we never learn. If it is a booby trap, it does not work.

The grandest sight of all is land. I am standing on the bridge early one morning when our quartermaster, the Indian Naghombe, reports his reckonings show land should be seventy-five miles off our bow. Peering straight ahead, I see nothing but cloudy mists at first, but staring harder I think I see something dark and solid behind the mists and our glasses confirm the discovery.

Heartbreak is in store for us when we reach our destination. We have not only missed contact with Japanese task forces, but we are now detailed to routine patrol duty, to keep enemy subs at a distance and to keep our own merchant ships from running into mines, as the *President Coolidge* had done. It's a responsible and worthwhile assignment, but it lacks glamour.

Although we meet survivors from the ill-fated *Chicago* and *De Haven* when we finished the convoy run, the boys on the *Frustrate* consider that they and they alone are still the hard-luck champions. After all, the *Chicago* and the *De Haven* had seen the enemy. We never have.

You meet such interesting people on our destroyers. My friend Thunderbolt, for example.

Thunderbolt is only an ensign and not an Annapolis-trained ensign at that, but one of the ninety-day wonders. Some of the young officers on our destroyer are making their first extended ocean voyages and suffer from mal de mer even as old salts have been known to do.

Nevertheless these valiant youngsters enjoy their association with Father Neptune and hope to be navy men forever.

They had been told that the South Pacific is always smooth as a lake. They find out otherwise. They run into a first-class blow with white water tumbling over the decks and salt spray in their faces. They like the feel of it. I have been in worse winter storms in the North Atlantic, but this equatorial squall is rugged enough to satisfy me. Not so with the wonder boys! I stand on the fire-control platform with one of them, a stolid, bull-necked fellow, seemingly without much imagination, but obviously thrilling to the turbulent seas that pound our plates and wash our decks while the winds whistle through our rigging.

"This is like Joseph Conrad," exults Thunderbolt. "I hope it develops into a real twister—a typhoon, you know."

Having neglected to bring his oilskins up to the bridge, the devotee of Conrad dons old blue dungarees and rides out the storm on his dangerous perch, a metal saddle is all that intervenes between him and the deep as our destroyer does a forty-five-degree roll. When the dark, angry clouds permit, Thunderbolt studiously picks out the stars—Orion, with his belt; Sirius, the dog star, and Mars, the God of war. One red star baffles the embryonic admiral.

"Wish I had my star chart along," says Thunderbolt. He continues to study the star in question and finally announces proudly:

"It's the star with the strange name—Betelgeuse."

The next day the squall subsides, white water is gone, and the Blue-green sea is smooth and bright as plate glass, with flying fish skimming over the surface and studying their reflections.

"Wish I had my scratch pad up here—I'd write a poem, it's so beautiful," muses Thunderbolt. "Remind me some time to show you a poem I wrote once."

Thunderbolt impresses me more than he does Hobson, one of our Negro mess attendants. When Thunderbolt inquires at dinner why he is not served a napkin ring like the other officers, Hobson, meaning no offense, replies:

"You ain't salty enough yet."

Then there is Collins, petty officer, sandy-haired, freckled-faced young fellow from Chicago. Collins comes up on the bridge with a paper-bound novel: *Green Mantle,* by the late John Buchan.

"It's about the adventures of a British agent in Turkey in the last war," Collins explains. "Pretty good. Anyway, I've read everything else in the ship's library.

"Gee, it's getting monotonous, doing one convoy job after another. After the war when my children say 'Daddy, what did you do in the war?' I don't want to tell them I was only in convoys; I'd like to get in a real scrap."

"How many children have you?" I asked.

"None yet," says Collins. "I've been married two and a half years and have seen my wife six weeks out of all that time. Maybe we shouldn't have married; it's unfair to both. But you know how it is—one party says 'Let's' and the other says 'Okay,' and so you get hitched. . . . No, I don't want my grandchildren to ask me what I did in the war."

Convoys or no, Collins has one distinction to boast of to posterity. He is one of three plankowners on our destroyer. Anyone who has served on a ship since its commissioning is said to own a plank. The fact that we have only three plankowners out of three hundred officers and men is an indication of how fast our navy is expanding and how widely experienced officers must be dispersed to handle new drafts of recruits.

Then there's our boyish, brawny gunnery officer, nicknamed Moose because he's almost as big as a moose. Moose was born to the sea, the son of a navy captain, retired, who returned to active service in this war.

"Norfolk's my home town, or as good as any other; I'm one of those nasty navy juniors, brought up in China and all over the world," says Moose.

There's nothing nasty about the Moose, a laughing, good-natured fellow, boyish when off watch, mature beyond his years when training the guns. When our destroyer engages the enemy, much will depend upon the judgment of this youthful ensign. Graduated a year ahead of time because of the war, Moose is theoretically a third-year man and still a midshipman. It is doubtful whether Moose and his classmates will ever return to Annapolis to finish their course. Some of his classmates are important officers despite their low rank; others are already at the bottom of the ocean.

That being so, Moose can laugh it off when ninety-day wonders rib him, saying:

"Your 1942 class was the best ever; it had three years at Annapolis instead of four."

Moose's graduation class is the first to miss the traditional trip to Europe on a battleship. There are more pressing uses for our battleships now, and so the boys are traveling on destroyers and the like, not only to Europe but also to the far ends of the Pacific.

Lastly, consider our skipper. He not only has to fight a war, he must look after the welfare of the 299 men serving under him. He's proud of them and he defends them as the father of a large family would:

"The myth of the drunken sailor should be exposed. Sailors are no more drunken than the rest of the people, and perhaps less so. We actually have many sailors who refuse to take advantage of shore leave. Instead of exercising their liberty, they remain on ship to save money. Sometimes when they have stayed close to the ship for months, we have to persuade them to try the beach for a day or two. It does them good to get a change.

"There are shirkers and goldbrickers among sailors, but there are also hard workers. An example is Jack-the-dust. Jack is the sailor who empties our dust, our refuse. His officer found Jack such a willing worker that before we knew it Jack was working sixteen hours daily. He worked himself into a physical collapse and was given a sedative, a three-days rest, and a helper from now on.

"Another hard worker is our laundryman. He says he owes everything to the navy; the navy taught him to read and write. He has a house, wife and children in California. He hasn't seen his wife in three years. He sends her all his money."

Ours is a happy ship. To my knowledge we have only one malcontent. He is a sailor with big ideas and little inclination to study or to work. He is not as bright as he thinks he is. When we were in port undergoing repairs, he jumped the ship. He hid out for two days until after we had sailed. He thought he was through with destroyers forever; he's afraid of destroyers. Alas, we returned in three days for a checkup and our deserter was caught and thrown in the brig.

Called before the mast for a hearing, he is defiant. Asked why he had jumped ship, he says: "Because all the officers are heels."

"What have you against the officers?" our skipper asks kindly.

"The officers don't allow me enough shore leave," the deserter says.

"Only one officer is responsible for that," the skipper points out. "I am that one."

Given a second chance, and ordered to stand watch as a lookout, having previously proved a dismal failure in the engine room, our bad boy flops again, refusing to obey orders and keep his eyes on the horizon where the enemy might be lurking. Thus he imperils the whole ship's company, and for his repeated misconduct he faces a court-martial.

All of which saddens our skipper. "It's not nice," he says, "to see an American boy acting that way. There must be something wrong with the boy's head. Americans are not cowards or fools."

Ensign Webb, he toots the whistle
Ensign McDiarmid, he rings the bell
Ensign Dutton, he'd down in plottin'
U.S.S. *Frustrate,* she goes to hell.

That's what the ensigns and the other boys sing on the U. S. S. *Frustrate,* but they don't mean it. Dutton and the rest are capable young officers and the ship is in no danger because of the limited experience of these ninety-day wonders.

In fact, our boys don't talk about danger. "What do people on warships talk about?" is one of the questions most often put to war correspondents. The answer is: Food and girls. At breakfast sailor men call for double helpings and speculate on what the midday menu may offer. At lunch they dream of roast of beef or fried chicken for dinner. And before sacking out for the night, they grab an apple or a sandwich and wonder whether it'll be hot cakes and sausages for breakfast.

Next to food, perhaps even ahead of it, depending upon how long between shore leaves, the sailors talk of girls. A few of the older men, such as chief petty officers, are married, and we won't say what they discuss among themselves. But the great majority of the three hundred men on our ship are single and fancy free. Out of eighteen officers in our wardroom, only one or two are married. One of them, the paymaster, became a father the other day, the event happening around Durham, N. C. Our ship's surgeon, from Dallas, Texas, was transferred to the mainland the other day and rumor had it he was to marry an

airline hostess. For some reason airline hostesses are popular with the fleet. For instance, I read in our ship's paper well-named *The Lookout*:

"Ensign Webb has a cinch deal in the States. She is an airline hostess and must stay single as long as she has the job. Ensign Webb is praying nightly that the commercial airlines stay in business, at least until he gets back."

Enlisted men are no less susceptible to romance than are the officers. . . .

"Chicken Wilder hated to leave port. Was it because of a girl?

"Barter and Parrott, the two ship rivals, are still running a neck-and-neck race with a gal in the States. Every one thought that one dozen roses would clinch the deal for Parrott but Limey has not given up. She must be some gal.

"It was too bad to hear that Romeo Cushman is losing those three gals back in the States—marriage, you know. Better luck next time!

"It isn't a question of who wears the pants in Swede Peterson's family. It's a question of who looks the best in them. I hear that blonde of his is an ensign in the Navy. I guess Pete will have to take orders."

There you have a cross-section of Navy life and thought. From top to bottom. From the skipper, who is a very eligible bachelor, down to his mess boy, Hobson, who is no mean hepcat, romance permeates our Navy. Hobson, in love with a Miss Addie White back in the States, persuaded a certain correspondent aboard ship to write love letters for him. Dissatisfied with the results of this vicarious correspondence, Hobson bought himself a *Gypsy Dream Book* and on page 66 found the text of a letter from a Gentleman to a Lady Declaring His Love.

Now every week Hobson writes to his beloved in this poetic vein:

My Dear Miss Addie White:

Ever since the day I was introduced to you, my mind has been so filled with the one idea of yourself, and my whole soul so absorbed by the passion of love, that my thoughts have been completely distracted from my daily pursuits. Doubt, fear, delight and a thousand other emotions have successively agitated me, and all my efforts to repress or stifle these feelings have been in vain.

Being no longer able to resist their impulses, I crave your pardon for the liberty I take in addressing you. My Dear Miss Addie

White, you alone are the cause of my unhappiness, and must become the arbiter of my fate, for I shall be the most happiest or the most miserable of beings according as you reciprocate or reject my sentiments. But I cannot entertain the sad foreboding that a heart of so much tenderness and purity as yours will ever consign my prospects of future felicity to utter annihilation.

Oh, how ardently do I long for one sentence to calm my troubled mind; and it is in your power, my dear, to give the magic utterance. Bestow that tender ray of hope and it will relieve me from a state of inexpressible anxiety; if you do not love me, say at least you do not hate me. Anxiously and impatiently I shall look for your reply and trusting you will excuse this rhapsody, for I am in such a state that I can scarcely form one sane reflection, I remain, my dear Miss Addie White,

Your Faithful and devoted Lover,

Hobson.

Civilians who like to lie abed late in the morning have something to learn from the rousing naval custom known as General Quarters. The song-writing genius who composed "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning" may have been thinking of the Army, but his lament is even more applicable to the Navy. Generals may or may not rise at dawn, but Admirals and their crews must jump before dawn when General Quarters sounds.

Just as a general fire alarm brings out every available piece of fire-fighting apparatus in a big city, so does General Quarters bring every member of a ship's company to his battle station. An officer or ordinary seaman may have stood watch all night and may have retired to his bunk for a well-earned rest, but he must leap up and hurry to his post at a double trot once he hears the raucous medley of horns, klaxons, buzzers, bells and bosn's pipes that signify General Quarters.

I have heard General Quarters sounded on battleships, on carriers, on destroyers and on transports. On the larger ships the alarm is taken more or less in stride. There is less urgency. After all our capital ships can take a torpedo, grunt and shake it off, without losing speed or effectiveness. But a tin can destroyer may sink in a few minutes if tor-

pedoed. Knowing this, destroyer crews may be a step or two faster running to their guns to make sure no enemy craft gets in the first blow.

The expression "All hell has broken loose" is understatement in regards to General Quarters on a destroyer. Lying in your bunk, you can hear hundreds of pairs of feet clattering heavily on the tin decks while scores of heavy hatches and watertight bulkhead doors are being slammed and bolted all over the ship. Dashing out into a passageway from your room, you crash into others with the same idea of finding one door that is still open.

You may have been rolling and sweating, as I was, in a stuffy stateroom, with all ports closed as part of the blackout. You may have fallen into a deep sleep only an hour or so before Quarters sounded off and woke you up with a bang. Hastily you don your shirt, slacks and shoes and clamber through a hatch and down an inside stairway. If you are a civilian passenger, you proceed to the wardroom, your assigned station, where in case of battle you would help the ship's surgeon care for the wounded.

If you fail to make haste, if you linger a minute in your room to tie your shoes or your kapok life jacket, you may find ourself trapped like a rat with your stairway hatch closed and dogged down, not to be opened until the skipper announces "Secure from General Quarters," which means the full ship's company no longer is required on guard. Seeking an escape from the trap, you grope your way like a sleepwalker out into a dark, narrow passageway leading to an open deck. Open ordinarily, but now closed by a heavy metal door befitting a bank vault. In the utter darkness you bump into a sentry guarding the door. You explain your plight—you belong in the wardroom but you can't get there because the hatch is shut tight. So the sentry spins a wheel and unlocks the vault-like door to let you out on the open deck. There you clutch at a rail and hold on for dear life as your racing destroyer pitches and rolls in the inky black seas. It is raining and you creep cautiously along the wet deck. One false step on the slippery tin and you'd catapult over the low rail and into the briny deep. With your sleepy eyes only half open, with your shoes untied and your unbuttoned shirt flapping in the damp breeze, you are a laughable spectacle as you slowly make your way down a winding outside stairway, swaying with the ship and clutching frantically at any support. However, the sailors are too

busy with their own jobs to laugh at anyone, and so you reach the wardroom the hard way, resolved next time to get through that inside hatch before it is dogged. You sit on the transom (leather settee) with the surgeon and the paymaster, ready to handle casualties, which fortunately do not materialize this time.

It is so dark in the wardroom that the occupants cannot distinguish each other without lighting a match. You are tempted to close your eyes for forty winks. You wake an hour later at the signal to secure. Lights are switched on, doors unlocked, hatches undogged. You return to your room, wash and shave, dress properly and return to the wardroom for breakfast with the skipper. While you have been sleeping in his stateroom, he has passed the night on the bridge, taking brief naps when possible. Despite the duties and noises associated with the bridge, the skipper appears the freshest of all the officers gathered around the table. Most wilted is the chief engineer, a thin, pale young fellow who works in the bowels of the ship in temperatures of 120 to 130 degrees. The surgeon advises the chief to eat more. He is unable to tender the same advice to an assistant chief engineer, a stoutish youth with greenish complexion who is seasick every day and thoroughly miserable. He likes the sea, but the sea doesn't like him and he's afraid it never will. Until his stomach learns to behave, his naval future remains uncertain.

Like Napoleon's army, our navy travels on its belly.

As the *Frustrate* once again rolls along with her task force, we are not unduly worried about the enemy. True, the Japanese are understood to have a task force of their own, possibly two such forces, within a few hundred miles on a mission that can hardly be without an unfriendly purpose.

All that is strictly according to the book of war and can be handled accordingly. The skipper sounds General Quarters, all men run to their battle stations, and there is confidence that we can give the enemy tit for tat and a mite more. We will fight the enemy or we will chase him; maybe we will have to do both. The gunners train and point their weapons with joyous anticipation as if we were about to open the rabbit-hunting season.

The skipper alone wears a worried look. He has made all possible preparations for combat, he has done everything to protect the lives of

his men, and yet he appears a trifle ill at ease, even irritated. The telephone on the bridge rings. It is Dave Harris, the executive officer calling from the engine room.

"Yes, yes," says the Captain sharply. "Well, continue the search until all hope is lost."

Half an hour passes. The captain sweeps the horizon with his glasses, remembers something painful, and telephones the Exec down below.

"Are you prepared to give up the search?" he demands.

"No, sir," is the response. "We have two more trash barrels to search."

To make a long story short, it is not the Japs we are chiefly worried about. Rather it's the problem that has troubled millions of housewives; a laundry problem. Our washing machine has broken down. Three hundred men have gone for days without a clean shirt or skivvies. That's not good for morale, to say the least.

What we need is a new cog to replace one that has broken down. Luckily there is a ship in our task force which has a machine shop equipped to produce cogs. With a view to obtaining a new cog, and to training our youngsters in the difficult technique of coming alongside another ship in a rough sea without slackening speed enough to become vulnerable to lurking submarines, our skipper signals the flag command:

"Request permission to go alongside —— at 0800 hours to transfer broken washing machine cog for replacement."

Because of the nearness of the enemy, our skipper is doubtful that permission will be granted. But the flag officer in charge of the task force, appreciating the need for training, signals "Permission granted."

So, bright and early the next morning, the *Frustrate* makes ready to move over to the —— and transfer the broken cog on a line to be shot from ship to ship by a Lyle gun. Then, at the last moment, it is discovered that the cog is missing and without it the repair ship has no model from which to tool a replacement.

With the whole task force awaiting our move, imagine our embarrassment. The executive officer searches the ship for hours from top to bottom, including the trash barrels. Three theories are put forward:

1. The cog was lost somehow with the trash.
2. The laundryman, overworked and wishing to rest, threw the cog

overboard. This theory is generally rejected by those who know the laundryman, an honest fellow.

3. The cog was hurled overboard by the ship's bad apple, a malcontent sailor, who has quarreled with the officers and is facing a court-martial. This theory is accepted by those who know the sailor and dislike him.

Anyway, the cog is not found. After hours of search, our embarrassed skipper has to signal: "Request permission to abandon maneuver." Permission granted by a puzzled command.

We finished our cruise without a change of shirts. As for the sailor, that cruise is his last. Having proved a disagreeable shipmate, he is transferred to shore duty in the Solomons where it's too hot to wear shirts.

Meet the skipper of my favorite destroyer, the U.S.S. *Frustrate!*

They called him Jitterbug Joe a few years back. That would be when he was flag secretary to a certain elderly Admiral in the Caribbean and danced his way from Havana to San Jose to Cristobal and Balboa. With all the grace and courtesy of his native Kentucky, handsome, smiling Jitterbug Joe used to stand in line with the admiral at parades and receptions and shake hands or kiss hands as the case might be, equally adept at both. At night he would jitterbug, rumba and conga with the younger set until the crack of dawn.

But there was always an underlying seriousness and purposefulness about our Joe. To begin, he was born Josephus and had to overcome that handle. Then when he went to Annapolis he was one of the youngest and smallest of the boys, but he finished with academic honors and a host of friends who called him Joey.

Today his officers call him Cannonball Joe as a tribute to his forceful personality, his boundless drive and energy when there's business afoot. His crew respectfully refer to him as the Old Man, which is standard terminology for skippers regardless of age. Cannonball Joe, in his middle thirties and retaining most of his hair, permits himself to be sketched in the ship's paper as a bewhiskered, bespectacled old fuddy-duddy with one hair mounted on top.

Cannonball Joe does not wear spectacles, except at night when he is on the bridge or about to go there. They are fierce spectacles with big,

thick, red lenses, the purpose of which is to cut down the light when it is necessary for the skipper to go from the bridge to his stateroom, the wardroom or the engine room. Under blackout conditions prevailing in wartime, the exterior of a warship is dark as pitch and anyone stepping from the lighted interior out onto a deck is temporarily blinded and helpless, the same as a person passing from a bright sidewalk into a dark cinema. In wartime, particularly when battle stations are sounded, there is no time for one to pause on deck to regain one's vision; hence the red glasses which fend off most of the annoying light.

Until he got his own ship, which is the ambition of every Annapolis man, Joe was gunnery officer and executive officer on two other destroyers, the *Fanning* and the *Benham*. When the *Benham* was lost in the Solomons campaign, there was mourning among citizens of Joe's home town, Mayfield, Kentucky, who were unaware of his promotion to the *Frustrate*. There was rejoicing when the news came that their Joe was very much alive and carrying the war to the Japanese.

Joe's family is popular in Mayfield, and the county of which Mayfield is the seat of government, Joe's father, Guy, was a lawyer and judge who knew Irvin S. Cobb, of Paducah, and read Brann, the Texas Iconoclast. Joe's mother was a resourceful lady. When the head of the family died prematurely, Joe's mother ran for County Collector on a novel platform—disclaiming political ambitions and declaring she needed the job to support her family. She was elected.

If the family is the foundation stone of American life, as has so often been proclaimed, then Cannonball Joe is one hundred per cent American. He hasn't married yet—he's looking around and waiting until the war is won—but he worships the memory of his father and mother.

When he took command of the *Frustrate* and joined up with convoys and task forces, Cannonball Joe, realizing he was a likely candidate for Davy Jones's locker, packed up his personal souvenirs and sent them home for safe keeping. Among his prized possessions were the privately published books of his father, including *Boys I Knew at West Kentucky College, Pigeons, Master Commissioners and Their Duties* and *The Farmer's Complaint,* as well as his father's *Complete Works* and his *Autobiography.* Joe kept for himself as a pocket-size book, the *Life of Leo,* written by his father as a memorial to his pet St. Bernard dog,

Leo, who was whelped in Atlanta, Ga. in October, 1897, and shipped in the following March to Mayfield where he passed a happy life.

Love of home, love of family, love of people and dogs—these are guiding principles in the life of our favorite skipper. As he leads the U.S.S. *Frustrate* in and out of the Solomons and points south and west, with the lives of his three hundred men depending upon his decisions, Cannonball Joe has no personal morale problem; his mind is made up; he is resolute and unafraid; America to him is Mayfield, Ky., and America is worth fighting and dying for.

In the midst of battle, Cannonball Joe refreshes himself with the memory of the Mayfield of his father's day—the fine, large house with the big yard full of shade trees and chickens, and cows grazing beyond the yard; the quiet streets with the horse-drawn traffic; the neighborhood church; West Kentucky College, not far away; the downtown section with the courthouse, Blackburn Brothers' Café, with its menu of "Fine Crappie Fish, Oysters and Crabs," and the Creason Building, down on Broadway, where lawyers had offices, and on whose steps two of the town's police, Uncle Ben Williams and Finis Webb, used to sit and talk by the hour at night, there being little or no crime in Mayfield.

That was Mayfield in the days when Joe's father, whose first name was Guy, owned Leo the St. Bernard. That still is Mayfield, with few changes, for places like Mayfield form the heart of America and change very gradually.

With one foot in Mayfield and one foot in the Pacific, our Cannonball Joe wages the good fight. The more he sees of the Japanese the more he likes dogs; that is well-bred dogs. He can confirm the judgment of Leo, as reported in his father's works: "I do not like very much to quarrel and fight with other dogs, especially ill-bred dogs . . . but I consider it my duty to thrash them occasionally."

For "ill-bred dogs" read "Japanese," and you will have completed the portrait of my friend, Cannonball Joe.

You can't keep a good ship down. The U.S.S. *Frustrate* is a good ship and now at long last she has come into her own. Thanks to the *Frustrate* and her sister ships, our troops were able to land on New Britain, another step forward on the road that leads to Tokyo.

It is I who am frustrated now, for I gave up on my favorite destroyer and jilted her for another just before she made good.

The U.S.S. *Frustrate* has something in common with the U.S.S. *Saratoga,* our oldest and largest aircraft carrier. In cruel jest, other ships of the fleet called the *Sara* the Reluctant Dragon because she so seldom engaged the enemy. But the *Sara* patiently bided her time and finally she silenced her critics by knocking out a sizable Japanese task force in a daring raid on Rabaul. The erstwhile Reluctant Dragon is now better known as the Angry Dragon.

The *Frustrate* was as frustrated as an old maid. For two years she had been pursuing the Japanese all over the Pacific Ocean, using up a tremendous amount of fuel oil and practice ammunition, but never able to get close enough to the enemy to fire a shot in anger.

When I traveled south from Pearl Harbor on the *Frustrate,* two Japanese task forces were reported steaming out from Truk toward Guadalcanal and the New Hebrides. The men of the *Frustrate* were eager to make the acquaintance of the enemy, but the Japanese contented themselves with sinking the cruiser *Chicago* and creating a diversion which screened their evacuation of Guadalcanal.

Again, the *Frustrate* was in Tulagi harbor when the Japanese sent over more than a hundred planes. A sister destroyer, the *Aaron Ward,* remained behind to defend a tank landing craft while the *Frustrate* steamed out to shepherd a valuable convoy. The *Aaron Ward* was sunk, but the convoy and the *Frustrate* were unscathed. Strangely, the *Frustrate* felt a trifle cheated; she wanted to live more dangerously.

After I abandoned the *Frustrate,* I used to meet her in South Pacific ports. With convoys and task forces, she was rendering the utmost service toward victory, but still her people considered themselves unfortunate in that they had yet to see the foamy wake of an enemy torpedo or hear the screeching plunge of an enemy divebomber. The men of the *Frustrate* were not bitter about their fate; rather, they laughed at themselves and deprecated their services.

"The *Frustrate,*" they said, "is like Grand Hotel. Remember, people come, people go, nothing ever happens."

Then the *Frustrate* was drafted in to the "MacArthur Navy," that portion of the fleet operating in the Australia-New Guinea-New Britain area. In the Nimitz-Halsey navy, the *Frustrate* had been one modest

ship, but now she was a big frog in a little pond, and the change of climate and command has brought her a change of luck and enhanced stature.

When she led the bombardment at Arawe to facilitate our first landing of troops on New Britain, the *Frustrate* was engaging in her seventh bombardment within four months. That is a good record for any ship, and certainly indicates that my favorite destroyer has escaped her prolonged frustration.

That will be good news for the patriotic community of Mayfield, Kentucky, home of the *Frustrate's* skipper, Josephus Amberg Robbins. The 1930 classbook did not lie when it predicted little Joey would go places and do things.

Independence, Missouri, will be proud of the *Frustrate's* new executive officer, Smitty (Don Smith), who started out in life to be something else but is becoming a veteran salt as if born to the sea. Then there's Griff (Gerry Griffin), from Riverside Drive in Manhattan and Duke University in North Carolina, who is supply officer and paymaster on the *Frustrate* and longs to shoot guns and kill Japs. And there's pale, thin-faced Arnie Challan, who sweats in the engine room to keep the *Frustrate* stepping at top speed. And freckle-faced, beaming Bill Reardon, the communications officer. And the Moose (Brian McCauley) who used to row at Annapolis and is as big as a moose. Very young to be a gunnery officer is the Moose, but the boyish athlete is deadly competent when on the fire-control bridge.

Incidentally, Cannonball Joe and the Moose are the only Annapolis graduates left among the *Frustrate's* officers. All the others are reserves, ninety-day wonders.

Therein lies one of the greatest stories of the United States Navy. On many of our ships the reserves outnumber the regulars ten to one. Any nation that can expand its armed forces to that extent, and keep on coming up with fine fighters, can never be frustrated, never defeated, in the long run.

Naval nomenclature can be a source of bewilderment to the newcomer aboard ship. The newcomer is lost if he does not divine quickly the special meaning of such words as country, transom, beach, quarters, sack and scuttlebutt.

On the first destroyer I ever rode, the old four-piper *Overton*, all

the bunks were crowded when I came aboard and so I was invited by the skipper to pass the first night "on the transom." Sleeping on a transom is not as difficult as might appear to a landlubber who thinks a transom is something above a door frame. My transom was a comfortable leather divan at one end of the wardroom.

A country on shipboard is a section reserved for a certain group of the ship's company. Thus you have signs directing you to the officers' country, to the warrant officers' country, or to the enlisted men's country. When off duty and in his own country, a man may "sack out"; that is, take a rest or siesta in his sack bunk. He may be roused from his slumbers by a call to quarters, which means a general alarm inviting one and all to man battle stations. Sometimes he hurries forth in his skivvies—his underwear. Battle dress is all right, but one does not always have time to dress for battle.

Such terms as chow, brig, galley, bulkhead, overhead, outboard and inboard are not too difficult to fathom. But chow is subdivided into bread which is "punk," sugar which is "sand," tinned milk which is "captured cow," and pepper better known as "specks."

A yeoman is known as "feathers." A prisoner is "pal" (standing for prisoner at large). A deserter is one who "takes a rowboat." A toilet is a "head."

"On the beach" describes the happy state of a sailor who is on shore leave and has actually landed.

Perhaps the one word with widest circulation in the navy is scuttlebutt, whose origin is traced to the old scuttlebutts, water barrels or pumps on shipboard where sailors would gather to exchange gossip. Today our warships have automatic bubble fountains dispensing ice-cold water, but red-hot scuttlebutt is exchanged all over the ship.

"Have you heard the latest scuttlebutt?" one salt will ask another.

"That's just scuttlebutt," is the way to discount an unverified rumor.

Circulating scuttlebutt is a source of amusement not always innocent. A British skipper of my acquaintance had his executive officer keep a scuttlebutt log to check on the nature and speed of rumors on his ship. One day the skipper, with tongue in check, spread a rumor of shore leave on the starboard side and then dashed around to the port side. He and his exec held their stop watches and kept their ears open. They

agreed later that the scuttlebutt flashed from starboard to port in three minutes flat.

Scuttlebutt may either forecast the future or review the past. One day aboard a warship I overheard the following gems:

"Did you ever hear the story of the Japanese exporting firm in San Francisco that bought four hundred dollars worth of tennis balls on Saturday, Dec. 6, 1941? That's a lot of tennis balls at low export prices. The Japs paid cash at noon Saturday and demanded immediate delivery though the warehouse was closing for the weekend. Now why on earth did the Japs buy tennis balls? Pingpong balls for airplane flotation gear would make some sense, particularly in view of rumors that the Japs had a secret air base on the coast of Lower California. That was the base from which the Japs were supposed to have sent those planes over Los Angeles that night. Some people reported seeing ten to twenty planes. The truth is that there were no planes at all, merely one weather observation balloon. But getting back to those tennis balls. . . ."

"And did you hear the story of the Californian, a white man of German extraction, formerly a trader in Japan, who approached an acquaintance after Dec. 7 and asked him to buy up twenty-five thousand yen? The acquaintance notified the authorities who advised him to go through with the deal, but the investigation was interrupted when a rival agency butted in and arrested the would-be-buyer. Now, why do you think that the German-American wanted yen?"

Sometimes scuttlebutt can be reassuring as to the future. One Sunday after divine services I overheard the following conversation between two young sailors leaning on the rail outside my stateroom:

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"No."

"Well, you should."

"Why should I?"

"Well, the Bible predicts Tokyo and the rest of Japan will be flooded and destroyed by earthquake in 1942."

"Yeah, but this is 1944."

"That's what I mean, 1944."

21

THE PLYWOOD FLEET

As a boy I read *The Rover Boys, The Motorboat Boys, Frank On the Lower Mississippi,* and now I must admit that was all pale juvenile fiction compared to the thrilling true-life adventure stories of The PT Boys in the South Pacific—Jack, Bob, Nick and Stilley.

These boys who were destined to fling their plywood fleet against the enemy so far from home grew up on opposite banks of the Hudson River. Jack is John Malcolm Searles and Bob is his kid brother, Robert Lippincott Searles. Nick is their lifelong friend, Leonard Arthur Nikoloric. The three of them grew up together around Englewood and Leonia, New Jersey; attended Englewood School together and then Princeton. Jack graduated from Princeton in 1938 and the others in 1940. Nick also attended Exeter and Yale Law School.

Meanwhile, the fourth member of the PT quartet—Stilley, otherwise Henry Stillman Taylor, of Manhattan—graduated from Yale and raced yachts off Bermuda, Sweden and Finland.

When war with Japan broke out, the four youths craved action and obtained reserve commissions. The Searles brothers and Taylor attended the *Prairie State* training-school ship anchored in the Hudson while Nikoloric went to the midshipmen's school at Northwestern University.

The four young musketeers wanted to fight together and they did for a long time. Assigned first to Panama, they longed for action and they got it in full measure around Guadalcanal and points north. They and similar squadrons tangled nightly with the Tokyo Express—a train of Jap cruisers and destroyers sneaking reinforcements into the Cape Esperance area. Against overwhelming odds the fragile little PeeTees intercepted and derailed the Express with such irksome regularity that, with their reinforcements cut off, the Japs evacuated Guadalcanal.

It was my pleasure to be present when Admiral Halsey honored the four Hudson River boys with medals. Stilley was cited for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity" for attacking Jap destroyers and cruisers and even a battleship. Can you imagine an unarmored PT boat attacking a heavily armored battleship? Surely, the battle of David *vs.* Goliath hardly compares. Listen to Stilley tell the story:

"We were ordered out to meet the Express—two heavy cruisers and six destroyers which came down to bombard Henderson Field. Jack and I lay off in our respective boats between Tulagi and Lunga Point. The Japs put starshells over Henderson to see it better. That was all right for us, too—we could see the Japs better.

"I thought I saw a battleship and a heavy cruiser. I watched for the heaviest orange flare to indicate the fire from their biggest ship. I watched them fire seven or eight salvos, then I let go, firing from the edge of their destroyer screen.

"They didn't see me until too late. We hit one or two ships—the guys in my boat swore we hit two. The next day one of our victims was found limping away at ten knots. Our planes finished it off. They also sank a cruiser alongside it."

Stilley Taylor at first thought his victims included a battleship and the official citation credits him with a battleship, but he modestly admits it might have been merely a heavy cruiser. Not bad, either way.

This adventure came the night after the cruiser *San Francisco* had led an American task force in a bloody victory.

"I felt nervous as hell," confesses the tall, thin Taylor.

Like Taylor, Bob Searles and Nick Nikoloric were cited for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity" in action.

Bob commanded a torpedo boat in several night attacks upon enemy destroyers or light cruisers, each engagement resulting in hits. Nick, in command of another PT, did likewise. Bob and Nick were silent about their exploits, but Nick recalled one embarrassing experience:

"We were closing in on the Express off Esperance but like fools we went in too close. First thing we knew the Japs threw a couple of searchlights on us. The first salvo from their destroyers knocked us all flat on deck. One of our men on the after torpedoes picked himself up in a daze and, mistakenly assuming the concussion came from us firing torpedoes, he fired his torpedo without orders and hit a Jap destroyer.

"Meanwhile, we were heading in closer to the enemy. Our chief quartermaster picked himself up and got hold of the controls and steered us away pronto; otherwise we'd all be dead ducks."

Taylor, Nikoloric and Bob Searles lauded Jack Searles as their skilled squadron leader. Jack, holder of a Navy Cross, commanded a squadron which fought eighteen actions in a few weeks and helped to sink eight Jap ships and hit ten others while losing no boats themselves.

The PT boys started out with high-powered craft supposedly able to outspeed the Jap destroyers. But as the PT boat hulls became waterlogged and the engines were overdue for repairs, it happened more than once that the Jap destroyers were the faster. Thus, a PT boat would start out to chase a Jap only to have the Jap turn around and chase it, whereupon the PT boys would let go their torpedoes and make for the nearest beach.

It's a miracle the PT boys escaped alive. Asked why they came out to the Pacific in the first place, the curly-haired, grinning Nikoloric said:

"We wanted to beat the bastards and we heard they were available out here."

"Yes," said Taylor, "we sat in Panama for months and prayed for action. Some nights when we were mixing it with the Japs off Guadal we prayed we could be back in Panama."

Nevertheless, it was a sad day when the decorated Stilley, Nick and Bob were sent back to the States to teach PT tactics while the even more decorated Jack Searles, veteran of the quartet, at the ripe old age of twenty-six, was sent up to the Russels and New Georgia to organize a new squadron.

"I'm glad those kids are going home; they deserve it," said Jack, looking old beyond his years. "As for me, I don't expect to come out alive from the next campaign." (But he did.)

While his squadron was being decorated, Jack had asked me:

"Give credit to the other squadrons which are still up north fighting. Our squadron was the first out here but the others are still in there pitching."

Among the PT boys in there pitching was Jack Kennedy, son of former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, who had to swim for hours when his PT boat was sliced in half by a destroyer. And Alfred Snowball, Alan Montgomery, Lester Gamble, Jack Kearney, William Kreiner,

Bernie O'Neill, Hugh Robinson, Sidney Rabekoff, Joseph Kernell, Bert Greene and James Mountcastle.

Typical is Al Snowball, one time Amherst fullback and later a Chicago advertising man. Burly, naïve Snowball would rather fling his plywood fleet against the enemy's steel destroyers than repeat his introduction to a certain marine officer, Colonel Blizzard.

"My name's Blizzard," said the colonel.

"Mine's Snowball," said Al, and Colonel Blizzard, assuming his leg was being pulled, huffed off until Snowball explained that really was his name.

Colleges represented by the PT officers are varied—Amherst, Alabama, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, California, Lafayette, Annapolis, Colgate, Virginia, Davidson, Loyola of Baltimore, and the College of the City of New York. Which gives point to an observation about college boys in relation to PTs:

"A PT commander has to think fast like a yachtsman and he has to train his crews like a rowing coach. PTs have to hit first, not second. Most of our boys are college athletes. They're quick and know how to handle themselves."

That observation comes from the senior PT "boy," Robert B. Meyer, in private life a millionaire realty broker and chairman of the race committee of the New York Yacht Club and governor of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club.

Past fifty, "Pappy" Meyer, as the younger boys call him, is one of the oldest lieutenants in the Navy and proud of it. He did not enlist for rank but for service. In the first World War he commanded an American subchaser in the Adriatic and hunted German and Austrian submarines around Pola and Cattaro, earning a Navy Cross and a Congressional Lifesaving Medal.

When the present war began, "Pappy" applied twice for a commission, only to be rejected because he was over the age limit. When the limit was raised to fifty, he applied a third time and got in by the skin of his teeth. Before he turned fifty-one, Meyer flew out to the Pacific with orders calling for deck duty. However, it was decided he was too old and too heavy for the bouncing plywood toys and that he would be more valuable ashore as a coach and supervisor of the PT boys in their

twenties. Though he prefers the helm to beach duty, "Pappy" obeys orders gracefully. Of him it has been said:

"Bob Meyer should be an inspiration to everyone in the Navy. With wealth and a grownup family, he could have taken things easy at home, but instead he comes out here to fight his second war. No one works harder. We could use more officers like Bob Meyer."

The PT boys envy "Pappy" who has raced all his life, sailing everything from a Star boat up to an America's Cup defender. But "Pappy" envies his boys and would like to ride with them when they sail their torpedoes against the Nipponese.

22

THEY ALSO SERVE

THE NET-TENDERS are the Cinderellas of the Navy. You see them any time you enter a harbor of any consequence. There they lie at anchor, rusty, ugly, unstreamlined little vessels with no possible claim to beauty. But utility and valor they do have. They tend the nets of mined harbors, opening the nets for friendly ships to pass in or out and closing the nets at all other times to keep the enemy out. And they're always taking risks, with mines, with planes, with submarines, with hurricanes.

I remember riding into a magnificent harbor in Iceland with an armada of sixteen American warships. But before we could get through the net we had to have co-operation from H.M.S. *Barrington,* the net-tender.

"Look at that little cockroach," we said, and the *Barrington* did look like a black cockroach with the paint peeling off. As she bobbed at anchor her crew's laundry fluttered from the clotheslines on her decks. But as we approached her officers came rushing up from below in their undershirts and saluted us as proudly as if the *Barrington* constituted

the grand fleet all by herself. They knew the *Barrington* had an importance of her own, for grand fleets are in peril without protected harbors, harbors have to be protected by nets and booms, and to do this job you have to have humble "little cockroaches" like the *Barrington.* They also serve who only stand and tend nets.

There are hundreds of *Barringtons* throughout the seven seas. Offhand it would be difficult to think of a more difficult spot for a net-tender than the Pacific Islands where the Japanese and the Americans have their tussles. Up in that highly dangerous area the United States has entrusted a net-tender to the command of Lieutenant Tiler Kaune, USNR, of Seattle. I have just come into possession of a letter written by 30-year-old Kaune to his commanding officer, Commander E. C. Craig, who released the letter because of the light it throws upon the men who do the workaday tasks in the American Navy without hope of glamour or glory.

The letter, with certain deletions about technical matters, follows:

Dear Commander:

I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you. Needless to say we appreciated your interest in our problems.

Things are at a standstill up here as far as nets are concerned. You don't know how close you had to start looking for two new net-tenders up here after that raid two days ago. Poor old *Howard* was laying at the dock at Tulagi and about a dozen dive-bombers came right down into the bay after an oil barge and passed him about 300 feet off. They didn't see him till it was too late to go for him. He knocked down two.

We were bow on to the dock with our stern anchor down about 500 feet and a mass of chain and anchors in the process of being loaded. When we got the alert I didn't think too much of it as we have had so damn many of them in the daytime and nothing has ever happened. If you get under way every time you have an alert we would never get any net in as many of them last for hours and we have as many as three a day.

I saw some planes over toward Guadalcanal but still didn't get worried till they started diving in. Five of them got up behind us and we threw a shell at them and they changed their mind and didn't come down. In the meantime we were cutting chain loose

and hauling in the stern anchor but by the time we got under way most of the show was over. Those fellows were out after anything as they even jumped a PC (Patrol Craft) and dropped two on him which he was able to dodge, knocking down four of them.

We went out and fought fires on the tanker and put them out and towed her in. I was expecting that damn tanker to blow up any minute and us along with her. When her ammunition went up while we were right along side, I thought that was it, but it did no damage.

We went out the next day and put down a mooring alongside of a reef covered with niggerheads. That day there was a hell of a current running sideways over the reef and the first thing we knew we were right on top of it with niggerheads six feet under the surface all around us. We had chain in front of us and a stern anchor out so we got off without any damage but it was nip and tuck for a few minutes.

To finish things off I got mixed up with a piece of chain and damned near got my leg broken. [Note: afterwards it was discovered that the leg actually had been fractured.] I haven't been over to see a doctor to see if it was broken as yet as we got orders to get away from the area and hide out about that time. We had to scram and have been hiding way back in the jungles up a creek with the ship up in a grove of mangoes. We have been up here two days now and haven't got the all-clear yet. My leg is bothering me a lot and I can't walk on it. Have to climb to the bridge on my knees or get carried up.

As soon as we get back to civilization I am going to get hold of some green paint and paint her green.

Living up here on the beach is pretty tough and they are having a lot of trouble with sickness, malaria and dengue. Three of the base officers have been in the hospital with dengue or malaria and it has taken a lot of their pep out of them. . . . I guess it has told on me, too, but you don't notice it on yourself so much. . . . It has rained a lot which doesn't help any. However, we will keep plugging along and do our best and will get the job done as soon as possible. . . .

Sincerely yours,

TILER KAUNE

23

FISHERS OF MINES

LIFE AT SEA is bound to be hazardous in wartime. In recognition of this, submariners, aviators and salvage divers receive extra pay for the extra risks they run. Other groups run great risks, too, but Uncle Sam hasn't enough money to go around. Which is all right with the men of the minesweepers.

Battleships, cruisers and carriers are imposing figures when silhouetted against a sunrise or sunset, but there are sailor folk who would rather ride on smaller craft such as destroyers and minesweepers. I had been on destroyers before, and now after a very brief tour of duty on a minesweeper I can understand the fascination of those boats.

Without minesweepers our grand fleets would be immobilized. Our ports would be mined by the enemy and our ships could not enter or leave. With our ships thereby forced either to remain at their anchorages or to run about in circles at sea, the enemy could pick them off at his convenience.

Of course, such a disaster won't befall us, thanks to the modern minesweepers which we are building by the hundreds, many of which are already in service all over the world. Whenever you see an American armada moving in or out of a port, you can be sure that they did not move in that danger area until it had been thoroughly swept for mines.

Mines may be classified as friendly and unfriendly. Friendly mines are those we plant ourselves as booby traps for enemy submarines and surface ships. Naturally we keep careful records as to the location of these mines in order to avoid them. The enemy cannot know their location and therefore is likely to be blown to bits if he ventures near.

Unfriendly mines are those planted at our gates by the enemy or his fifth-columnists. They may be oldfashioned moored mines as were used in the last war, or they may be the newfangled magnetic, acoustic

or combination magnetic-acoustic mines such as the Germans dropped from planes and ships along the Thames estuary in the early days of this war. The problem of disposing of these mines was solved by the English with American scientific assistance, and the two nations are co-operating to this day in the specialized field of minesweeping.

There is nothing more deadly than an unfriendly mine, and the business of collecting and exploding them is bound to be an occupation that the insurance companies would not rate a good risk. The hardy men who sweep for mines prefer not to think of their activity as an occupation but rather as a game, a sport, like fishing.

In our wardroom was an amateur's drawing of a sailor with a broom standing on top of a big black mine which he was sweeping industriously whilst he commented: "This is a hell of a game—sweeping mines."

The newcomer is treated to tall tales similar to those retailed by fishers of trout, tuna and barracuda.

"You should have seen the mine that got away," says the skipper, extending his arms wide to indicate the size.

"We always throw the little mines back in," contributes the executive officer.

"Or else use them for bait," remarks the chief engineer.

The technique of fishing for mines is extremely hush-hush and cannot be described here. Suffice it to say that our ships day after day, and nights, too, sweep our harbors as clean as the proverbial Dutch kitchen. And when we invade Jap-held parts our minesweepers accompany our fleets and clear a path for the larger craft.

Minesweepers are not the ugly, misshapen things they once were. Now they are trim wooden craft with the graceful lines of a racing yacht. That, plus the sporting risks, may be why they appeal to such skippers as Frank Moore, of New Orleans; Huston Huffman, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.; William Small, Philadelphia; Vernon Isaacs, San Francisco; Clarence Hartman, Minneapolis; Roy Kaltenbacher, Erie, Pa., and Sterling Judson, Los Angeles, to name only a few.

The minesweepers' insignia, painted on their stacks, consists of a red, white and blue circle with a black mine nesting in the center. Tall, black-haired Huffman, who graduated from Yale in '34, has red chevrons on his ship to indicate the number of enemy mines he has exploded. Frank Moore, a handsome, gray-haired rebel from the Deep South, has

a Confederate flag and a Lone Star flag in his locker but hasn't had occasion to fly them yet. Moore's ship has an alligator, swallowing a mine, painted on its stack, and actually has a live alligator aboard as a mascot. The alligator, nicknamed MacArthur by the crew, is about ten inches long and ten years old. He has popping white eyeballs with a thin black line running horizontally across them, like the wire in a gunsight. Sunning himself on the compass glass, Mac gnaws greedily on the navigator's fingers, but Mac's teeth are too tiny to lacerate a tough sailor's skin.

Presence of Mac on the ship is just another proof of the loneliness of our people in isolated areas. Deprived of feminine companionship, our boys annex dogs, cats, goats, pet mice, alligators, anything alive that responds to kind treatment and can be trained to some extent.

In my minesweeping tour among the islands, after we had cleaned the paths for larger and more glamorous ships than ours, we set about the not-to-be-overlooked business of perfecting the gunnery. The regular gun crews shot up several sandy atolls and a string of coral rocks jutting above the surf and then the skipper invited this writer to take over the biggest gun on the ship.

Ours was a seven-man gun crew. I was the trainer, another correspondent, Christopher LaFarge, representing *Harper's*, was the pointer, and five salts helped us out with the details of loading and unloading. Jim Priestly, a grinning, gold-toothed boy from Texas, the only Negro on the ship, was the boy who shoved in the shells.

The skipper directed me to climb into a steel saddle on the left side of the gun; LaFarge mounted a saddle on the right. I stared through a horizontal sight and moved two wheels, about the size of sewing-machine wheels, to bring my target directly across the middle wire of the sight. Simultaneously LaFarge was looking through a vertical sight and arranging the same target on the central wire of his sight. The difference between our work was that I did the firing, and Chris had no inkling of what I was doing until the gun boomed against his left ear.

Seated in the saddle with my legs resting against a steel platform, I was somewhat in the position of a customer in a barber's chair except that instead of a razor I had a gun nuzzling against my right cheek. As I sighted I leaned my right eye against the frame of the sight until

warned that the recoil would give me a black eye unless I moved at least an inch away.

Our target was an island, over a mile distant, an island about four city blocks long and two blocks wide, with a sandy white beach around the perimeter and a cluster of palmetto trees shading a lagoon.

"We have reason to believe some Jap fifth-columnists are hiding in that jungle," the skipper said with a roguish wink. "Let's see what we can do to get rid of them."

Alongside my right wheel was a trigger bar. Gently, ever so gently, I rested my right index finger against the trigger.

"Ready for firing," shouted the gun captain. One of his men lifted a shell out of a box, passed it to another man, who passed it along to another, who handed it to Texas Jim, who slipped it lightly into the gaping breech.

"Ready for firing," repeated the gun captain as I sighted for the last time. Then, wondering slightly what would happen, I pressed down the trigger.

"BOOM!" spoke the gun. The concussion shook me almost loose from my seat and for a second I was stunned and feeling as if Joe Louis had socked me. The smell of burning powder filled the air. Fragments of black paper floated aloft like confetti. To the rear the empty shell was ejected by the gun with a velocity that could have sent it overboard except that a member of the gun crew known as the "hot shell" boy was standing in line with asbestos gloves to catch the shell. A correspondent of the *London Daily Mail,* Walter Farr, had been offered the job of "hot shell" boy and prudently declined.

Meanwhile the business end of our projectile was winging its way to its island target. It had made much noise and it seemed to take five minutes to cover the distance of more than a mile. It is surprising how long the time seems between the firing and the landing of a shell.

Actually, it was not many seconds before our straining eyes were rewarded with a plain view of the projectile striking at the middle of the island but a trifle forward, where it burst in the shallow water of the beach and originated a geyser.

"Nice shot," commented the skipper. We took our sights and fired thrice more as the ship moved ahead, rolling and pitching a little, necessitating adjustments in the sights. The second shot struck farther up

the beach beyond the water line; the third and fourth plunged into the heart of the island, blowing up the forest of palmetto trees where the enemy was presumed to be hiding.

"Cease firing," commanded the skipper. We had used up our practice ammunition.

Anchoring on the spot, we rowed over to the island to check up on the devastation we had wrought. We verified that our shelling had done terrific damage. There were deep holes in the beach and the palmetto trees in the jungle had been cut limb from limb. Unhappy would have been any Japanese who sought refuge in those trees.

We didn't find one live Jap. Not even a dead one. Nothing but agitated sand crabs and scorpions, wondering what all the shootin' was for.

24

DESTROYER MAN

"He's an old destroyer man." That's the highest compliment you can pay to anyone in the United States Navy. From Admiral Bill Leahy in Washington and Admiral Bill Halsey in the South Seas down to the petty officers and the ordinary seamen and boots, they're one and all proud as peacocks to be known as destroyer men, particularly after being transferred to some less adventurous branch of the service.

After a year as war correspondent with the Pacific Fleet, plus an earlier destroyer trip to Iceland, I can understand the thrill of being a destroyer man. Offhand it is difficult to think of any other service which, ton for ton, night and day, inflicts so much damage upon the enemy and has so much fun while doing it.

The battle of the Solomons, starting out with aircraft carriers, battleships and cruisers, has in recent months turned into a battle of destroyers with our tin cans coming out on top in every engagement. Our

tin cans not only prevented the Japanese from effectively reinforcing Guadalcanal, Rendova, New Georgia, Kolombangara and Vella Lavella, but they cut off and slaughtered thousands from the besieged garrisons as they attempted to flee to Bougainville and Rabaul. That was pretty bloody business, but not without its lighter side.

In the first battle of Kula Gulf, Captain Frank McInerney commanded a squadron of destroyers seeking to establish contact with an enemy force known to be in the vicinity. Not far away Mac's sidekick, Captain Tommy Ryan, deployed with a second squadron.

"I see a rat," signaled Frank to Tommy.

"Thanks, old pal, that's me," Tommy signaled back.

"Rat" was a generic term for Japanese.

During the second battle of Kula Gulf, the destroyers commanded by McInerney and Ryan met the enemy, smashed most of his tin cans and chased the rest like mad.

Now, in night warfare when the moon is down there is always a chance of making a mistake and firing on one's own ships. So McInerney, in the van destroyers setting the pace for the pursuit, signaled to Ryan in the rear destroyers:

"We are pursuing the enemy; don't throw anything at us."

Back signaled Ryan:

"I wouldn't do it for the world, pal; go get the bastards."

In one stirring night engagement, an American task force of cruisers and destroyers under Admiral Ainsworth disposed of a dozen Japanese cruisers and destroyers, but in the process we lost the gallant old cruiser *Helena*. Two destroyers were assigned the responsibility of rescuing the *Helena* survivors, 1,100 of whom were in the water.

During this phase of the engagement, when two enemy ships were bearing down on our destroyers, Capt. McInerney signaled to the destroyer *R*——:

"Are you picking up survivors?"

The answer came back:

"We will get survivors after we get ships."

The squadron commander then signaled:

"I will get target, you get survivors."

With an enemy cruiser bearing down on him and while his ship was

picking up survivors, the squadron commander instructed the tin can's skipper to get under way.

"May I stay here one minute; we have a good solution," was the skipper's final plea. Upon being given an affirmative, the destroyer fired torpedoes which sank the Jap cruiser.

Thereafter the captain, as he took off after the remaining Jap ship, exclaimed:

"If the son-of-a-bitch wants a fight, I'll give him one."

(Classic words that should rank with the Immortal sayings of Farragut, Perry and John Paul Jones.)

And our destroyers are just as tough and durable as the men who run them. When the destroyer *Strong* was hit by a torpedo while bombarding Vila and Bairoko Harbor to soften them up and support marine landings, a sister destroyer, *Chevalier,* went alongside. The *Strong* was listing and sinking. Going alongside in the black of night, the *Chevalier* was damaged, but she made fast. As the *Strong* was sinking and threatening to drag the *Chevalier* down with her, men were climbing from one ship to the other, Jap planes were dropping flares and bombs, and Jap shore batteries were opening up. To cap the climax, as she backed clear when the *Strong* sank, the depth charges of the *Strong* detonated under the bow of the *Chevalier.* Despite all these hazards, the *Chevalier* rescued more than 75 per cent of the *Strong's* crew and returned safely to one of our own bases.

No job is beyond the resources of a destroyer. Tommy Ryan once took his flagship from New Caledonia to Guadalcanal with eighty tons of 90 mm. and other ammunition aboard. It appears that the logistics had gone to pot and our marines were about to run out of ammunition, so it was loaded on the destroyer which raced north at twenty-five knots.

While the destroyer was unloading east of Longo and within five hundred yards of the transport *Majaba,* a midget submarine broached and fired a fish which hit *Majaba.* The destroyer, at battle stations while unloading ammunition, slipped her anchor chain and was dropping depth charges on the midget in three minutes.

The next day when Ryan's men began asking what had happened, they discovered two witnesses who had seen a second fish from the midget clear the destroyer's stern by only two hundred yards. When

asked why they didn't report it at the time, one of the witnesses, the chief torpedoman, said he thought the captain knew because he was doing the right thing.

While screening Admiral "Ching" Lee's battleships, in one of those Savo Island battles, three fish passed ahead of Tommy Ryan's flagship and two astern, all of them within two hundred yards. The tin can was able to warn a battleship in time for her to turn away and avoid any damage.

Up to the time when a fish from a Jap torpedo plane actually hit the *Old Overholt* (as his then flagship was nicknamed), Tommy Ryan's tensest moment was on the day when the carrier *Wasp* was torpedoed to her grave. Shortly after closing the *Wasp* to take off survivors, Ryan spied a fish dead ahead on exactly an opposite course. Whichever way the destroyer could have tried to turn would only have aggravated the situation. So Tommy said a prayer, flexed his knees, and nothing happened. The fish had been set too deep. It passed under the port anchor and out on the starboard side by the sea ladder.

Says the laconic Ryan:

"I counted the torpedoes that either passed under us or just missed, and got up to twenty-six before the Vella Lavella action. I have stopped counting now."

Which is just as well. Counting torpedoes serves no purpose except to give you gray hairs. Tommy Ryan hasn't one gray hair.

When the fish aren't flying, the destroyer men have their fun. During the occupation of the Russells Tommy Ryan bore down in training the men of the LCTs (tank landing craft) which accompanied his DDs (naval nomenclature for destroyers). Conscientious Tommy had a feeling the LCT boys thought he was too hard on them until one day the following transpired:

Thirsty Tommy asked one of the LCT commanders to fetch him a boxful of limes when next he went into Renard Sound. One afternoon when Capt. Ryan steamed into Tulagi and sent an officer over to the LCT base to check up on something, the officer came back with a shoebox and handed it to the captain on the bridge of his flagship. Fortunately, Ryan did not open it then, but sent it down to his stateroom. On finally opening it, he found an excellent and virgin fifth of White Horse Scotch with a note in it as follows:

"To the Commodore: The Army beat us to the limes. These are the spoils of war from the flat-bottomed express."

In order to expedite unloading of the LCTs, Tommy Ryan used to go into the coves and check up in person. He made it a habit to have coffee with the LCT skippers (all of them fresh-caught Ensigns, U.S.N.R.) and on several occasions had to decline offers of cold beer at three and four in the morning. On one occasion he complimented one of the lads on the fine quality of his coffee, and was surprised to find in his navy launch, upon leaving the LCT, one of the army's airtight tins of good coffee. More spoils of war, no doubt, but wise Tommy did not inquire, because the LCT did carry provisions for the army, and if the army and the navy begin drinking the same brand of coffee that is a step toward unification of the services. (Wasn't it Abe Lincoln who hoped his other generals would drink the same success-bringing whisky favored by Ulysses Grant?)

With one island campaign following another, the destroyer people seldom found time to relax at Sydney, Auckland, Brisbane, Noumea or even Espiritu Santo. But on the rare days when in Espiritu, they would go ashore with a sign painted "Officers' Club," tack it up on the first convenient coconut palm, and proceed to drink whatever beer or spirits they had been able to beg, borrow or steal. These island visits were also foraging tours to get whatever food, ammunition or clothing was available. When the foragers came back with their loot from the post exchanges and quartermasters, the destroyers divvied up. So that, on the whole, they managed to eat well, and at times had ammunition in their staterooms. After outfitting the *Wasp* survivors, which the destroyer men did of their own volition, it would have been silly for any captain to order any particular uniform for the crew. The men simply did not have the clothes, and could not draw them for some weeks.

Generally speaking destroyers are happy ships, and this is because they are democratic and informal and cozy as a middle class American family, with the skipper presiding at breakfast, lunch and dinner in his role of Old Man. It is a discerning skipper who realizes that all work and no play makes Jack a dull sailor.

At Panama and similar way stations, the destroyers, in spite of rigorous operating conditions, usually manage softball games with a case of beer at home plate, and other means of letting off steam.

When the equator is crossed, amusing ceremonies are in order. Tommy Ryan's price for the transformation from polliwog to shellback was paid in two stages. As his destroyers approached the line (the day before) he stood a half hour watch on the torpedo tubes as lookout for old Davy Jones. His uniform: leggings, sword and belt, athletic supporter, and pistol. The following day the skipper went through at the head of the line and had his seat properly paddled, but on the whole considered he got off rather lightly.

A sense of humor hurts nobody in destroyers.

Destroyer skippers and squadron commanders represent the American melting pot at its best. Among those who have been cited for distinguished action are McInerney, Ryan, Moosbrugger, Walker, Katz, Tobin, Sweeney, Smedberg, Abercrombie, Cooke, Simpson, Nyquist and Higgins.

Personalities of the destroyer chiefs are as varied as their monickers. Frank McInerney is a burly, blue-eyed, genial fellow, a roister-doister sort of hail fellow. Tommy Ryan is smaller and quieter, more reserved and somewhat priestlike, though he has his moments. Benjamin Katz is even smaller and slighter with deep brown eyes that could be sad, except Katz is not the sad type—few tin can men are. Walker is a large fellow, hale and hearty and full of fun, possessed of a great sense of humor and not afraid to pat his officers and men on the back. Moosbrugger is short and thin and studious, more retiring than most, but a mad lion in action.

You can't type-cast a destroyer man any more than you can their ships—versatility, flexibility and change of pace are their assets.

About their achievements the destroyer skippers are uniformly modest and inclined to give credit to their junior officers and enlisted men, which is only fair. In the case of Captain Thomas John Ryan, Jr., he is so modest about the Congressional Medal of Honor, one of his several decorations, that he won't even talk about it. His friends explain there are three reasons for this excessive modesty:

1. The medal was earned not in wartime, but for gallant action in peacetime.

2. The gallant action was dashing into a crumbling building to rescue a strange lady from a bathtub.

3. The gallantry was toward our present enemies, the rescued lady having been a Japanese involved in the 1923 earthquake at Yokohama, where Tommy Ryan's ship happened to be.

As they read the dispatches reporting our destroyer triumphs in the South Pacific, Bill Leahy, Bill Halsey and the other old destroyer men who have been promoted to bigger ships or bigger jobs must envy the younger men who are in the middle of the golden age of destroyers.

To ride a destroyer was the ambition of every navy officer before the development of aviation, and it still is. Destroyers to the navy men were as romantic as cavalry to the army. Every navy man from boot to admiral is proud of the ship in which he rides, but all of them take off their hats to the boys in the tin cans, the boys who carry the load of sand.

Though he wears flyer's wings on his leather jacket, Bill Halsey's first love was destroyers, and each time the destroyers are in there pitching (and rolling), Bill Halsey's heart and spirit are right in there riding with the boys in the old tin cans.

Every war is somewhat different, and the war in the South Pacific has largely resolved itself into one of air, destroyers and transports, plus the inevitable foot-slogger. What the destroyers are doing today owes much to the men who brought them up from little torpedo boats. When our big new cans speed up the slot to meet the Japs, the spirits of some of the navy's greatest destroyer men ride with them—Bill Leahy, Bill Halsey, Juggie Nelson, Wallie Vernon, Norm Scott, Poco Smith, Sal Woodson, Roscoe MacFall, Pug Ainsworth, Tip Merrill, Mort Deyo, Louie Denfeld, Ross Cooley, Mick Carney, Ray Thurber, Tip Tisdale, Ching Lee, Swede Overesch, Bill Fechteler, John Roper, Fuzzy Theobald and countless others.

Destroyer Man is a title, a rank of honor fit to be handed down from one generation to another, and it has been in many of our leading navy families. When one generation gets too old for active destroyer duty, than which nothing can be tougher and rougher on heart and spirit and stomach, the younger generation steps in.

Take the case of big, genial "Fuzzy" Theobald, admiral of the Boston navy yard. When this war broke out, "Fuzzy" was commander of a task force operating in the Aleutians. He had hoped to continue on sea duty and once again ride the tin cans he had known in his youth.

But it was not to be; the elder generation must sometimes be content to sit behind the desks while the youngsters ride the waves and the Japs.

But "Fuzzy" has his compensation. He has a son, a chip off the old block, who recently was promoted to command of a destroyer named *Smith,* of all things. Both "Fuzzy's" boy and the *Smith* have distinguished themselves under fire. There will always be American destroyer men, and destroyer boys, like that.

25

THE ONE-SHIP FLEET

HAVING WRITTEN at length about the small fry of the ocean—the destroyers, PT boats, minesweepers and net-tenders—I hope I will be pardoned if I express some admiration for the big boys, too, as exemplified by a certain heavy cruiser and a certain mammoth carrier. The little ships need the large ships, and the large ones can't get along without the little ones, so it is well that the small fry should share the glory with the big boys. . . .

I have just come off one of the greatest fighting ships in the United States Navy. Over the green baize table in the wardroom, a wardroom stripped of paint and furnishings that might burn easily and interfere with efficient conduct of warfare, I have talked to an inspiring collection of junior seadogs who fight in the aggressive tradition of John Paul Jones; young Americans who have met the enemy and taken the enemy not once but a half dozen times.

The ship is the U.S.S. *Salt Lake City,* which already has tackled the enemy at Wake, Wotje, Marcus, Guadalcanal, Savo and the Aleutians. With substantial evidence to back them, the boys of the *S.L.C.* claim that they have fought more actions than any other cruiser in the pres-

ent war, and that they have sunk more ships than any other surface vessel in the history of the American Navy.

No one seriously disputes the *Salt Lake City's* claim to be the original "one-ship fleet." If all her Nipponese victims were laid out end to end, they would add up to a pretty tonnage. Consequently the *Salt Lake City* is probably Number One Public Enemy to the Japanese and destined to be an object of special attention by them in the future.

The record of the *Salt Lake City* is all the more remarkable in that she is the oldest heavy cruiser in our navy. Ordered built in 1926, at Camden, and actually commissioned in 1929, she is one of our two earliest "treaty cruisers," a sister ship of the *Pensacola* which was commissioned in 1930. The *Pensacola,* incidentally, has also seen rugged duty in this war. Compared to some of our modern cruisers, the guns of the *Salt Lake City* might be rated antiquated, yet none have spoken more effectively when a made-in-Japan target appeared. For instance, in the second battle of Savo Island, the *Salt Lake City,* assisted by other ships, sank one heavy cruiser, one light cruiser, several destroyers, one transport, one submarine tender and three other auxiliaries. Moreover, in that running battle, with our light cruiser *Boise* afire and being pounded by an enemy heavy cruiser, the *Salt Lake City* ran in between them to shield the *Boise* and quickly blasted the rival heavy out of the water.

To the fearless, unselfish maneuvering of the *Salt Lake City* the *Boise* owes her life, and her men readily said so after the battle was over. However, as luck would have it, the *Boise* went into the Philadelphia navy yard for repairs and received national publicity whereas the *Salt Lake City* remained in comparative obscurity.

Our first successful surface action in the Solomons, the second battle of Savo Island, came as a timely antidote to the previous engagement there, in which we lost four cruisers. The tragic loss of those four ships stunned and depressed the Americans and left the Japanese free to run in troops and supplies to Guadalcanal. This was a condition which had to be corrected.

Accordingly a task force was organized with the *Salt Lake City* right in the middle of it. Commanding the gallant old cruiser was Captain Ernest G. Small, of New Haven, Connecticut, who has been awarded a Navy Cross for his heroism. Captain Small is a modest, soft-spoken, grayhaired veteran who acquired the nickname of "Shorty" in his

Annapolis days. He is now one of the principal advisers of Admiral Nimitz.

The story of the tide-turning battle was revealed to me in the wardroom of the *Salt Lake City* by several of her younger officers: Lieutenant Commander David D. Hawkins, the navigation officer, of Berkeley, California; Commander Theodore H. Kobey, the engineering officer, of Bisbee, Arizona; Lieutenant Commander James T. Brewer, the gunnery officer, of New York City and Conway, New Hampshire; Lieutenant George A. O'Connell, Jr., assistant gunnery officer, of Norfolk, Virginia, and Lieutenant Lyle B. Ramsay, a fire control officer, of Abilene, Texas.

"The Japs" I was told, "had been running their Guadalcanal Express every night until it got monotonous and we decided to stop them. The Express usually consisted of four cans (destroyers) loaded with hundreds of troops, and guarded by two cruisers, all coming from the direction of Bougainville. They took advantage of the cover of darkness to reinforce their besieged troops on Guadalcanal Island.

"So this Sunday night we set out to derail the Express. We steered northwest to meet them, passing between Guadalcanal and Russell Islands. It was a dark night and overcast, with no moon and pitch black except there was heat lightning in the western skies which illuminated our ships at intervals for the benefit of any Japanese shore watchers. The air was very heavy with the aroma of lilacs, ginger blossoms and other pungent vegetation. It was a real boogie-woogie setting—you could almost picture those damned cannibals running around in their jungles.

"All of us were itching to smack the Japs. The way we figured it, what had we got out ships for except to stop those people? Our primary objective was to intercept the Guadalcanal Express as she was unloading reinforcements. We were to lace the troops on the beach, mop 'em up and save our marines the trouble.

"We searched for the Guadalcanal Express in several places and failed to find it. We were disappointed. We thought we had muffed the ball. We kept on toward Savo Island. Savo is a little round volcanic peak, looks like an anthill at night. We steered dead ahead for Savo and seemed like we might run into it, but at close range we discovered the enemy and changed courses to close on him.

"With the luck that rewards the aggressor, we had walked into something more important than the Guadalcanal Express. Coming right down the slot toward Guadalcanal were two forces that were about to join up. The enemy had four heavy cruisers, two lights, six destroyers and at least one transport. Apparently they were out to bombard our marines on Guadalcanal and to land in force. Japanese battleships were also playing around in the vicinity; we didn't see them but we picked up one of their aviators who ran out of gas.

"Our victory set the Japs back a month in their designs on Guadalcanal."

It was thirteen minutes before midnight when the *Salt Lake City* and other American cruisers, including the *Boise* and *Helena,* opened fire on the leading cruiser of the Japanese forces. The *Salt Lake City* was firing at such close range it had to depress some of its guns and its hot shells whistled through the masts of an American destroyer caught in between. Men on the deck houses of the destroyer later said they were ducking their heads with each salvo from the *Salt Lake City.*

"The best gunners in the world" is what the other officers of the *Salt Lake City* say about the ship's gunners—"Uncle Jim" Brewer, "Georgie-Porgie" O'Connell and "Ace" Ramsey. They had been training their gun crews together for two years and on this particular night they were as cool and efficient as though at a practice session. The material they worked with was good too—as they say, "we have the best eight-inch-armor-piercing shell in the business."

First victim was an enemy light cruiser, illuminated by star shells. The ten guns of the *Salt Lake City* (five guns forward and five aft) barked simultaneously at the enemy, and ten big fingers of fire and metal jabbed the enemy in vital spots. The cease firing order came immediately, as the enemy ship was ablaze and there was no sense in wasting ammunition on her.

Second target for the *Salt Lake City* was a heavy cruiser— "We sat there waiting for her to come up. Nobody was excited. It was like waiting for a cockroach to come across the table; we knew we could step on her anytime we wanted to." The *Salt Lake City* "stepped" with two salvos, twenty shots, putting the enemy out of action, blowing up the whole midsection, and touching off a ghastly yellow-red flame. Again there was a "Cease fire" order and a search for more opponents.

Third victim was an auxiliary, doing fifteen knots. The *Salt Lake City* and companions pounced on the auxiliary and she went down by the bow, stern up and propellers turning. For extra measure, the *Salt Lake City* sent a salvo through the auxiliary's bottom as it came up.

Fourth target was a destroyer, one of three that had launched a torpedo attack on the Americans. The *Salt Lake City* gave her one salvo. When the splash and smoke had subsided, nothing was to be seen of the destroyer.

At 12:05, running out of fresh targets, the Salt Lake City turned again on its first target, the wounded light cruiser, and handed her eight salvos. Large flares and explosions were noted.

By 12:11 part of the American task force had vanished in pursuit of the enemy, while the *Boise,* directly ahead of the *Salt Lake City* was afire and falling out to avoid torpedoes.

"A heavy cruiser of the enemy was pouring incessant, accurate fire on the *Boise,*" I was told. "We could hear the smacks and see the sparks. When metal struck metal, it was like a Fourth-of-July sparkler on a gigantic scale. The enemy had the *Boise's* number; had her cold, with three forward turrets out of action. You've got to give the *Boise* credit, though; as she fell out of formation her after guns were still talking back.

"There was only one thing for us to do, and we did it without hesitation. As the *Boise* fell away we took her place and closed in, placing ourselves between the *Boise* and the enemy. The *Boise* was on fire and silhouetted us, making a perfect setup for the enemy's fire control. We walked into three straddles that hurt us and slowed us but not enough to help the Jap.

"We engaged this heavy cruiser at 5,000 yards. At our first salvo the enemy fell silent, fired no more. Like two immense hands, our ten fingers of fire had gone out and grabbed the enemy by the throat. Then we gave him four more salvos and he sank."

"What did you do at the end of the battle?" I asked the officers seated with me in the wardroom around the green baize table as we drank coffees and relived the epic engagement. Commander Hawkins, known to his friends as "Light Horse Harry," a sandy-haired, mustachioed man of thirty-six, spoke up:

"Did you ever see a cockfight? Did you ever see a cock stand up

and crow after he has killed the other cock? Well, we stood up out there in the middle of the ocean and crowed. We turned our searchlights all around and swept the skies as if to ask 'Does anybody want to fight?' Nobody did. The enemy was all sunk or in flames, or had fled."

Now, who exactly were the gunners who sank the Japanese invasion force? Well, Uncle Jim Brewer is a tall, heavy-set, horny-handed man of thirty-eight. A member of the Annapolis class of '26, he retired from the navy to go into business, "wrestled with the depression" for eleven years, had charge of the bargain basement at Macy's, and returned as a reservist to earn his title of "Jim the Jap Killer."

His chief assistant is short, stocky, deep-eyed "Georgie" O'Connell, son of an army colonel. He is thirty years old and member of the class of '35. He served as main battery control officer during the battle.

Youngest among the gunnery officers is "Ace" Ramsey, twenty-seven years old and member of the class of '40, who served as spotter for the fire control. Tall, handsome, suntanned, athletic, Ramsey played football and rowed No. 3 at Annapolis. He got his nickname of "Ace" by achieving a hole in one at golf.

"There were heroes among our enlisted men," the officers will tell you. "One lad was fatally wounded while passing ammunition. As he sank to his knees, he cradled the fuses in his arms to prevent an explosion. He was found dead with his hand over the fuse of a five-inch shell. There was another man who was shot through the chest while assigned to a range pointer. When we found him he still had his hand on the pointer. He died as we removed him from his post of duty."

These heroes were Lloyd Edgar Acree, ordnance man third-class, and Bernard Eugene Biven, seaman first-class.

I asked the *Salt Lake City* boys to describe their first impressions of a night battle; what was it like at first experience.

"It's like a tennis game in hell," said "Uncle Jim" Brewer. "The red hot shells whistle back and forth like the red and orange tennis balls you play with in winter time up north. You have no time to relax. It's a case of Spot, Set, Shoot."

"It's like running into a darkened room and slugging it out with everybody," said "Georgie" O'Connell.

"It's like a nightmare," said "Ace" Ramsey. "With one salvo after

another, I felt like a guy going through a nightmare. I remember as a kid I used to dream of walking along a railroad track and picking up dimes or along a golf course and finding new seventy-five cent balls. When we were hitting our targets smack-smack I was afraid I'd wake up and find it all a dream."

"Light Horse Harry" Hawkins attributes the remarkable marksmanship of Brewer, O'Connel, Ramsey and their enlisted men to incessant practice, plus experience gained under fire.

"There are three ways of getting to know a man," Hawkins philosophizes. "In the Navy Academy it takes four years. In a poker game it takes four hours to know a fellow. In a battle four minutes is enough."

Not satisfied with fighting all over the South and Central Pacific, the *Salt Lake City* moved north close to the Arctic Circle in quest of the enemy. This time her skipper was good-looking, black-haired Bertram Rodgers, who had left a desk in Washington to take command, succeeding "Shorty" Small, who had succeeded Captain E. M. Zacharias. Captain Rodgers invited me to travel along with him, but I was going south and he was going north and we couldn't reconcile that. It was my loss for I missed out on what is known as the Battle of the Komandorskie (Commander) Islands.

At that time the Japs were occupying Attu and Kiska in the Aleutians. They might still be there except that task forces of which the *Salt Lake City* was a prominent unit cut off their reinforcements and starved them out, so that they evacuated Kiska after we had landed and liquidated them at Attu.

To survive what it has, the *Salt Lake City* must have as many lives as Brigham Young used to have wives. On the day of the battle the *S.L.C.* was the only heavy cruiser in a task force headed by Rear Admiral Charles H. McMorris, now on the staff of Admiral Nimitz. One light cruiser and four destroyers comprised the rest of the American force. The enemy force they encountered consisted of two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers and six destroyers.

The scene of the battle was northwest of Attu and south of the Komandorskie Islands, part of Russian Siberia (and, incidentally, very important to us if Russia ever permits us to use Siberia as a short cut to Japan). The battle started in the gray Arctic dawn and went on for hours, with considerable damage on both sides. At noon things looked

bad for the *S.L.C.* She had taken several hits, and was dead in the water. Captain Rodgers signaled the task force admiral, who had his flag on the light cruiser: "My speed zero."

Still the *S.L.C.* continued to fire her guns, and her companion ships attacked the Japs all the harder to protect their crippled heavy. And then the miracle happened—miracles always seem to happen on the side which fights the hardest. The Japs apparently had been damaged worse than our side, for it was the Japs who turned tail and fled home, abandoning their last major attempt to reinforce Attu and Kiska . . . .

And now, the *S.L.C.*, having gone to the hospital for the second time to emerge stronger than ever, is once again loose somewhere, our oldest heavy cruiser and, to the enemy, a heavy burden indeed.

26

ANGRY DRAGON

WHEN ADMIRAL PERRY opened Japan to contact with the outside world in 1854 his flagship was the U.S.S. *Saratoga* 2d.

Now, nine decades later, with the Americans once again trying to impose modern civilization upon the feudal Nipponese, it can be revealed that the U.S.S. *Saratoga,* fifth ship to bear that name, has been living up to her glorious tradition and is preparing to spearhead the drive to Tokyo. Now, at last, it can be told that the *Saratoga* 5th, until now one of the war's unmentionables for security reasons, has distinguished herself in the assaults upon the Gilberts, Nauru, Rabaul, Buka, Carolines, Marshalls, Bougainville, New Georgia and Guadalcanal and has ambitious plans for the future.

"The *Saratoga* can be deadly when given the chance," said Admiral Halsey in a recent message of congratulation to the old carrier he once commanded.

And Admiral Frederick Sherman, who carried his flag on the *Saratoga,* described her recent operations as the most successful since the battle of Midway.

All this is sweet revenge, and plain justice, to the 3,000 men of the *Saratoga* who were subjected to rude jest for several months when she was comparatively idle and seemingly content to ride out the war in comfort and safety. During those months the *Saratoga* leisurely swung her anchor in various ports around the South Pacific. Occasionally she cruised forth for firing practice, but not once did she fire a shot in anger.

On the absurd theory that she was timid and goldbricking, the *Saratoga* was nicknamed the Reluctant Dragon and the Pond Lily. She also was labeled the Model Housing Project because she housed the largest population of any American warship, her cuisine was excellent and her tenants hardly ever had to move. If you can imagine torpedoes mixing

with the guests at the Waldorf-Astoria, the *Saratoga* could have been called the Waldorf of the Pacific.

But there was more to all this than meets the eye. The *Saratoga* was leading a sheltered, protected life because she was temporarily unexpendable. She not only was the largest and oldest carrier the United States had, but for some time she was indispensable to success in the Pacific.

"For many months you were the mainstay," Admiral Nimitz now says in lifting the veil of secrecy from the *Saratoga*.

"And as such you set a high standard for your sister ships."

When the war with Japan started, the United States had seven carriers plus the old carrier *Langley*, converted into a seaplane tender. Then we lost them all, except for the *Saratoga, Enterprise* and *Ranger*.

Today we have scores of carriers, large, medium and small escort types, with hundreds more to come if the war lasts long enough. In this renaissance of our carrier force, the backbone of any navy that has to cross the Pacific to strike at Japan, the *Saratoga* can hold her head proudly, for the Reluctant Dragon has been transformed into the Angry Dragon.

As the war goes along, the Angry Dragon can be counted upon to show her teeth again and again. At this writing, the most important and dangerous assignment ever handed to the *Saratoga* was that performed under the direction of Admiral Halsey and Rear Admiral Sherman.

Sneaking down from Truk, a large Japanese task force of cruisers and destroyers had assembled in strongly fortified Simpson Harbor at Rabaul, New Britain, with a view to striking at our Marines who were struggling to gain a foothold at Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville, there to build an airfield to strike at Rabaul. Our marines were having a tough time and, had they been hemmed in by sea as well as by land, would have been in dire straits.

But the *Saratoga*, aided by a smaller carrier, routed and crippled the Japanese task force and sent it reeling back to Truk while the Marines landed reinforcements to consolidate their Bougainville holdings.

"Here is our chance for another Pearl Harbor," the flyers of the *Saratoga* had been told on the morning of the attack by their skipper, Captain John Cassady. And, in some particulars, the attack on Rabaul

was more devastating than the attack upon Pearl Harbor. *Sara's* air group hit six enemy heavy cruisers with bombs and torpedoes and one cruiser exploded. Two light cruisers were hit, one by bombs only, another by both bombs and torpedoes. Two destroyers were torpedoed, others thoroughly machine-gunned. Twenty-four enemy planes were definitely destroyed and an additional twenty-two probably destroyed. In this decisive action, in which the second carrier's air group also played a heroic role, only two *Saratoga* planes were lost, although many planes returned like birds full of buckshot.

Six days later the *Sara* sent her planes back into Rabaul to finish the job. This time weather conditions were almost impossible, but nevertheless several Japanese ships were hit. One TBF did not return from the action. One fighter plane was lost but its pilot was rescued. There was little contact with enemy planes, the Japanese relying mainly on ack-ack.

In conjunction with our capture of the Gilberts, the *Sara* made her next major strike. One of the enemy airfields which might send planes to oppose the attack on Tarawa, Makin and Apamama was the guano island of Nauru, with one of the best airstrips in the central Pacific. Despite heavy ack-ack, the *Sara's* flyers dropped ninety tons of bombs on Nauru, losing but one plane and no personnel.

Prior to Rabaul and the Gilberts the *Saratoga* had launched four attacks on Buka and Bonis airfields, putting them out of commission as our Marines were landing on Bougainville. That was the beginning of nine strikes in nineteen days, setting a record for any American carrier.

On Pearl Harbor Day the *Saratoga* was in San Diego, loading planes and pilots for Pearl and points west. The loading job was finished overnight and the *Saratoga* sped out to Pearl and then on to Midway, where a marine squadron was delivered. The *Sara* passed two Christmas Days on the international date line. She actually got within half a day's steaming distance of Wake before being ordered back.

At the historic Battle of Midway the *Saratoga* arrived at the scene as the action was under way and, on June 8, Admiral Fletcher transferred his flag from the cruiser *Astoria* to the *Saratoga*. Since the Japanese were already on the run, the *Saratoga* rendered only supporting action.

On July 7 the *Saratoga* began a cruise which was to keep her at sea

for the record length of sixty-two days, during which she participated in two of the most important battles of the war. Spearheading the attack upon Guadalcanal, the *Sara* saw her first major action on August 7 when her air group flew more than 600 hours and registered 233 landings. Commander Don Felt, then in charge of the air group, led the attack upon the Japanese airfield at Lunga Point, Guadalcanal, which we seized and renamed Henderson Field. Commander "Bullet Lou" Kern took a flight of twenty-two SBDs to destroy enemy installations at Kukium, Lieutenant H. H. Larsen's group of seven planes protected marine landings at Tulagi and Guadalcanal. Commander Shumway's flight of twelve planes hit Tanambogo and Bungana.

Our main objective in going into Lunga (Henderson) airfield was to take it away from the Japanese and use it against them. The *Sara* flyers machine-gunned and bombed it so thoroughly that when the Marines landed the following day, the Japanese defenders had retreated beyond the field, which they were never able to recapture.

But that first landing at Guadalcanal was not easy. Lieutenant J. J. Sutherland and Lieutenant H. A. Brown hurled an eight-plane flight at a formation of forty enemy planes. In that heroic deed, the enemy was turned aside but only three of our planes returned from the attack. Another fighter group under Lieutenant R. M. Jensen and Lieutenant R. Grey shot down ten enemy dive-bombers.

Meanwhile, seven waves of Marines had landed at Blue Bay and three at Vavatin. On August 8 one more bomber attack was launched at Tanambogo before the *Saratoga's* task force withdrew to refuel and for reconnaissance.

In the next few weeks the *Saratoga* traveled close to enemy land bases and through submarine-infested waters. One submarine attack was evaded and the submarine sunk.

The Japanese sent two large task forces to get the *Sara* and her traveling companions. When the smoke of battle cleared on August 24, the *Sara's* air group had destroyed twenty-four planes; dropped two 1,000-pound bombs directly on a carrier and made at least one torpedo hit; one destroyer was sunk; one or more heavy cruisers were hit by torpedoes, and one 1,000-pound bomb hit a battleship.

In this action the *Saratoga* lost six planes.

When the *Enterprise* was attacked, fighters from the *Saratoga* helped

to ward off the attack and the *Sara* landed and refueled *Big E* planes.

This was heaping coals of fire upon the *Big E,* whose crew had often ribbed the Reluctant Dragon. Later, when the *Lexington, Yorktown, Wasp* and *Hornet* were sunk, and the *Sara* and the *Big E* were alone in the Pacific, the *Sara* returned the ribbing by pointing out:

"We are the only carrier that ever went out with you and still lives to tell the tale."

Between the Guadalcanal and Bougainville-Rabaul campaigns came the New Georgia campaign, and there again the *Sara* was a tower of strength. As part of the supporting force that kept the Japanese fleet at a respectful distance, the *Sara* cruised for thirty days in dangerous waters, but the Japanese would have none of her. They must have known of her presence, but they were not eager to engage the durable *Sara* and her task force.

Long delayed recognition showered upon the Angry Dragon after her magnificent Buka-Rabaul shows.

Congratulations flowed in from Admiral Halsey, General Arnold, Admiral King, Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur.

Little wonder, then, that the three thousand men of the *Sara* have coined a slogan of their own:

"Forget Pearl Harbor! Remember Rabaul!! On to Tokyo!!!"

They call her lucky *Sara* and she is lucky in a way. But luck alone never would have got the U.S.S. *Saratoga* so far along on the road that leads to Tokyo. More than luck is needed—planes and bombs and torpedoes. And, above all, men who are eager to fight and willing to die if need be.

Commander Howard Caldwell, air group commander of the *Saratoga,* calls it "teamwork." Caldwell knows all about teamwork. He played halfback on the famous Navy team that tied Army in the last minute at Chicago in 1926, score 21-21. It was Tom Hamilton who kicked the Frank Merriwell field goal that tied the score, but Tom (now Commander Hamilton) will be the first to admit that his educated toe would have been futile had not all those Caldwells been in there fighting the game from beginning to end.

Today the game is much bigger and Caldwell is still fighting. He still looks like a backfield star. At the age of thirty-eight there's no fat on his jutting jaw or his enormously broad shoulders. His coal-black

hair shows no gray. But his cheeks are reddened from diving through winds at 300 m.p.h. plus, and his keen eyes are mere slits from squinting at bombsights. When he relaxes and puffs at his pipe those eyes seem to be laughing but actually you never see enough of them to be sure.

As air group commander, Caldwell has terrific responsibilities, actually holds the power of life or death over the scores of daring young flyers who make up the fighter, bomber and torpedo squadrons under his command—boys who have sweethearts, wives and parents waiting for them back home. The overwhelming responsibility would be unfair and unbearable except that Caldwell is a family man himself and he's willing to risk his neck on the most dangerous mission.

Caldwell keeps no count of the hours he has flown. He does not go out on routine missions. But when there's something special in the wind, the "Old Man" leads the way for his boys. At Buka, for instance, he insisted on carrying the two-ton bomb that was planted squarely in the center of the field and did more damage than any other hit.

The last thing Commander Caldwell did before leaving his room on the *Saratoga* before dawn was to shove aside some article which a careless messboy had put in front of a framed photograph of the commander's wife and children. His last thoughts were of them. Caldwell does not impress outsiders as being highly imaginative; rather, he appears to be of the phlegmatic athletic type, but he couldn't help realizing his chances of not coming back were very good.

For Caldwell had been assigned the task of conducting the first carrier flight over Rabaul, the strongest Japanese base south of Truk. The Japanese would not welcome the intrusion, particularly since they had gathered a heavy task force there preparatory to striking at our Marines who had landed on Bougainville five days earlier.

Caldwell rode at the head of the torpedo bombers where he could have a clear view of the Japanese consternation. One moment the Japanese had seventy to eighty warships and merchantmen lying peacefully at anchor in Simpson Harbor, one of the best harbors in the Pacific, surrounded by mountains, including one smoking volcano. A moment or two later the Japanese ships were hauling anchor and frantically dodging, snaking and swishing around the harbor, leaving white wakes that from high above resembled the swirlings of so many minnows in a goldfish bowl.

As Commander Caldwell and his fighting cocks came down to Rabaul's waters, antiaircraft shells from the ships in the harbor puffed black and white all around them and Zero fighters pumped lead into their tails and wings. One bullet narrowly missed Caldwell and killed the enlisted man behind him. He was Paul Thomas Barnett, who was so preoccupied in photographing the carnage that he refused to seek protection. Caldwell's gunner, Kenneth Bratton, was wounded about the same time.

Marvelous teamwork saved Caldwell. The mission accomplished, Caldwell headed back for the carrier as the pursuing Zeros pecked away at his fuselage. A boyish ensign, Carlton Banks Roberts, from the *Sara,* stayed along with his commander, flying on his right. To his left flew a stranger, a junior lieutenant, H. M. Crockett, from a companion carrier. Each time as a Zero inched too close to one of the American planes, the two others would turn on the Zero and blast him away. Finally, Roberts's plane was so badly damaged he had to make a beeline for home. He had done all he could, and now Caldwell and Crockett carried on alone, greatly outnumbered. A Zero moved in right between them and emptied its guns into the side of Crockett's plane. Caldwell maneuvered to turn his guns against the Zero, but his damaged controls failed to respond.

"I felt like a dog," Caldwell recalls. "That boy Crockett had stuck with me all the way and saved my life more than once. Now when he needed help, my plane wouldn't respond and I couldn't bring my guns to bear. I saw that Zero unloading its guns and I didn't believe any ship could stand up to it. But Crockett kept on flying, his ship was able to take it, and the Zero retired in disgust."

Both Caldwell and Crockett got back to their respective ships. Long overdue, Caldwell had about been given up for lost, and so there were loud cheers from the men of the *Saratoga* when Caldwell's battered plane, like a wounded bird homing at dusk, made a crash landing on the teakwood flight deck.

As soon as he had reported to his superior officers and attended the burial at sea of the *Sara's* dead, Commander Caldwell sent a message to Lieutenant (j.g.) Crockett congratulating him on his courage and loyalty. As for Crockett, he had made a beautiful landing in his riddled plane.

Teamwork? Well, take the case of Lieutenant Commander Robert F. Farrington, torpedo-squadron leader. A native of Watertown, N. Y., where he was a member of track and football teams, Bob Farrington went to Annapolis, where he gained scholastic and athletic honors, thence to the battleship *Mississippi,* where he decided to take up aviation.

He won his wings at Pensacola in 1940, just in time to prepare for leadership in the big show. One of the youngest and best-looking squadron commanders in the business, Bob has a wife and two-year-old son. He survived the carrier *Lexington,* but at Rabaul it looked as if the *Saratoga* would survive him.

He did manage to get his bullet-smashed plane back to the *Sara,* but he had a wounded radioman aboard and he feared the effects of a rough crash landing on the deck, and so he risked a water landing. Fortunately, a destroyer was on hand to pick them up.

Teamwork? Leader of the *Saratoga's* bombing squadron is Lieutenant Commander James Harold Newell, stocky, red-haired, modest, who studied at Georgia Tech before he went to Annapolis, and who married an Atlanta girl and has two babies, one of whom has yet to see its father.

A veteran of the *Lexington,* Newell, while on that ship, won the Navy Cross for sinking the first Japanese carrier in the Battle of Coral Sea.

Once there were three flying Newells in the Navy. Now there are two, the third having been killed on the *Hornet.* Teamwork will avenge him.

Teamwork? Jumpin' Joe Clifton was leader of the *Saratoga's* fighting squadron at one time. Overnight he was ordered to move his squadron from the *Sara* to a new field. The torpedo and dive-bombing squadrons were sorry to see Clifton's fighters go, for it meant they would have to break in new fighters. And the Clifton crowd was sorry to go because it meant giving up the comforts of a ship for the primitive life on a coral atoll. Nevertheless, Jumpin' Joe flew off the *Sara* with a smile—and a gallon of ice cream.

Jumpin' Joe, by the way, is a character. They say he might have become an all-American football star at Annapolis had it not been for his boisterous capers. He has an inordinate weakness, too, for ice cream. As long as he was on the *Sara,* he never flew on a mission with-

out taking along a gallon of ice cream between his long legs to refresh himself against combat fatigue. One time he inserted an advertisement in the Agony Column of the *Sara's* daily press, *Plane Talk,* as follows:

> Will the party or parties who stole a gallon of ice cream won by me from the chaplain be prepared to make restitution immediately—or shall I let this war drag along indefinitely?

Another time when things were dull Jumpin' Joe issued this requisition:

> From: Com. Joe Clifton
> To: Jap Navy
> Subject: Scarcity of targets.
> 1. Please send at earliest convenience a few more targets. Sallies or Betties will do.

Notable among the *Saratoga's* enlisted men are two "plankies"—men who, having been on the ship since its commissioning, are said to own planks. The pair are Frederic (Pop) Blanchard, electrician, and Oscar Johnson, machinist.

Nor should the chief bandmaster, Jose Arollado, be overlooked. Thirty years in the Navy, this pint-size Filipino has managed to bring up eight children—a band of his own.

Commissioned in 1927, the *Saratoga* had for her first skipper, Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, who made the Japs apologize for sinking the gunboat *Panay* (which, incidentally, had been the first command of an up-and-coming skipper named Nimitz). The *Sara* has had aboard many names famous in naval aviation, such skippers and flag admirals as Bill Halsey, Jake Fitch, Duke Ramsey, Jack Towers, Black Jack Fletcher, Fred Sherman, Gerry Bogan, Henry Mullinnix and Hopalong Cassady: also John Halligan, Frederick Horne, F. R. McRary, George Steele, R. F. Zogbaum, Ken Whiting, A. C. Read and A. H. Douglas.

Saratoga is an Indian word meaning "Rock from which comes miraculous water." The ship's mascot is a fighting cock. The courage of a fighting cock, plus an occasional miracle in the nick of time, has carried the *Saratoga* through hell and high water—and torpedoes. Six times she has been sunk by the Axis radio.

The *Sara* is a great ship in many ways. She is our oldest carrier, and so far our largest. Despite her age, she still can do thirty-five knots.

She can carry 3400 persons, and displace nearly 50,000 tons. She holds many records; planes have made 75,000 landings on her deck, more by far than on any other carrier.

In the fleet the *Sara* is sometimes known as "The Ship with the girl's name," but that alone would not account for her popularity. It has been my privilege to have been aboard a number of ships (U.S.S. and H.M.S.) and never have I found a happier one than this *Sara,* at present commanded by long, lean, smiling John Cassady. Hopalong Cassady's interest in the welfare of his 3,000 fellow passengers goes so far as to arrange shipboard broadcasts to them to allay wild rumors and scuttlebutt.

If you hear scuttlebutt that the *Saratoga* was the first American carrier to sail close to Truk in a challenge to the Japs to come out and fight, it's true. As long John Cassady expresses it: "We were sent up on guinea pig runs, but they stayed securely behind their nets in the harbors."

John Cassady hates the Japs with a fine glow. When I asked him, if he had a choice, whether he would rather fight the Japs or the Germans, he exploded:

"Hell, Germans, of course! I know Germans; some of my best friends are Germans. In war they can be ruthless, even brutal, but mostly they're civilized.

"Japs? Ugh! They're uncivilized, they're barbaric, they're unclean. I feel like washing even when I think about them."

Come to think of it, the Angry Dragon has been washing up the Japs with pleasing regularity. And what old *Sara* accomplished at Guadalcanal, Munda, Buka, Bougainville, Rabaul, and Nauru is only a token of good tidings for 1944; the Marshalls, the Carolines, the Marianas—what next?

27

"WE WILL NOT DISAPPOINT"

WHEN THE ANNALS of this war are composed no chapter in our naval history will appear brighter than that of the U.S.S. *Wasp*, sunk off the Solomons. Less than three years old when she was torpedoed, the *Wasp* had had a short life and a merry one—merry in the sense that death was seldom further away than tomorrow. Particularly was this true in her last year when the *Wasp* had fought the good fight in the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

It was ironical that the speedy, hard-hitting *Wasp* should have perished in the broad Pacific after escaping the perils of the narrow Mediterranean. In June, 1942, you may recall, the situation at besieged Malta became critical. That island fortress, within flying range of Sicilian airdromes, was subjected to incessant bombing by German and Italian planes. Malta was going short of planes and flyers for defense. President Roosevelt ordered the *Wasp* out of the North Atlantic and into the Mediterranean to do a job. The *Wasp* did it. Not once but twice she ran planes into Malta, beating off savage assaults from Nazi dive-bombers. For her glorious exploits the *Wasp* was commended by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill.

Turning her back on Mare Nostrum, cutting across the familiar Atlantic and heading out into the unknown Pacific, the *Wasp* and her men had reason to feel the worst was over. The slant-eyed Japs had no ships like the *Von Tirpitz* and no planes like the Messerschmitt. As gunners, the squinty Nipponese were ranked below the German and closer to the Italian and the Rumanian. But advance estimates and calculations went wrong somewhere. Planes had to be rushed to Guadalcanal. Once again the *Wasp* was assigned to a suicidal task. On this mission courage and skill were not enough; time and luck had run out for the *Wasp*.

I lost a home and friends when the *Wasp* went down in a blaze of glory. One cannot live and travel thousands of miles on a ship as I did on the *Wasp* without feeling a deep attachment for the ship and the people who invest it with personality. I am proud to say that I knew Jack Shea, one of the outstanding heroes among the 1,800 aboard. The majority of the 1,800 were saved; Jack Shea was not.

The little boy who stood on the burning deck had nothing on my gallant friend, Jack. In the words of his skipper:

"Lieutenant Commander John J. Shea, of Boston, personally took charge of fighting the fire on the flight deck, displaying great courage and devotion to duty and disregarding the danger of exploding ammunition and debris filling the air and rapidly spreading fire. He was last seen on the flight deck just before another large explosion filled the air with fragments."

That would be Jack Shea to a T. He was the flight-deck officer of the *Wasp*. The flight deck was his assignment, his reason for being, his whole life—except for his wife and their small son back in Massachusetts. He would guard the flight deck as he would his own family.

Going aboard the *Wasp* at Saturday midnight on a convoy trip through the submarine-infested Atlantic, I made the acquaintance of Jack Shea at sunup on Sunday. The dawn patrol planes were taking off to fly several hundred miles ahead of our task force to scout for Nazi submarines and surface raiders. From a vantage point on the signal bridge I heard a stentorian shout of "Pilots, man your planes!" Out from the ready room, where they had assembled for last minute instructions, weather reports and a cup of hot coffee, the dawn patrol boys ran to their planes on the open flight deck on the port side of the huge ship. In swift succession further commands were barked:

"Stand clear of propellers!"

"Start engines!"

"Launch planes!"

The voice that launched the ships, one after another and squadron after squadron, and supervised their safe return, came from a special bridge immediately above the flight deck. The voice was loud because it came through an amplifying system.

Actually, as I discovered at mealtime at the officers' mess, Jack Shea was the softest-spoken man on the ship. He seldom spoke, and

when he spoke it was in a whisper. He was the strong silent type that you read about in fiction and rarely encounter in life. Only forty-three years old when he died on that burning deck, Jack Shea had the athletic build of a football player, which he had been at Boston College. He was six feet tall and he was hard and lean and shifty on his feet. His freckled nose was dented from personal combat, and he had red hair. If you had to fight a war on a desert isle, Jack Shea was the kind of man you would vote to take along with you.

And now let me tell a little something about another of the many heroes of the *Wasp,* Commander Mike Kernodle. My friend Mike is no Adonis; he would win no prizes for male pulchritude. In fact, he's brazenly homely. Just a great big bear of a man—a man's man.

Only recently I heard of the unique dialogue that passed between Commander Mike and the chaplain of the *Wasp* as the carrier made her first approach to Malta. The officers generally were resigned to death, but there was lively speculation as to the form and date of it.

"I don't mind dying any old time," said the chaplain. "I've lived a full life, been everywhere, seen everything. I'm prepared to meet my Maker."

"Hell, so am I," declared Commander Mike. "I'm just as prepared to die as you are, if I have to. But that's not the point. I've still got a few good licks left in me. I want to keep on living."

So what happens when Mike, who wanted to live, saw the *Wasp* settling to her grave in the South Pacific? In the language of his skipper:

"There was Commander Michael H. Kernodle, who gave lifebelts to others who couldn't swim. Kernodle and others got lines and made them fast to a dozen men." Fortunately, Commander Kernodle swam to safety.

On the *Wasp* every man lived in close communion with death. It is thus on any carrier. For carriers, while they possess tremendous striking power in their planes, are vulnerable to assault.

As I wrote from the *Wasp*:

"With fatalistic humor the officers aboard our carrier jest about our chances for survival in case an enemy submarine should slip past our screen of destroyers and deliver a telling blow. Battleships and cruisers are armored to withstand heavy blows, as well as to deliver

them. Aircraft carriers, on the other hand, do not possess the sixteen-inch armor of a battleship. And a torpedo that penetrated a carrier's armor might wreak havoc with the tanks containing thousands of gallons of high-test aviation gasoline."

Which is precisely what happened off Guadalcanal.

When I inquired about my lifejacket and my lifeboat aboard the *Wasp,* an officer teased me gently, saying:

"You'll have a choice between burning and drowning. And it's not likely to be drowning. So don't worry about that."

What was life like on the *Wasp?* Well, one worked and slept and ate and wrote letters home. As a guest of the Navy, I occupied an officer's stateroom just off the wardroom. My room was a monastic chamber, about fifteen feet by eight feet. The steel-riveted walls and ceilings were painted a pale green; the steel door was stained mahogany color. On our modern warships such as the *Wasp* nearly everything is metal. All in all, my stateroom was comfortable without being de luxe.

I imagine Jack Singer, the newspaper syndicate correspondent who was killed aboard the *Wasp,* had a room like mine, perhaps the same one. He was last seen in the adjoining wardroom typing a story for his papers, happily unaware that a bigger story was about to sweep over him. . . .

After dinner, the enlisted men who were off watch would flock to the enclosed hangar deck to witness a movie, the weather and war permitting, while the officers off duty lingered over their coffees and cokes in the wardroom and indulged in their favorite pastime of "shooting the breeze"—spinning tall tales and arguing politics. Commander Mike Kernodle and the chaplain were the champion debaters, with various others urging them on.

Sitting on the sidelines, smiling quizzically and saying little, would be Commander Jack Shea. Always he was the first to quit the pleasant company.

"Good night, gentlemen," Shea would say. "I've got to catch some sleep before launching that dawn patrol at 3:30."

It may be that Jack Shea, before turning in, wrote to his wife somewhat in the manner of his famous last letter to his five-year-old son Jackie, in which he said:

"Fighting for the defense of our country, ideals, home and honor is an honor and a duty which your daddy has to do before he can come home to settle down with you and mother. Don't ever be a quitter. . . ."

Before me as I write now is a copy of the *Wasp's* paper, aptly named *The Stinger,* published aboard ship for information and entertainment. At its masthead I read such historic battle cries as:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."
"Don't give up the ship."
"I have not yet begun to fight."
"Damn the torpedoes, go ahead."

But the fighting slogans in *The Stinger* which appeal most to me, as I think they did to Jack Shea, Mike Kernodle and all the men of the *Wasp,* were simply:

"Will you have me surrender to a drop of water?"

And:

"That fellow wants to fight and we will not disappoint him."

BOOK FOUR

Lives of Victors

28

PARIS OF THE PACIFIC

IN OUR PREVIOUS war the professional worriers of Tin Pan Alley sang something like "How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm, After They've Seen Paree?" In this war, until we reach Paris again, let's worry a little about Noumea, colorful Noumea, alias Pacific Paradise.

Thousands of our soldiers, sailors and marines have passed through Noumea, bound for the Solomons and the New Hébrides, or for Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea and New Britain, or even for India. Noumea, capital of New Caledonia, a French colony, is at the crossroads of the South Pacific, and American planes and troop ships have been doing a lot of crossing. Just as the worst atrocities of World War I were perpetrated by A.E.F. veterans spinning interminable yarns about the delights and perils of Montmartre and Montparnasse, so will generations yet unborn be entertained with fancy tales beginning, "Now when I was in Noumea——"

Some Frenchman with a sense of humor has called Noumea the Paris of the Pacific. A more realistic historian has labeled Noumea a

twin sister to Port Said. Well, it is in a way. Like Port Said, it's a seaport, though not nearly so sinister. In a bush-league way, it's gay like Paree, but most of the gaiety is due to the friendly invasion by Americans. Before that New Caledonia had housed a penal colony which doesn't make for fun and games. One scarcely seeks pleasure in a Devil's Island.

Noumea fairly drips with color and fragrance. Along the asphalted avenues where leafy flamboyant trees blossom flamboyantly crimson in season, and open, dengue-breeding sewers ripple in and out of season, American warriors, Aussie engineers, New Zealand Wacs and Dutch merchant mariners jostle grinning black Melanesians, who were cannibals and head-hunters before they became clothes-wearing Christians; slinking coffee-colored Tonkinese and Javanese, imported as indentured servants; and dour white French, who don't like to be reminded that some are descendants of libérés (liberated convicts).

Once somnolent Noumea is now as noisy as hell on a swing shift. Our brash, jolting jeeps, peeps and amphibious alligators and ducks race madly through the dusty streets, intimidating ancient Renaults, Citroëns, Peugeots, Boullets, Unics and Mancs, with their bewildered, plaintive beep-beeps. The hungry, mangy, flea-bitten mongrel dogs that used to sprawl and nap in the middle of the streets during siesta periods have learned better. Americans working day and night to win the war don't recognize siestas.

If you see a healthy, well-fed dog in Noumea, you can be sure he's been adopted by one of the American camps which have Spam to spare, tons of it. Incidentally, Admiral Halsey keeps his Schnauzer pup Bolo up at Pearl Harbor, which gave rise to the saying that Noumea wasn't fit for a dog.

The brilliant flamboyants and the spreading banyan trees give sunny Noumea what beauty it has. The buildings are mainly one and two-story affairs of stucco, wood or tin, painted delicate pastel shades. When the paint has been adquately neglected for decades, red rust shows through, and the gentle South Seas weather softens the whole color scheme into faint, faded pinks and blues, yellows and greens, which fascinate the artistic eye. Positively Maugham and Gauguin, they are.

Before this war, few Americans had heard of Noumea. Except for the war, few Americans would waste an hour there. As it is, thousands spend days and weeks there, awaiting transportation. And other thousands pass months and years there, operating training camps, replacement centers, supply depots, and hospitals for people who have come down the line with lead poisoning or malaria. On the outskirts of Noumea, on a green, sloping hill, there's a new American cemetery with hundreds of neat, well-tended graves, mostly filled with absent-minded truck drivers who forgot that traffic signs reading *Sens Interdit* mean No Thoroughfare, and *Sens Obligatorie* is equivalent to No Turns.

Every American in the Pacific now knows of Noumea. Much to the sorrow of the French citizens, the Yanks refuse to take Noumea seriously. Instead, they talk spoofingly of Mad Noumea, the Noumea Nightmares and Noumea-rosis, and they sing "Snafu Is the Word for Noumea."

Until recently Noumea was strictly hush-hush; censors would cut all mention of it out of correspondence. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who has set so many precedents, set another in her South Seas tour when she wrote in her "My Day" column of seeing Admiral Halsey at his headquarters in Noumea. Still, Eleanor was not the first to let the cat out of the bag. There was an occasion when Admiral Halsey broadcast From Somewhere in the Pacific concerning the wonders of naval aviation, and the blabbermouth announcer in the States could be heard plainly shouting to the whole world, including the Nipponese:

"Are you ready, Noumea? Come in Noumea, come in Noumea."

In the beginning the New Caledonian government was Vichyite and cool to Americans. Then there was promoted a bloodless revolution and the new DeGaullist government welcomed American intervention. That welcome mat is still out, but it is getting scuffed and worn; and there is an articulate number of the French who would like to yank it from under our boots, now that the menace of Japanese invasion has been dispersed.

The truth is that the Americans and French, living together as one great big family, have had their arguments and troubles, as relatives, friends and allies will. The chief irritant is that Noumea is horribly overcrowded, and we have been pushing the sensitive French off their

sidewalks, and out of their cafés and hotels, and even out of their dwellings in some cases. Moreover, we have grumbled about French profiteering, unmindful that profiteering has high priority in wartime, and that a colonial Frenchman has just as much right to make a sucker of an American hero as do the American black-marketeers back home.

Next to New Guinea, New Caledonia is the largest island in the Pacific, yet before the war there weren't a baker's dozen of Americans in Noumea, which had a scant population of 12,000 and boasted it was the second largest town in the South Pacific, second only to Suva, capital of the Fijis. Since then hundreds of thousands of fun-loving Americans have moved into New Caledonia, and Noumea is bursting at the seams and running short on food and drink and tempers. (Normally a conservative, rather religious town, Noumea has augmented its usual conveniences by sanctioning a local bordello, closely regulated and functioning in a respectable residential section, and known to the patrons as the Pink House for the identifying reason that it is established in a many-roomed house with magnificent pink stucco walls.)

Barely beating the ambitious Japanese forces to New Caledonia, General Patch and Admiral Ghormley moved up from New Zealand two years ago. Spreading good cheer, good will and perhaps a little silver, the diplomatic Patch took over Noumea without firing a shot. The French did erect two concrete pillboxes along their main street, Rue Sebastopol, but that was merely in case their own revolution got nasty. The coup d'état proved bloodless, though far from wordless, and lately the ugly pillboxes have been razed, signifying, to many naïve Noumeans, that the war is over and the Americans can, please, go home, and quick.

The proud American Navy, or what was left of it after Pearl Harbor, made rendezvous for many months in and around Noumea. Admiral Ghormley and his successor, Admiral Halsey, lived in skimpy quarters aboard the barnacled tender *Argonne,* anchored between Noumea and Ile Nou. Steady expansion of his staff compelled Halsey to seek quarters ashore, around about New Year's Day, 1943. Since then the war has moved north, and the staff has moved with it.

Throughout New Caledonia we have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in construction of airfields, docks and other permanent in-

stallations, which the French confidently expect to inherit within six months after the war is ended. Unless their confidence is misplaced, New Caldonia affords a perfect example of America's carefree generosity, of America's inhumanity to the American taxpayer.

If, when the war is won, we shuffle out of New Caledonia, we shall have surrendered a vital strategic base bought dearly in blood and money. The French, to be sure, will be glad to see us go; right now they are prepared to hand us our hats and to ask, politely, what's our hurry.

As for our boys in sunny, colorful, flamboyant, gay Noumea, they're homesick—and you can have the Paree of the South Pacific. They'll take Peoria!

29

LIVE IN A HUT—AND LIKE IT!

MILLIONS of American boys serving in the armed forces the world over are becoming hut-minded, hut-conditioned. They actually are living in huts—and liking it. They have to; they have no choice. With the American genius for making the best of matters, they have developed a genuine affection for their huts. After the war is won and they are mustered out to return to their big homes in town or country, they swear they intend to erect a little hut in the back yard or on the front lawn just for old time's sake. If one has a doghouse in the yard for the family pet, why not a hut for the fighting man of the family as a symbol of how one lives through a war?

Glamorization of the lowly hut is a phase of modern war that has not been reported adequately. Until the present war broke out, the word "hut" generally connoted poverty, squalor, depression and defeat. Up-and-coming men with an eye on success ahead had no acquaintance

with huts. Huts were associated with misery and meanness—my Oxford dictionary defines a hut as a "small mean house of rude construction," with no hint that life in a hut can be lots of fun, provided the hut is filled with American boys who refuse to let a mere war quench their high spirits and good humor.

A war correspondent friend of mine, accredited to both the Army and the Navy, has remarked sagely: "On a ship you may die like a dog, but you live like a gentleman." To which another rejoins: "On land you may live like a dog——"

We all know that life on a warship, aside from the constant dangers, can be pleasant. The United States Navy prides itself on keeping its ships spick-and-span; when the crews aren't firing the guns, they're polishing the brightwork or holystoning the teakwood decks. Hard work makes for sharp appetites, and Navy food is tasty and substantial, as I can testify. Warships are healthy homes, one reason being that they are free of insect activity, notably the pesky mosquitoes that spread malaria, dengue and elephantiasis.

But not everyone likes the sea. For them life ashore in a hut can be a bit of all right. There are some who honestly prefer hut life to a more sumptuous existence.

Take the case of General Walter Krueger, the hard-boiled soldier's soldier who led our expeditionary forces into New Britain. When he went out to Australia he was assigned a spacious, modernistic suite of rooms in Brisbane's newest luxury hotel, downtown and miles away from his army encamped out in the country for training purposes. Gruff, plain-spoken Krueger put up at the hotel only a few days. Checking out in a huff, correspondents heard him swearing as he stormed through the ornate marble lobby:

"Damn it all, a hotel's no place for a soldier, not even for a general. I belong out in the mud with my men."

And out went the general, out into the mud, the gummy mud that was dotted with row after row of lackluster huts and mildewed tents. The general was more at home there, and his men respected him for his practical demonstration of democracy in a people's war. After all, a general is the head of a family (an army) and should stick close to his family.

In the last war our soldiers lived mainly in trenches, tents and cha-

teaux. Tents are still *de rigueur* in this war, but, at least in the Pacific, your trench is a shallow foxhole which you share with sand crabs, and your chateau is a "mean" hut.

American military huts run to three types—Quonset, Dallas and Niessen. The Quonset (born in Quonset, Mass.) is a long oval-shaped structure of corrugated sheet metal which resembles a railroad baggage car or an experimental wind tunnel, especially the latter when the abnormally articulate denizens are indulging in the conversational therapy known as "shooting the breeze" or "chewing the fat." The Dallas (made in Dallas, Tex.) is a squarish, prefabricated cardboard contraption, cool enough for the equatorial regions and flimsy enough to admit chameleons and other friendly little visitors. The Niessen (who, what or where Niessen is, I know not) is tinnish and similar to the Quonset, but having weatherproof doors and no windows is more suitable for gusty places like Iceland, where I saw my first Niessen.

Having sampled all types, I confess I'm an old Quonset man, myself. The Navy in the Pacific has gone in for Quonsets in a big way to house their forces who are ashore for one reason or another. The Army and the Marines likewise regard the Quonset as the *dernier cri.*

The peculiar charm of life in a Quonset dawned upon me at Shipwreck Isle, a naval replacement station which afforded temporary residence to fresh apple-cheeked young ensigns awaiting orders to Somewhere in the Pacific, and weary survivors from the lost *Chicago* and *Aaron Ward,* from the *DeHaven* and *Chevalier,* from the *Quincy, Vincennes* and *Astoria,* from the *Hornet, Wasp* and *Lexington* and other sunken ships, who were awaiting assignment to new ships or, better still, furloughs home.

We were crowded at Shipwreck Isle. Each Quonset, about the size of a Pullman car, a little wider and not so long, held twelve frail canvas-and-wood cots, in two rows of six each, with a narrow shin-barking gangway between. The Spartan utilitarian furnishings comprised a mosquito net not always free of holes; a metal shelf for toilet articles; and an old tin can for reception of cigarette butts, used matches, discarded orange peel and apple cobs, etc. This type of tin chalet has plasterboard insulation that keeps most, but not quite all, of the rain out. At the end of the hut are two screen doors which are opened often enough to let mosquitoes and flies swarm in. Spiders and chameleons

don't need the doors, they come in through the loose floor planking. One is never lonely, if one can make friends with the insect world.

What the huts lack in paint and chairs and tables they make up in fancy names. Each hut is designated Miss Arkansas, Miss Colorado, Miss New Jersey, Miss New York, Miss Pennsylvania, Miss Tennessee, and so on, calling the roll of states. (Battleships, too, are named after the states, but so far we have more huts than battlewagons, though the latter are coming along nicely, too.)

Looking back on Shipwreck Isle, it wasn't half bad. We all griped about the mosquitoes under our nets, the oozy, clinging mud and the jagged, coral rock beyond our doorsteps, and the unwanted, dehydrated food around the corner at the mess hall, but what really got us down was the chorus of peach-fuzzed ensigns who materialized every sunup at the foot of our beds. Awakened by the amplified bugle at 5:30 every morning, these uniformed urchins leaped forth to sing cheerful chanteys or to gossip about mutual friends they had back in Camden, Merchantville, Sylvan Glen and Joplin. They could not understand why older folk wanted peace and quiet until 6 A.M., let us say.

For those who like to stay up late at night, that is, beyond 7 P.M., movies are shown close to the hutteries. However, the cinema is seldom as entertaining as the censors. One day, for example, the censors gravely announced over the loudspeakers that from now on we should not underline words in letters home, nor should we use terms of endearment such as "Ooh" or "XXX," nor should we go in for mystic farewells like "Swak."

"What do they mean by 'Swak'?" asked a weather-beaten C.P.O. who had been torpedoed off a tanker.

"Why," said a scornful ensign, "I thought everybody knew 'Swak' stands for 'Sealed with a Kiss.'"

Ensigns are all right in their place, once you get accustomed to them. As a matter of fact, we missed them when later we moved to the Quonset village known as Snob Hill which housed the majority of Admiral Halsey's COMSOPAC staff. Snob Hill derived its dubious name from envious ensigns and other junior officers who were ineligible for admission and had to tent and rough it at a less exclusive resort known as Club 13.

Our new hut was Number 8 among a score or so arranged neatly

like chocolate drops in a display window. The day we moved our locker trunks in we drew a humble sign to christen our home-from-home the Eight Ball, but others referred to our windswept chamber as the Nellie Bly Clam Chowder Club or the Red Dog Literary, Debating and Benevolent Society. To the inside of our warped screen door there was affixed a hand-painted black-and-white sign which read:

Be sure to
SLAM HELL
out of the door.
Maybe some tired —— [Editor's note: bastard]
is trying to sleep:
But hell, don't let a little
thing like that
Stop you!

That sign served its purpose. People who would never think of closing a door to exclude flies now slammed the door with muscular malice if only to keep up late sleepers who had come down with combat fatigue or malaria.

At Snob Hill, as at every Hut-sut-on-the-rillerah, every little pied-à-terre has a name of its own. Back in the States you have villas named Mountain View or Buena Vista or Mortgage Manor. Out here we have a hut with a beautiful red, white and blue sign with the name "Com-SouSouse-Pac" and the legend underneath: "We sacketh out."

Halfway up the steep hill some wine-conscious Californians live in the "Pristine Temperance League, Hope Chapter No. 2," with a slogan "Golden Gate by '48." Their centerpiece has a Poe-like raven with a hangover, croaking "Nevermore." From this high artistic standard the hut names descend to the depth of "Jungle Jim's Juke Joint."

Speaking of jukes, the great problem in hut life is to separate the sheep and the goats, the perpetually tired fellows who want to sleep from dusk until dawn, and the tireless playboys who would rather frolic through the night. The hut next door to us solves this dilemma amicably. The eight cots in the hut are allotted two-thirds of the tunnel-like room and this dormitory is curtained off and darkened early each night. The remaining third is converted into a miniature South Seas cabaret with two folding chairs, a folding table with a red-and-white checker-cloth cover, a portable gramophone with "Pistol Packin'

Mamma" and "Night Train to Tennessee," and, marvel of marvels, a purloined refrigerator with sardines, cheese, crackers and, too seldom, a cold bottle. This front-parlor club keeps its unfrosted lights on until around midnight, and the bright red curtains attract lonely wayfarers from the neighboring huts. There is never enough cheese and beer to go around, but good fellowship is unlimited.

Sometimes songs are sung against a contrapuntal background of snoring from the rear two-thirds. The latter have the last laugh as they arise early, fresh as a daisy to tend the Victory garden, of roses, radishes and tomatoes, which they have planted between huts. As for the neighbors, if the midnight harmony is not to their liking, they can relieve and express their feelings by stepping outside and casting a few coral stones against the tin roof. The stones bounce off the tin with a noise like ack-ack, and the roar is usually accepted as a form of criticism, if not musical appreciation.

In the last war Irving Berlin wrote the line "Some Day I'm Going to Murder the Bugler." I've never shared that homicidal sentiment. If you have to stir your stumps when the bugle blows, well, it's no worse than responding to a brassy alarm clock, or to the muted strains of a violin, as some pacifist professor suggested to replace the traditional bugle.

At Snob Hill we are awakened at 5:30 by the bugler sounding reveille in the Marine camp below us. The bugler does his stuff in swift succession from all four corners of the camp and sometimes it seems that he is right in our back yard, next to the ghostly, silvery barrage balloons. The bugler blows everything he has into the reveille and even swings it for good measure. Feeling that he should be encouraged, we wake up to listen to his boogie-woogie arrangements, after which, with a clear conscience, we turn the other cheek on the pillow to slumber until 7 or 7:30. (Breakfast deadline, for officers, is 8 A.M.)

In the evening, after a hard day's work, ashore or afloat, the hutted saints relax over movies, movies that are simply out of this world. Occasionally you get something Grade A like Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down" or Thurber's "Male Animal," but more often we have Grade B quickies and oldies like "Romance on the Rio Grande" with Cesar Romero and Ricardo Cortez, or "The Yukon Trail" with Bryant Wash-

burn and Herbert Rawlinson. (Next week: "Broken Blossoms" with Lillian Gish.)

Some of our generals and admirals—not all, praise be—live in fine houses behind the lines. I prefer to think of my heroes living in huts, tents and foxholes. I remember dropping in on Guadalcanal to visit Admiral Pete Mitscher, who cared not how he lived just so he could kill Japs. Commanding our Solomons air force, grizzled, bald Pete had his office in a Dallas hut and lived in a similar shack. His sole concession to sybaritic standards was a water closet. After all, an admiral is entitled to something extra. For everybody else, star-and-crescent outhouses were provided. Some day somebody will write about the Pacific war in relation to Chic Sale, but that's another story.

Within the bounds of good taste, I have tried to depict hut life as I know it. I won't pretend that life in a hut is heaven on earth. Too many creature comforts are lacking, including plumbing. What plumbing you have is far up the hill or down the hill. Climbing a steep, muddy hill in wooden clogs with a towel wrapped around your waist and a toilet kit under your arm is a real test of grace and nonchalance, particularly when it's raining or a hurricane is raising the tin roofs.

One goes for months and years without seeing a bathtub. Taking a cold shower in a half-open frame shack with the wind whistling through is scarcely a pleasure, but it serves. Like dehydrated spinach, it's good for you if you can stand it. And it's the least of the problems attendant upon fighting a war; it's a shame to divert our manpower to install hot water and kindred luxuries. Snob Hill lost some of its vigor when hot water was laid on.

Despite our incessant griping, we never minded much about our rocky canvas cots at Shipwreck Isle or our single beds with sagging wooden slats at Snob Hill. A bed's a bed, and weren't the sheets changed once a week? (Frankly, not always.) If one must sleep alone, it doesn't matter greatly whether one has an army cot or a silken canopy. The interminable mud and dust, the inability to keep clean, plus the bullets and torpedoes, can be annoying, but the only thing that counts is the absence from one's loved ones. . . .

What with man-to-man talk, boyish horseplay, good books, frequent cinemas, corny gramophones and a cold coke or a rare tin of beer, our hut boys of 1944 pass the time between battles. Many of

them have wives and children or sweethearts. Therein is the worse part about war. Far worse than the physical discomforts—inadequate housing, food, sanitation and transportation—is the feeling of being isolated from dear ones. That, rather than shot and shell, is what makes war hell.

But if one has to dwell in hell—make mine a Quonset hut, with cheery red curtains, please!

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"ALL WAR AND NO PLAY——"

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, the Carolina newspaper editor who became Secretary of the Navy under President Woodrow Wilson, banned liquor from our warships, but it may return when he dies. One hears scuttlebutt that the aged Mr. Daniels, once known as Grapejuice Joe for his pioneering in prohibition, has begged his protégé, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, not to return liquor to navy craft as long as he (Daniels) lives. This is only scuttlebutt and I do not vouch for it, but the fact is that President Roosevelt who restored legal liquor to the nation more than a decade ago has not done as much for the Navy. Mr. Roosevelt, who served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Daniels, is intensely loyal to the man he still calls Boss.

This does not mean that Navy men never get a chance to wet their whistles. Quite the contrary. Out on the briny deep they are teetotalers and have no choice about it, but when they go on liberty or leave, they escape from the clutches of prohibition and are free to drink like any other American. Some even try to make up for lost time.

"When two British officers meet they form a club; when two Americans meet, they stand watch."

Thus an old saying which is not altogether true any more. Americans

still stand watches but they are also organizing clubs like mad and they now have more than the British. One small island I visited had five American clubs with more in prospect. If the war lasts long enough we should have hundreds of clubs, scattered all the way from Tonga to Tokyo, from Pago Pago to Peking.

Advice on how to drink properly is volunteered at some of our Pacific outposts. At the Naval Officers' Club, Nukualofa, Tongatabu, the neat little bar, jammed with beer-drinking New Zealanders and Americans, displays this notice over the cash register:

> Abandon rank all ye who enter here.
> If you can't drink, DON'T.

At the Officers' Club, Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides, members are cautioned to button their lips, to discuss no military or naval secrets, and, in fact, to speak only of the following (reasonably safe) subjects:

1. Hedy Lamarr.
2. Brooklyn Bums.
3. Portland Rose Festival
4. Hedy Lamarr.

A British officer once told me jestingly: "We have a secret formula to beat your American Navy inside of six weeks. We won't have to turn a hand; we'll merely let you wear yourself out standing watches, maintaining blackouts, and running to General Quarters every dawn and dusk."

There was something in what he said. Having had more wars than us, the British take them more in their stride. I noticed the contrast on an occasion when an American convoy anchored in the same harbor with a British task force. The American warships bustled with activity; the British hardly stirred. At sundown we blacked out religiously; the British kept their portholes open with light streaming out. Our wooden decks were scrubbed like a Dutch kitchen; the British decks, frankly, were dirty.

But the British had been at war two years before us; they had learned to ignore the lesser things, to relax and to conserve their strength for the next battle. It was a lesson to watch them relax. I remember being invited to dine aboard H.M.S. *Shropshire*. In one corner of the wardroom, fitted up like an exclusive men's club in Pall Mall, was a tiny bar where officers gathered, two and three deep, and

inhaled their whiskies, wines and brandies, told stories and recited limericks. No one was in a hurry to eat, unlike the American ships where men race to dinner and wolf their victuals, pausing only to gulp ice water. After an hour or so we sat down to a full-course dinner, being served Chablis with the fish, burgundy with the meat, and Port and Cognac with the dessert and demitasse. Then we were invited to join the captain in his private suite, where we sat in comfortable leather chairs around a fireplace and enjoyed coffee royals. On a capital ship, the captain, by tradition, always dines alone, and he can be a lonely man. But there is nothing to keep him away from the wardroom after dinner, and presently this skipper led us back to the bar for more whiskies and brandies. The gay bar was still functioning after midnight when we departed for our dry and dark battleship.

What may be good for the British is not necessarily good for the Americans. By and large, the British know how to handle their liquor. For generations a ration of grog (a mixture of rum and water) has been passed out to the enlisted men aboard British men-o'-war. In recent years the ratio of rum to water has been decreased. Because of this, or maybe because they're thrifty, more and more of the Limeys are passing up their grog for a cash allowance, something like tuppence daily.

In lieu of grog, soda fountains and "coke" iceboxes are being installed on American ships large enough to accommodate them. But when our sailors get on the beach, many search for something stronger than a double banana-split. For them beer gardens are being provided where possible; hard liquor is still denied them, on land as at sea. The general rule laid down is that beer gardens and other recreational facilities must be provided for the enlisted men before their officers open bars of their own. Officers and men from the ranks are not permitted to drink together or to fraternize in any way.

Americans have had a reputation around the world for being notoriously poor drinkers. This may be because they are party drinkers and week end drinkers rather than steady, around-the-clock practitioners. Your Frenchman, for example, is weaned on wine, and your Englishman who goes to bed with a whisky wakes up with an ale, to sample a hair of the dog that bit him. Your American, on the other hand, won't space his tippling; he prefers to take aboard a week's sup-

ply in one night or one hour. Result: Never again; so he says until the next time.

The Daniels no-drinking dictate created resentment when it was announced. That resentment persists, but among naval officers I found far from unanimous demand for seagoing bars. Navy people don't see why they should have been singled out for our first experiment in prohibition. They say they can hold the stuff as well as the next fellow. In the same breath they will admit the other fellow doesn't hold it any too well either, and that liquor aboard ships might add to the problems in discipline. They are willing to let well enough alone, just as it is, provided they can get ashore every week or two and break their fast with a cool, tall one.

This they usually can do, but they must hit the beach before dinner. At most officers' clubs, beer is dispensed during the afternoons; spirits are put on sale at 4 or 5 o'clock. What with the shortages and the black market back home, and the long haul out to the Pacific, the bars often run dry about 6 or 7 P.M. when the daily quota is exhausted. I have known people to start on beer, switch to scotch, bourbon and rye as it became available, and finish up with Australian hospital brandy or Triple Sec, or whatever liqueur remained on the mahogany.

Prices are low inasmuch as beer and liquor are shipped tax free to the armed forces. Our warriors can buy a quart of bonded liquor for $1.50.

Whenever a cargo ship anchors with food, liquor and other supplies, there is a rush to unload the liquor first. Wine mess treasurers have been known to go out in small boats to be present when the holds are opened. Otherwise, the crews sometimes help themselves.

The horrors of war were brought home to a certain club which received a "Restricted" message from the West Coast. (Navy messages are marked Confidential, Restricted or Secret to keep them from falling into enemy hands.) This Restricted message read:

"We have no whisky. So you'll take wine and like it."

Things went from bad to worse. Came the day when the club had to post a rather humiliating notice:

"Nothing but champagne available."

California champagne, at that.

Figuratively clubbing our way to victory, the Americans have more clubs, and bigger and better clubs, than the British or even the Japanese. The Nips are hard drinkers after working hours and like to saturate themselves in saki and beer (excellent beer, for imitators).

I got my first taste of South Pacific club life at the port of Vila in Efate where my transport touched overnight. It was a beautiful sight as the moon rose high over a green hillside studded with white cottages, with red and green tiled roofs. On closer inspection, we found pigs and horses quartered within easy smelling distance of the modernistic bungalows. A Marine sentry was posted outside the Club Nouvelles Hebrides, which was Off Limits because of gambling, leprosy or something. This was a French-Chinese joint with a dingy bar and a brightly illuminated crap table.

There were four other clubs in the village—army, navy, marine and doctors'. The doctors, from a St. Louis unit stationed at the local hospital, had the most attractive club as they were in a position to commandeer the nurses.

Chinese laborers and merchants chattered in the doorways as American jeeps rolled by on business and pleasure bent. Our sentry informed us the French villagers were Vichyites. He said they highhatted the Americans but would take homemade cookies and other delicacies to Jap flyers who had been shot down and lodged in the village jail. We dampened his indignation upon reaching the marines' club. Being an enlisted man, he could not drink with the officers, but we brought him out a cold Budweiser and he forgot about the cookies he had missed.

Oldest club in the South Pacific is on the island of Ile Nou, opposite Noumea. Patronized by jolly, singing New Zealanders and Americans, it is a homey, unpretentious hangout with a two-by-four bar, a little green baize table and a little Tonkinese servant named Lum who, like most Orientals, is wild about gambling. Upon no urging whatever, Lum will produce dice and a dime and challenge: "Shoot you crop, shoot you crop."

Club Des Slot is the cryptic name of a Guadalcanal refreshment parlor. "Des" is navy abbreviation for destroyers and "Slot" is the channel along the Solomons where our destroyers used to intercept the Tokyo Express and the Bougainville Barge Line.

When the officers' club was opened at Espiritu Santo, in a couple

of Quonset huts lavishly decorated with bamboo, it boasted the longest bar in the Pacific, seventy-five feet, but at that it was crowded so that membership was denied to all but navy men, which didn't set well with the army. The army and the Seabees soon opened their own clubs, as did the junior naval officers. The junior officers had the most fun of all. Where other clubs had enlisted men waiting on bar, the junior officers took turns working their own bar and had as much fun as a white-aproned Milwaukee householder in his own rathskeller.

Pearl Harbor has had its officers' club for years, one of the features that made Pearl very good duty before the war. There one may recline in easy chairs and have beer before lunch and highballs before dinner. One or two afternoons a week, open-air dances are held, and Navy nurses, beautiful and otherwise, are in great demand. With much gold-braid in evidence, the atmosphere is as decorous as a Martha Washington hotel. Artie Shaw's service band has played there. Flag officers have a special section reserved for them, the Calhoun Room, named in honor of a teetotaler, Vice Admiral William Lowndes Calhoun, who likes to sit there and contemplate fruit juices.

A practical step toward co-ordination and eventual unification of the armed forces was taken at Noumea when, with the consent of Admiral Halsey, a French hostelry, Hôtel Grand du Pacifique, was converted into a club open not only to navy officers but to army and marine officers, and Red Cross and USO workers and WACS.

In the years to come Noumea and the Pacifique probably will be the setting for many novels and movies just as Tahiti, Bora Bora, Samoa and other South Sea isles have been in the past. Imagine a rambling rococo, two-story hotel, of carmine brick and beige carved woods. Around the upper floor there runs a long balcony from which guests can look down upon the goings-on below. At night the balcony is illuminated by ruby chandeliers giving forth a come-on glow like the alluring red globes one used to see in chemist's shop windows.

At five o'clock every evening a ship's bell is sounded to announce that hard stuff is on tap, not that any announcement is needed, for the customers are always waiting and crouching to be first in. Opening night we all walked, instead of running, for Admiral Halsey was on hand to lead the procession and give the blessing. We were suitably impressed by the presence of many brass hats, and by the size of the

bar, eighty feet long, five feet more than the one at the Santo bar. I was flattered when Admiral Halsey came over to me and remarked enthusiastically:

"This is the biggest bar this side of Shanghai. Let's move it out to Shanghai. We will some day."

Charley (Chuck) Rawlings of *The Saturday Evening Post* overheard the Admiral and declared that it was one of the best interviews Halsey, always a soul of brevity, had ever given.

Never was there a place quite like Hôtel Grand du Pacifique. Upstairs there are rooms (and mosquito nets) for tired, transient officers, and there is a waiting list for the rooms which are in demand because of their convenience to the recreations below. Directly under the rooms is the "longest bar in the Pacific." Outside is a formal garden à la Tuileries with marble-topped tables, park benches and a goldfish pool. Beyond the garden is a concrete patio where a wooden dance floor has been erected about the size of the Stork Club's or El Morocco's. Saturday night, when dances are staged there, signs are posted:

"No Stags Allowed At Dances"

Which means the poor stags have to drown their loneliness and other sorrows in the accepted fashion. Drinking is permitted outdoors as well as indoors, and it is nothing unusual to see three hundred to four hundred officers enjoying themselves, singing "Bless 'em All" or "Waltzing Matilda," and trying to forget they are ten thousand miles and two years from home.

At first the bar was open nights as late as 11 o'clock, but the shortage of spirits and glasses gradually brought closing time down until 7 or 8. Some nights there are when the bar is closed completely, having run out of beer, champagne and everything. The third day the club was open, the then head of the club, Major General Barney Vogel, posted a warning against excessive breakage of glassware, which he defined as one form of conduct unbecoming an officer.

Things got so rigorous we had to drink spirits out of old beer cans, and beer straight out of the bottle. It gave us a sense of sacrifice and co-operation in the war effort with the people back home who, as we heard it, were suffering, too.

Accompanied invariably by his enormous Great Dane dog, Barney,

a large man himself, used to drop around evenings to look the place over and make sure that officers and ladies were behaving as such and preserving the glassware. The club was a success from the opening bell and in no time had reimbursed charter members for their original subscriptions of $15 each to buy liquor and slot machines.

The machines are something of a memorial to Major Charles Paddock (better known as "Mile-a-Minute" Charley, the Olympic sprinter), who was killed along with marine General Upshur in a plane crash at Sitka, Alaska. Incidentally, I once visited the B.O.Q. (Bachelors' Officers' Quarter) at Sitka and enjoyed the two slot machines there, but that was picayunish compared to the games we had at the Pacifique, thanks to Paddock.

Seems that a marine major on Barney's staff went to 'Frisco with a $20,000 check to buy wine and things. He got the wine, but slot machines were outlawed and not to be had in the open market. Then the major thought of his old pal Paddock, the sprinter-turned-publisher. A leading citizen now, Charley had become a reformer and civic crusader. He headed a civic betterment league which campaigned against gambling and confiscated slot machines which were put away in a warehouse where the one-armed bandits could no longer rob school children. Charley Paddock agreed that war changes all, and slot machines might be looked upon as morale builders if shipped across the Pacific. So out they came and merrily they cranked and groaned, and (too rarely) gushed forth. The first week alone their take was $8,000, and soon they paid off the overhead and began contributing to war charities. The machines deserve a D.S.M. or something. And the suckers should get Purple Hearts.

At that, slot machines are a choicer evil than dice. Both forms of taking a chance were originally available at the Pacifique, but the crap table, erected in the garden under the niaouli trees, had to be dismantled after the second night, owing to violent differences of opinions among the shooters and the faders. With the slot machines, there can be no arguments. When the machines jam, the enlisted men manning the bar make good for the management.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull tar—opening of the Pacifique filled a gaping void in South Pacific social life. Until then night life for the officer set had been largely restricted to something more worthy

of Port Said or Shanghai, the Cercle de Noumea, known to us as the Cercle.

Transportation being what it is in wartime, whiskies, wines and beers have always been scarce in these thirsty regions. For months nothing whatever was available except at the Cercle. At 4 o'clock each afternoon parched pilgrims would wend their way to the Cercle, climb a rickety stair to the second floor, pass through a door with broken glass in the frame, sidestep a large gambling table in the darkened room, and cry out:

"Charley, *un double rhum, s'il vous plaît.*"

Charley was a villainous, greasy Tonkinese who presided behind a fly-specked bar and charged fifty cents for "doubles" of Butterfly rhum, Pernod, Vermouth and brandy. "Singles" to be had for twenty-five cents were too small for drinking men.

The stuff served was made on the island, vile in taste and after-effects. Sometimes the house ran out of the stuff altogether; the still hadn't been working that day, we figured.

The club was managed by a sallow, ulcerated, mean-looking Gaul who requested that he be called Charlot rather than Charley, which is commonly applied to Orientals. We called Charlot M'sieur l'assassin, and worse. He was married to a spunky little Italian refugee from Madagascar who helped him run the joint. They quarreled openly in front of the guests. Charlot was ailing and had a violent temper; Madame was pregnant and querulous.

The Cercle was an old French club, founded in 1880. The members were getting rich selling rotgut at high prices to our officers. At night the gambling room was lighted, if Charlot was bribed to provide the lights, and dice games for hundreds of dollars a throw crowded the room. Meanwhile, the French members kept a dining salon for themselves off to one side where they gargled their wines, counted their dividends, and puzzled over the strange ways of those noisy Americans who were shouting "Baby needs new shoes," "Little Joe" and "Eighter from Decatur."

Downstairs was a large dining room which was jammed nightly since it was the only restaurant in town where one could buy a half-decent meal. To get a table one had to be a regular patron and to

make a reservation hours in advance with Madame Charlot, who turned down more than she accepted.

The head table was taken up almost nightly by some group from a well-stocked ship who would bring in their own steaks or turkey. The AP's Norman Lodge, who calls himself the Great Lodge, brought in a 25-pound turkey one day and invited Charlot and his wife to be our guests at dinner. They dined with us, charged us the usual tariff, and swiped the remains of the turkey, including the two legs. When we called for lunch the next day and suggested turkey legs, they said so sorry, the servants had eaten the remains, which was a *canard.* We could not imagine the Charlots letting those legs get away from them.

Worst fraud of all was the venison dinner I never had there. A minesweeper skipper friend of mine, Frank Moore, and a few of us went deer-stalking and came back with a young deer that a sailor described as "My, my, that's the biggest jackrabbit I ever did see." At that, it weighed sixty pounds. Frank's cook aboard ship cut off the head, feet, etc. and sliced the carcass in half, right down the middle. Then Frank brought the deer in to Madame and arranged a farewell party since he was going up the line. When the deer was served rather late, we sampled it with saliva dripping and remarked as one man:

"That's not venison, that's beef."

Back to the black hole of a kitchen it went. Madame apologized, said it was a Kanaka waiter's mistake, and the deer would be forthcoming. Another hour and the venison was served. This time it again was beef. Frank gave up. We ate the beef. I never heard who got our venison, but I imagine the venison went the way of our turkey legs.

People who would do that would do anything. Perhaps that was why the following poster in black and red ink was posted on the barroom wall and on the glass of a dusty bookcase which hadn't been opened for years:

"Warning—Whoever in time of war with intent that the same shall be communicated to the enemy, shall collect, record, publish, or communicate, or attempt to elicit any information with respect to the movement, numbers, description, condition, or disposition of any of the armed forces, ships, aircraft or war materials of the U.S.—or intended for the fortification or defense of any place, or any other information relating to the public defense, which might be useful to the enemy—

shall be punished by death or by imprisonment for not more than thirty years."

Personally, death seems too easy for anyone who pilfers turkey legs and venison steaks in a town where it's so difficult to obtain any meat better than Spam.

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MORALE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

MILLIONS of words have been written on the subject of morale. What is morale, anyway? Is it a willingness to fight and die that others may live? To risk one's own neck for the sake of spiritual values, a code of ethics, a standard of living, or what is sometimes called the American way of life? To leave home and family, wife, mother or sweetheart, and to wage war in the jungles in order to keep the jungle beast away from our homes? Does morale spring mainly from hate of the enemy or from love of our own people? Is morale something intangible and inexplicable, or is it directly related to a well-fed stomach, a well-clothed body, and a feeling of superiority in mind and body over the foe?

No satisfactory definition of morale will ever be written, for morale is compounded of many things, and what is one man's morale may be another man's poison. The morale, for instance, of a soldier fighting under a dictator can not be the same as the morale of a free democrat.

It seems to me that one of the greatest morale factors in the makeup of the American fighting man is his invincible sense of humor. When things go wrong, others may break down and weep, but your typical American laughs and laughs until his sides ache and he forgets his miseries.

In foreign lands morale may begin at the top and seep down. In

America and among Americans anywhere, morale begins at the bottom and works up.

Your American is not excessively rank-conscious. The ordinary seaman or buck private reserves the right to poke fun at the brass hats and the stuffed shirts. This may be fun for fun's sake or it may be a form of constructive criticism. The American armed forces, God knows, have made many mistakes, but usually these mistakes are corrected in time because somebody had had the guts to call attention to them without fear of being court-martialed.

Except Home and Mother, nothing is sacred to the American fighting man, not even Morale itself. Have you heard the cynical story of "Our Fighting Men":

A marine told a sailor on Guadalcanal,
"The army is coming, think of it, pal,"
The sailor answered him, "All right then
Let's build a nice clubhouse for our fighting men."

"They can have entertainments and maybe a play,
Recreation advisers from the WPA.
USO hostesses and sweet nurses galore,
For the army gives morale a very high score.

"One thing," said the chow-hound, "We'll eat better now,
Depend on the soldiers for dragging in the chow,
They'll start post-exchanges, have ice cream no end,
Life has to be pleasant for our fighting men."

A Seabee rolled up and asked "What's the score?
The wagons and cruisers are all laying off the shore,
The scads of destroyers are sweeping the bay,
Is the army finally landing today?"

They dashed up the beach when their boats hit the sand.
Steel helmets, fixed bayonets and rifles in hand,
Marines washing clothing yelled, "You lads going far?
What the hell is your hurry, have you heard of a war?

"Shut up," said the sergeant, "Go limber your legs,
And swap this Jap helmet for a case of real eggs.
This barking at soldiers must come to an end,
You must be respectful toward our fighting men.

"Their generals outrank ours, so they'll take command,
New rules and new orders will govern the land.
They'll have MP's to push us around
When the army takes over, it sure shakes the ground."

"We can take it," said a raider, "It won't be long,
Till the Admiral bellers, and we'll all shove on.
And a little while later, we'll be landing again,
To make Bougainville safe—for our fighting men."

There is more to that ballad than cross bitterness. The fellow who wrote that had a gripe against the army. So he got the gripe off his chest, and now he and all others of like mind feel better about it. The competition between the army on the one side and the navy and marines on the other can be healthy if not carried to extremes. Sometimes there are three sides, with the marines standing out against the navy as well as the army. At Guadalcanal the marines felt that they got the dirty end of the stick; they had to storm the beach and push the Japs back and then when they got the island more or less under control, the army landed and took charge. But that is the strong point about the marines; they are our shock troops, our elite corps, and the fact that they are assigned the toughest tasks is a testimonial that they are highly regarded.

The army, on the other hand, has a gripe against the marines. The army will tell you that they outnumber the marines ten to one, and yet the marines grab the lion's share of the publicity. It was the same in the last war when the marines at Belleau Wood monopolized the spotlight. Oh, well. . . .

Have you ever heard "I Wanted Wings"? Only the soldiers of a democracy could get away with this mournful lament:

I wanted wings and I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them any more;
They taught me to fly and they sent me here to die,
I've had my bellyful of war.
You can leave all the Zeros to the goddamn heroes,
Distinguished Flying Crosses do not compensate for losses.
Oh, I wanted wings and I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them any more.

Oh I'm too young to die in a bloody PBY;
That's for the eager, not for me.
I don't trust my luck getting picked up by a duck,
After I've crashed into the sea.
I would rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat-top,
With my hand around a bottle and not a goddamn throttle.
Oh, I wanted wings and I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

Oh, I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
I've no desire to be burned.
Send me back to the states to teach the fledglings how to fly,
There's nothing more out here I want to learn.
You can leave the Mitsubishis to the goddamn sons-of-bitches,
I'd rather kiss a woman than get mucked up in a Grumman.
Oh, I wanted wings and I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them any more.

There you have a salutary demonstration of letting off steam. If our pilots ever feel sorry for themselves, they sing it out of their systems.

That song of despair dates back to the time when the Zeros were running rings around our Warhawks and Airacobras. What our machines lacked in maneuverability was more than made up by the courage and skill of our men, and now that they have better planes, it is the Japs who regret they ever wanted wings.

(For the record, "I Wanted Wings" was written by the *Chicago Sun's* Jack Dowling, assisted by the UP's Bill Tyree.)

Red tape is always subject to good-natured ridicule. There is still much too much red tape in the armed forces, but there would be twice as much if attention were not called to it every now and then. In the fleet there is the expression "paper navy" which refers to the enormous amount of time our skippers have to waste on routine correspondence with slight excuse for being. In peacetime paper work is improvised to keep idle hands busy; in wartime it's an expensive bore. The suspicion that much of it springs from buck-passing, indolence and ignorance is raised in the following malicious memo which has obtained wide circulation among junior officers:

REFUTED GLOSSARY OF STAFF PHRASEOLOGY IN THE NAVY

WITH REFERENCE TO	Whether it has or not, this letter must begin somehow.
REFERRED FOR REMARKS	An unscrupulous method of making a junior officer do all the work so that his senior need only add the word "Forwarded" and sign his name.
HEREWITH ARE FORWARDED	Or not, as the case may be; but your office will be to blame if the enclosures are missing.
SUBMITTED FOR INFORMATION	This means nothing to me but it may to you.
CONSIDERING THE WIDER ASPECTS OF THE PROBLEM	I have very narrow views on the question myself.
I APPROACH THE SUBJECT WITH AN OPEN MIND	Completely ignorant of the whole subject.
(a) A GROWING BODY OF OPINION	Two very senior Staff Officers agree.
(b) OPINION IS WIDELY HELD	Three very senior Staff Officers agree.
UNDER CONSIDERATION	Papers temporarily mislaid.
UNDER ACTIVE CONSIDERATION	Propose instituting a search for the file.
CONCUR GENERALLY	Haven't read the paper and don't want to be bound by anything I say.
HAVE YOU ANY REMARKS?	Can you give me any idea what this is all about?
SNOWED UNDER	Only able to take 1½ hours for lunch.
PUTTING HIM IN THE PICTURE	A short and highly confusing statement made to a newcomer on the subject.
THIS WILL BE BORNE IN MIND	No further action will be taken till you remind me.

BEING DEALT WITH SEPARATELY	Perhaps, but with luck will be forgotten entirely.
YOU WILL REMEMBER	You have forgotten, if indeed you ever knew.
IN DUE COURSE	Never.
AS YOU KNOW	As you don't know.
ALL ORDERS ISSUED BY MY PREDECESSOR ARE TO REMAIN IN FORCE	I haven't read them yet, but shall take the first opportunity of altering them.
RETURN TO THE CHARGE	Usually a meaningless boast after the day is lost.
BEING IN ALL RESPECTS READY FOR SEA	Navigator and sufficient gin on board.

If you're American, you find humor in everything. The humor may be expressed in signs, posters, songs or spontaneous remarks.

Around our bases one encounters signs like these:

We bake your bread
We sole your shoes
We salvage your textiles
We put you six feet under

We'll fix anything but we won't lend tools
We can fix everything but a broken heart
Safety First—No machine gives a damn for your safety

In the office of Lieutenant General Millard Fillmore Harmon one sees a series of posters dedicated to a mythical Joe Dope who seems to combine all the faults of a dope, whether he be a gunner or a truck driver:

Joe Dope (gunner) is a guy you can't teach
Here's the way he closes a breech (hitting breech
with hammer)
When he gets through this chore
On the enemy's shore
They'll spread him all over the beach.

Joe Dope (truck driver) has a vague premonition
That he's in for some quick demolition
He recalls that he oughter
Replenish the water
To keep the old bus in condition

Joe Dope (machine gunner) has a way that's unique
Of taking a gun 'cross a creek
Because the poor cluck
Thinks a Browning's a duck
It'll rust and then bust his physique

Axis soldiers may be dumb clucks, driven like sheep, but no one can say our warriors are inarticulate or insensitive, for every branch of the service has its spokesman and minnesinger. The Seabees (Construction Battalion of the Navy) has a happy song composed by Rutherford K. Clarke and sung to the tune of "Bell Bottom Trousers":

Once I was a civvy
Happy as could be,
But along came the Draft Board
Looking after me.

With our cotton denim trousers
And our coveralls of tan
We're the fighting 49th
And we do the best we can.

"Greetings" said the letter,
"Your Country's needing you.
If you haven't got a better spot
You know what we will do."

I went to see the Navy
The Navy said "no dice."
But the man said the Seabees
Were really very nice.

I was just a dumb jerk
And how was I to know
The son-of-gun was lying
And doing it for dough.

They sent me to Camp Allen
Where I became a boot.
They handed me a rifle,
But the damn thing wouldn't shoot.

Camp Peary is a swell place
It's all so nice and new.
They pack the mud in cartons
And call it G.I. glue.

I finally came to Endicott
Looking for a break
It didn't take me long
To discover my mistake.

They pointed to a Quonset hut,
And said "Go find your bed.
That smell is not a pig-sty
You're next door to the head."

The chow hall is a lovely spot,
With breezes from the Bay.
We chop the gravy loose
When it freezes to the tray.

That's all there is for now.
We have really just begun,
But you'll hear from us again
Before the war is won.

A year ago every Pacific port of any consequence was cluttered up with our Liberty ships which had to wait months to be unloaded, owing to shortage of labor and warehouses. As they told me in Espiritu Santo: "If Henry Kaiser can build Liberty ships in four days and we take ninety days to unload them out here, pretty soon all the Liberty ships will be right here." Since then this congestion has been largely eliminated, but not until after the troubles of the Liberties had inspired this salty saga composed by Commander John Bunyan Bowen Jr.

BALLAD OF THE *PETER BURNETT*

With a hold full of cargo (poco largo)
Toward Fiji,
Sailed the *Peter Burnett* many decades ago.

Now her course was laid down with the
Captain's own ouija,
And the stout ship set out to bring woe to the foe.

"With a bone in one tooth," the uncouth
Remarked lightly,
(Tho it's true that her bow was considerably
Down
And her screws in the wind were just slightly unsightly.)
"That Nantucket bucket just hustles
Around"

Now her method of stowing (which owing
To hurry),
Showed a whimsical tolerance for all
Navy regs,
Was not done in fun, and none
Had to worry
For the jeeps were stowed neatly on
Top of the eggs

When the brave bark connived to arrive
One fine day
At a well censored port way down
South of Point X
She shook free her hook, and it
Clumped in the bay,
And the crew went ashore to play
Lightly at sex.

Then with effort gigantic the frantic
Consumers
Made efforts their much needed
Duffle to snatch.
But the much faster master got
New sailing rumors,
Gave a bell and a jingle, and closed
Down the hatch.

So with many a joke to point "Yoke" they
Then ambled,
While the frustrated customers swore
And be damned
That they'd castrate the mate who

Had laughingly rambled
Off, taking their spares on a
Wild, cosmic lam.

In an aeon or two into Santo she
Blew,
Just when the Board had announced her
Demise.
There the skipper went fishing, wishing
Something to do
While the crew went shore for some
Legal advice.

Soon a ragged P-40 disgorged from her
Hold
And they almost had gotten an ancient
Gun sight
When she tore out from shore like a
Corsair of old
And vanished again in the deep tropic
Night.

Some months later the freighter showed
Up down at Moppy
(To give lie to the cry that she'd long
Since been sunk).
Where the crew finding ladies both few
And quite sloppy,
Took their tired union bodies ashore
And got drunk.

There with burning invective a squadron
Detective
Discovered one unmangled airplane, with
Thanks,
But soon this looked sickly being
Quickly and thickly
Covered over on top with some shiny
New tanks.

Then with davits akimbo, she sailed
Off to limbo
While her orders kept flying from
Hither to yon,

And the logistic mystics gave up the
Statistics
Of trying to figure just where she had
Gone.

Here my sad little lyric has an
Ending satiric
And ironically puts us in enemy debt
For a Nipponese fish swishing not
So chimeric
Told us where in the hell was the
Peter Burnett.

Every day our air intelligence officers write up detailed reports on the feats of their fighter and bomber planes and their reconnaissance missions. These confidential reports have victories to claim, of course, but they are notable for admitting our own mistakes. In this spirit, someone prepared the following parody on what our planes do and do not do:

STRIKES:

Seven Liberators, twelve Fortresses, eleven Avengers, and fourteen Dauntlesses, accompanied by twenty-two Corsairs, harassed shipping in the Simpson Bay area. Intelligence reports gave the target as a launch, two gasoline barges and suspected A/a emplacement. Four Fortresses were obliged to return to base because of bad weather. Three got on a wrong bearing and were last reported near Guam. Thirteen Corsairs groundlooped on takeoff and the Dauntless pilots remained in the ready room waiting for the word to get to them. Mines were dropped at Papatura Fa and exploded on impact in shallow water. Direct hits were scored on an out-house and near misses on a war canoe. On the return the T/R bombed and strafed Bonim with 1000 and 2000 pound daisy cutters at 1535 L/24. Seaman second-class Ovid Lipschitz lost his footing when a Liberator bomb-bay opened, and went out with the bombs. He was seen to fall on a Nagoya Type 2 bulldozer which had continued to pave the strip as the raid progressed. Little damage resulted to the bulldozer. Severe damage was inflicted on reefs along the beach and bomb splinters falling on the runway may prove hazardous to rubber-tired vehicles. The

four Fortresses failing to reach target, dropped their load on a suspicious looking landing strip which appears to be newly hacked out of the jungle at the eastern side of the Marshalls. Fires visible for sixty miles were started. Failure of IWW to function, caused loss of three Fortresses from accurate antiaircraft fire at Pearl.

One Lightning, escorted by nine Liberators, made a strike at Bowelmova Mission north of Numa. Target was powerful Jap radio transmitter located in sacristy of church. Observer reports Nip operator makes a daily visit at 0820/L to latrine located at West end of slit trench in rear of church. Repeated attacks and strafing riddled church and tore bricks out of chimney. Damage assessment photos twenty-four hours later showed Jap operator still in West end of open slit trench.

SEARCHES:

All searches were more than negative. Photos taken by Oboe reveal absence of Honshu Island, which it appears, appears only on H.O. map 304, Admiralty 1768.

CONDITION RED:

Condition Red on Canton. Jap Task Force of twenty-four fighters and six dive-bombers (Aichi 99) were intercepted by one Corsair and one Lightning. Box Score—Japs lost thirty fighters to our four. In the scramble and confusion the Aichi 99s refueled at our Fighter 2 and took off to rejoin the fray. On the return, one Corsair was lost when what appeared to be a large bird crashed through the canopy. This later turned out to be an L-3-B, on a ferry mission to Pearl with Admiral Hernia, USN, on board.

NIGHT FIGHTERS:

A P-70, in pursuit of a twin-engine Mitsubishi, overtook and shot down a Corsair over Yap at 1710/L. This is the first American plane shot by an American fighter in this or any other theater.

FLASHES:

DPX

Plane going yours 0915/L

Bomber coming here 0920/L
Planes going your way 0925/L
Planes to North Bearing 105 0930/L
Planes coming yours 0940/L
Planes coming here 0946/L
Planes com—my God, they're coming through the floor!

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE:

Three Japs in launch went up Belli Belli creek.

Natives advise head man on Soolong Creek (West of Rendova) will not work for two weeks. It appears his Rendova wife, Ponderosa Rubbatit, is reported escaped in canoe or punt or canoe in company of Pvt. Launcelot Codfish, USMC. Head man says "This has knocked me Rendova end," but now appears relieved and is seeking suitable replacement at Kolombangara Orphanage.

QUERIES:

Planes to North, bearing 230,1910/L. Refer to my 1005/L/24.

Do you want any details? Do you want any details? Do you want any details? BLIP, Do you want any details and BLIP and two cases of Scotch. That is all, do you want any details Blip, details.

AVAILABILITY:

Not much this side of Auckland. Some WACS at Noumea.

32

DON'T SHOOT THE CENSOR

WHEN a war correspondent bites a censor, that's no news. But when a correspondent turns around and praises a censor, there you have the definition of news. Let me be the first to make news in that direction for, honestly, I have nothing against censors.

One of the liveliest by-products of this war has been the constant griping of correspondents directed at censors all the way from Whitehall to Singapore, from Australia to Algiers, from Pearl Harbor to Noumea. The censors have been stupid, petty, pompous, irritating, ignorant, myopic, ostrich-like, numbskulled, etc. Most eloquent on this engaging subject have been Cecil Brown in his *From Suez to Singapore* and Robert J. Casey in his *Torpedo Junction.* Correspondents, experiencing the ordeal of having their pretty prose cut by the censors into ugly lace curtains, have held a weapon of revenge up their sleeves—they could write a book; and many of them have. "O, that mine enemy should write a book——"

Some of my best friends are censors. Looking back over a year with the Pacific Fleet, I can find plenty of admiration for them, mixed with more than a little sympathy and Christian pity. Among the unsung heroes of our war against Japan I would like to nominate Waldo Drake and Jim Bassett, Buck Jones and Alex Lewis, Murry Ward, Brendan Callaghan, Julian Bowes, Tom Lambert, Frankie Rounds and the rest of the CINCPAC and COMSOPAC censors who have had to read millions of words of breathless reportage before affixing their official stamps of approval or, as the case might be, reaching for their scissors, wastebasket, or smelling salts.

These long-suffering fellows take a beating two ways. If they murder the copy, the correspondents, depending upon their unpredictable dispositions, either weep broken-heartedly all over the place or else they angrily threaten to appeal to Congress. On the other hand, if the censors pass everything as written, sooner or later the brass hats crack down upon them. Caught between the cross fire of the admirals and the correspondents—who, as one person put it, "rank with the admirals and the ensigns"—the censors can never hope to please everybody.

The marvel is, as Bob Casey once wrote, that anybody would want a censor's job. There must be something masochistic about it; gluttons for punishment they certainly are. Pain before pleasure is their motto.

When I, a correspondent, rally to the defense of censors, I don't mean to offer a blanket defense of censorship per se. As we all know, censorship in wartime is advisable, without being infallible, and sins

can be committed in the name of Security. But generally speaking, I'm inclined to blame the System rather than the individual.

Since I am definitely on the side of the censors, who are angels for my money, perhaps it will not be amiss for me to tell a few tales out of school, with malice toward none.

In connection with the bloody invasion of Tarawa, our flyers repeatedly struck at the sandy islet. One flyer who had just participated in several of the strikes picked up a news sheet and read news from home to the effect that John L. Lewis had been responsible for five strikes in a day. "Hmm," said the flyer, "five strikes in a day; that's more than we did."

The payoff to that story is that the censor, instructed to cut all significant names out of dispatches, excised Lewis' name when a correspondent submitted the anecdote for what it was worth.

There's another yarn, probably apocryphal, about the correspondent who reported the only resistance encountered by General MacArthur's forces in taking the island of Woodlark came from the heavy surf, which was six fathoms deep. The censor is said to have scissored the word "fathoms" with the explanation that it meant something, but he wasn't sure what. I doubt that.

When we invaded the New Georgia group of islands and the Seabees built an airport at Segi in nine days, an AP correspondent wrote that Jack London had visited Segi at one time. The censor eliminated London's name on the ground that we should not disclose names of civilians visiting our war installations. The AP pointed out in vain that London was dead and had been for years, and that a literary recollection of his visit could not affect the present war effort. That is a sample of what drives correspondents mad.

Washington has allowed very little detailed information on the magnificent exploits of our submarines, operating off the shores of Japan itself and chopping down the Japanese mercantile marine to a fraction of what it used to be. With official knowledge, four books on the doings of our submarines were lately compiled from official sources, and yet at the eleventh hour publication was forbidden on the ground that the enemy, by comparing the four stories, might be able to solve our submarine technique, and take precautions accordingly.

When real secrets are involved, correspondents and censors see eye

to eye. After all, even newspaper men are Americans at heart and can be relied upon not to give aid and comfort to the enemy. Just as General Eisenhower had tipped off the Sicily invasion to correspondents nearly a month in advance of D Day, so were Pacific correspondents advised well in advance of our projected moves against New Georgia, Bougainville, the Gilberts and the Marshalls. Those secrets were never betrayed, and all the moves came off as surprises to the foe.

Growing co-operation between the armed forces and the public as represented by the press has involved the by-passing of several stumbling blocks. Worst of all was the French radio monopoly at Noumea, which was the only available outlet for dispatches coming down from the Solomons. When the Americans moved into New Caledonia in March, 1942, they started to take over the obsolete French station, but the French threw up a barricade and threatened to fight. It would have been simpler had we called their bluff. Instead, we submitted and the colonial postmaster who ran the station became increasingly arrogant and inefficient.

When the New Georgia campaign opened late in June, 1943, correspondents waited upon the postmaster and implored him to operate the station seven days a week so that the American public might be kept informed of the fighting. He replied curtly that he would run his business as usual, shutting down from Saturday noon until Monday morning, and on all holidays, too. Accordingly, I wirelessed on Saturday morning as follows:

> "If Munda falls over week-end correspondents here won't be able inform public. We've been denied use of naval wireless and now our only commercial radio notifies us it's downshutting Saturday noon until Monday. War or no war French radio employees must have their week-end.
>
> "We understand enemy in Solomons is confused over our diversified operations. Frankly correspondents are confused too over having war on their hands and no means to report it promptly and fully to American readers. This is one of strangest of all wars."

On the following Monday morning when I submitted another dispatch to catch up on the week-end fighting in New Georgia, it was rejected by the French postmaster, who announced my filing privileges had been suspended. Likewise he suspended the filing privileges of Tom

Yarbrough of the AP who had confirmed my Saturday story with a similar service message to his office.

The Postmaster did me the honor of sending a furious manifesto to the High Commissioner of France for the Pacific, and to chiefs of the Inter-Allied Commission for Telegraphic Control, demanding my head. All messages from me were to be refused, he declared, until my case had been passed upon by the Inter-Allied Commission and until I had apologized and sent a correction. I had photostats of the Postmaster's masterpiece made to add to my souvenirs.

Inasmuch as all our messages had been approved by the American censorship, Tom and I threatened to go to Admiral Halsey to have the French bureaucrat put in his proper place, but our good censor friend, Lieutenant Buck Jones, asked to be allowed to handle the tempest in the teapot. For an hour Buck and the Postmaster, familiarly known to us as Scurvy, argued it out.

"What was wrong with the dispatch?" Buck inquired.

"Why—why—that awful man said that the French must have their week-ends, war or no war," Scurvy expostulated.

"Well," said Buck, in civil life a lawyer from Pasadena, "that was true, wasn't it? You do shut down week-ends?"

"Yes, but I could read between the lines. It was an insult to our great fighting nation."

The upshot was that Buck prevailed, Scurvy backed down, our filing privileges were restored, and soon the army and navy made their own stations available to the press, so that we could cover the war seven days a week.

It pays to stand up and fight now and then, if one doesn't abuse the privilege. Another stumbling block we had to overcome was Captain Miles Browning, chief of staff to Admiral Halsey. COMSOPAC press relations improved overnight when the unfriendly Browning left the South Pacific for the States to take a fourth wife. Upon his return weeks later relations became worse than ever. Well do I remember a cold, frosty conference with Browning.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have something to say that may be unpalatable. On my way back, I stopped over at Pearl and got from the chief of staff a letter reiterating the directive which forbids COMSOPAC to

initiate news releases on combat actions and makes us wait on communiqués from Pearl or Washington."

Asked what lay behind this stifling order, Browning toyed a minute and said: "Honestly, I don't know." He added that, frankly, he saw no use for further press conferences.

The AP man then asked Browning if he held the AP responsible for breaking a story on the loss of the carrier *Hornet.* Browning said no, that his investigation had disclosed the guilty party was a navy officer who flew to Australia and babbled to others who babbled until Australian papers printed news of the carrier's loss. He described the officer's conduct as careless and perhaps criminal.

Miles Browning was a Cap'n Bligh in khaki, a tough profane seadog with saber-scarred face, steely blue eyes, uncompromising manner and entire absence of cordiality. Rawboned, erect, forceful, he was handsome in an unlovable way. For no apparent reason he radiated hostility toward the press, and his mere frown terrorized subordinates on the staff.

Though Admiral Halsey himself was personally likable, we could discern no fixed public relations policy. His press relations were fine when Captain Ray Thurber was acting chief of staff, were deplorable when Miles Browning was thundering around, and improved considerably when Browning, an able carrier tactician, went back to that field, and was succeeded as chief of staff by Rear Admiral Mick Carney.

Our long fight to give the people more information about the people's war was vindicated on the eve of the American offensive in the Gilberts and Marshalls when Admiral Nimitz issued the following directive to the whole Pacific Fleet:

> "Projected offensive operations in the Pacific provide opportunity to present to the American people and to our Allies throughout the world the accomplishments and the needs of our fighting forces. It is to the benefit of the Army, the Navy and our Country that we develop this opportunity to the utmost.
>
> "Fleet, force and unit commanders are directed to provide all practicable co-operation, including information and physical facilities, consistent with security and operations, to accredited representatives of the press and of the naval and military forces assigned to coverage of the Pacific campaign.
>
> C. W. Nimitz"

Correspondents don't always win, of course. Nor should they. Sometimes they get spun back on their heels. The bravest man they ever encountered was a California socialite, Brooks Gifford, who functioned as Public Relations Officer at Auckland, New Zealand, and repulsed a delegation of five correspondents with an abrupt challenge:

"I'm not afraid of you any more than I would be of five Japs."

The tenderest rebuke to melancholy correspondents came from their dearest friend, Buck Jones, who would cut their cables to ribbons and then pass out a formal little mimeographed note of condolence which read:

MY FRIEND

It is with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat that I listen to your sad tale of woe. Allow me to offer my deepest and sincerest condolence. However, I do not have the Chaplain's duty and I am short of towels. Please see the Captain of the Head for material for drying your eyes. PEACE ON YOU, MY FRIEND—

Chief Censor

Looking back on them, the endless feuds between correspondents and censors had their lighter side and demonstrated that letting off steam in moderation tends to improve understanding and good fellowship.

Navy men are great people for slogans. With a perfect deadpan, Commander Jim Bassett one day posted a slogan which informed us:

War is a business of getting the news
Interpreting it
And Acting upon it

Correspondents had been trying to do that, not always with success, so John Henry of INS tacked on this appendix to Jim's motto:

Remember, gentlemen, the first casualty of war is TRUTH.

Jim did not care much for that. He tore it down. Moreover, his yeoman, Ed Baumann, former English professor at Reed University, Portland, Oregon, who managed somehow to maintain his dignity in a yeoman's tight monkey suit, abandoned any pretense of neutrality and indicted the correspondents in stinging verse:

With thunder on their brows and lightnings in
Their eyes, in purpling rage, with sullen frown,

In raving wrath to talk the censor down
They came. As when a single violin
Against a mighty band attempts to sing
A tiny counter melody and naught
But clamor by the waiting ear is caught—
Against that racket that can reason bring.
With freedom of the press in hue and cry,
And battle yells of "let the people know!"
"Democracy demands an exposé!"
The madden'd censor's voice makes soft reply,
"Proud princes of the press, write what is so,
And less your fetid produce I'll delay!"

Now the battle was on in earnest. Jack Mahon of the INS sat down at his portable and sweated out a correspondents' chant of defiance:

We will just do nothing at all,
We will just sit there in the noonday sun.
And when Halsey speaks to us, we will not answer him,
Because we do not care to.
We will stick Waldo with spears and put him in the garbage.
When he tells us to go out with the fleet, we will just laugh at him,
And we will not file our stories, because we do not care to.
We will just sit there in the noonday sun.
We will go to Sydney and play with the Panda.
And when Bassett comes to look for us
We will put spikes in his eyes and put him in the garbage,
And put the cover on.
We will not stay in Noumea, or stay in Auckland
Or write stories for them, and we will get as thin as marbles.
We will not do nothing at all.
We will just sit there in the noonday sun.

We never heard from Admiral Halsey on that—if he knew he did not care—but Jim Bassett confessed we were breaking his heart. In reprisal he composed what he called "Notes on a Broken Drum," a parody on the supposedly soft life of a war correspondent as contrasted with the abuses heaped upon a censor or a PRO(Public Relations Officer):

April 7: Dear Diary. Arrived in the war zone at last. Lovely tropical place. Interesting natives. Think I will like it here. Saw the Navy PRO. Nice fellow. Co-operative. Got me a fine room in a local hotel.

APRIL 8: Up at 6:30 A.M., shaved, breakfasted, long walk. Met the rest of the press crowd. Seem a little strange. Maybe just hangovers. Suggested we drop down to PROs office to see what cooked. Somebody hit me with a dornick.

APRIL 9: Up at 7 A.M. Shaved, breakfasted. Thought of several good stories. Will see about them this afternoon. Heard of a fellow who makes whisky out of potatoes. Will see him this morning. PRO suggested we move up the line where there might be some news. Threw a typewriter at him.

APRIL 10: Up at 8 A.M. Breakfast. Feel terrible. Must make a note not to mix liquor at the club when I am there seeking contacts. Several good ones last night. Will develop them tomorrow. Saw a fine looking white girl this morning. Will develop that today.

APRIL 11: Up at 9 A.M. Feel lousy. Anybody who says malaria mosquitoes don't inhabit this island is crazy. PRO sent his yeoman to our hotel to beg us to drop around for a story. Threw a commode at him. Would have gone only had to develop a contact.

APRIL 12: Up at 10 A.M. Dizzy spells and ringing in the ears. Thought about doing a story but need more information. PRO asked us when are we going north. Hit him with a Marine field boot. He's an insistent bastard. Heard of a fellow who makes brandy out of niaouli trees. Will see him this afternoon.

APRIL 13: Up at 11 A.M. Couldn't see a thing for 30 minutes. Must be dengue. Felt need of sympathy so went to visit PRO. He's weakminded but affable. Asked us when we were going to start covering the war. Threw the yeoman at him.

APRIL 14: Up at noon. Radiogram from home office. They want to know where are my stories. Bastards don't appreciate our problems. Replied "working on exclusive." She is. Heard of a fellow who makes rum out of horsehide. Must check on that today.

APRIL 21: Haven't gotten up for a week.

APRIL 23: Telephoned PRO for air travel home. Must leave tropics. No news here anyhow. PRO a bastard. Glad to hear the gang threw him out of his office today.

APRIL 24: Bastard refused air travel.

APRIL 25: Cablegram from home office slipped under my door. Says I'm fired. That goddamn PRO has a hand in this.

APRIL 26: Hell with all of them. Joined the Marines.

APRIL 27: Jesus. Ordered to Guadalcanal as a combat correspondent and assistant PRO. Christ.

33

"THE GENERAL IS SORRY TO BE INFORMED"

"THE GENERAL is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in our American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes that the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it and that both they and the men will reflect that we can little hope for the blessing of Heaven on our Army if we insult it by our impiety and folly."

Thus spoke General George Washington more than a century and a half ago. If the good General were alive today he would find cursing and swearing rampant in the Army, and the Navy too, for that matter. Advice, admonition and rebuke have failed to curb the wicked vice appreciably. The crusade continues, and so does the cussin'.

In one Army camp soldiers who use profanity are required to pay a fine into a "cuss box." The penalty ranges from one cent to half a dollar, depending on the impact of the words used. This seems to me to be a promising idea. Without raising the tariff on fines, and simply by putting a cuss box at every Army post and on every Navy ship, I am confident we could pay off the cost of the war in no time and then proceed to wipe out the national debt and lay up a surplus.

Anyone coming from staid civilian life must have had his ears bent by the ceaseless flow of profanity in the armed forces (and this is true of other countries besides America). By act of Congress, officers are also

gentlemen and are expected to behave as gentlemen or face the consequences of their misconduct. Congress somehow never got around to making the enlisted men gentlemen, which puts it up to each individual himself. The majority conduct themselves as gentlemen, regardless of Congress, but the amount of profanity that pours forth from the vocal minority is something deserving critical analysis.

What is the reason for it? The best explanation as I see it is that the immature buck private and ordinary seaman coming into the fighting forces tries to make himself out to be as tough as a petrified turnip, to cover up his lack of experience. So he introduces into his limited vocabulary every nasty word he has heard or seen written in chalk or pencil on privy walls. In this way he pretends to toughness before he has ever smelled gunpowder; by the time he does smell gunpowder and is really tough on his own account, the profanity has become part of his everyday speech and he is not aware that he is talking big when he no longer has need of it to bolster an inferiority complex.

"Bull sessions" must also be included in the indictment. When there is no working or fighting to do there are periods when the boys get together in a conversational circle and "throw the bull" and "shoot the breeze." Somewhat like the more refined get-togethers of the Oxford Group Movement or of Alcoholics Anonymous, the talkative warriors review their past adventures in amour and confess all. Quite often, just to make a tall yarn taller, they confess much more than ever happened. To color the narratives of their adventures among the demi-mondaines, they toss in all the naughty words they can recall. Chief tale-spinners at these bull sessions usually are the older enlisted men who can tell of Shanghai and Marseilles in the good old days. Arrant Baron Munchausens are to be discovered among these Marco Polos and Boccaccios, but their obscenities are swallowed as gospel truth by the innocents in the audience who are eager to sample the fleshpots of the world.

General Washington got around a bit in his time, and I doubt that he objected to strong language, providing it really was strong. What he and all who follow in his steps deplore is the chronic reiteration of four-letter and seven-letter words that lend no strength to conversation but weaken it to the point of asinine incoherence. The fact that supersophisticated females are beginning to fling the same words around at cocktail parties gives them neither strength nor glamour.

In service circles I have seen a widely circulated poem, "In Defense of Four-letter Words." The anonymous author cites William Shakespeare as one who preferred four-letter words to euphemisms. But, granting that Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans were famous for the blunt directness of their speech, the English they spoke was the language of their time, and no one could accuse them of making a profession of putridity. They called a spade a spade, but not necessarily a manure shovel. They pictured human emotions in the highest and lowest terms, but not always in the lowest; at least they had a change of pace. When they employed earthy adjectives, adverbs, nouns, verbs and participles, it was to grace their narrative, not to disgrace it.

In this war I have heard officers and gentlemen, and chaplains even, using hells and damns freely, and thinking nothing of it. No one minds a bit of helling and damning now and then if not overdone. Picturesque speech has its place. I have heard Chet Huff, who came from Alabama to fly off the *Saratoga,* describe certain people as a "Drip-mouth bunch of bastards." As Chet drawled it, the expression sounded all right.

For strength in language we don't have to go back to "Zounds" and "Oddsbodkins" or "Caramba." Nor, on the other hand, must we repair to the dungheap. In his recently published *War Diary,* Jean Malaquais, an idealist, complains of gratuitous vulgarity of speech and gesture on the part of the peasant soldiery with their endless talk of fornication and defecation. What was true of the Frenchmen he slogged with is equally true of the Americans, English, Australians and New Zealanders I have known (and heard) in this war.

Emulating the father of his country, a great American warrior has now ventured a mild warning against senseless obscenity, which he finds neither useful, forceful, expressive, nor amusing; the only permissible exceptions being to question the legitimate ancestry of the Japs. Not since the lecture by General Washington has the situation been as well summed up as in the following memorandum:

> "Prolonged absence from normal restraining and refining influences is resulting in an increase of senseless obscenity that does no credit to the ship, the offending individual, nor the home and stock from which he hails. The nature and character of our enemies are such that considered use of such terms as 'son-of-a-bitch'

and 'bastard' are not without considerable merit at appropriate times; but continuous loud and pointless reference to the malodorous residue of digestive assimilation certainly shows a dreary lack of imagination, and as a means of emphasis is not convincing. By the same token, repetitious and wholly inapplicable mention of the procreative function adds nothing to conversational clarity.

"That sort of language is not useful, forceful, expressive nor amusing. I hope I will in future hear less about bodily excrescences, such manifest absurdities as rain squalls or swabs indulging in the sexual act, and illegitimate and depraved shipmates of canine descent on the distaff side."

Author of the foregoing is the redoubtable Admiral "Mick" Carney, who was skipper of the fighting cruiser *Denver* before he became chief of staff to Admiral Halsey (whose favorite cussline is: "Holy jumping General Jackson").

The battle against verbal filth is not lost as long as there is an Admiral Carney to pick up the torch lit by a General Washington. Nor are all our saints to be found among the officers. As an example of true piety, as opposed to wanton profanity, may I quote the following written by an anonymous pick-and-shovel Seabee while undergoing disciplinary action:

O Eternal Lord God, who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and ruleth the raging of the sea; vouchsafe to take into Thy almighty and most gracious protection our country's Navy, and all who serve therein. Preserve them from the dangers of the sea, and from the violence of the enemy, that they may be a safeguard unto the United States of America, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions; that the inhabitants of our land may in peace and quietness serve Thee our God, to the glory of Thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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YOU MEET SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE IN THE NAVY (AND THE ARMY, TOO)

ADMIRAL WILLIAM FREDERICK HALSEY and Vice Admiral Aubrey Wray Fitch have more in common than their tattoos. They call each other Bill and Jake and are the closest of friends and working partners.

"They don't make 'em any better than Jake," Halsey told me. "And he's a fighting fool. He's not afraid of God or man.

"He's sunk more ships, knocked down more planes, killed more Japs, and broken more Jap hearts than any other commander of shore-based aircraft in the American armed forces."

Fitch is a fighter who looks up to the skies. He is a short man who walks tall. Because of his super-erect carriage, his stocky frame seems to add a cubit to his stature. Even when sitting down Fitch appears to swagger a trifle.

It was Admiral Fitch who had to make the painful decision to abandon the fatally wounded carrier *Lexington* in the Coral Sea battle, to save the lives of 2,700 men aboard her.

"Well, Fred," said Fitch to the *Lex's* skipper, Frederick Sherman, "Let's get to hell off the ship."

Needless to say, Fitch and Sherman were the last to leave the sinking carrier.

Jake was dubbed the "gray-haired ensign" when, at the age of forty-six, he enrolled at the Pensacola air training school in 1929.

"Jake and I were a couple of old fools who took up flying late in life," says Bill Halsey.

Jake Fitch is the author of a Halsey-Tojo story which circulates in upper circles of the navy. After he led a task force in the first raid on Marcus, Bill Halsey returned to Pearl full of vim and ginger and invited his friennd Jake out to celebrate his feat. They went to the home of

friends and there Halsey, shy in public but a raconteur among people he has known for years, told of his joy in walloping the Japs and his hope of complete victory some day soon.

As Halsey spoke, Fitch, without saying a word, made circular motions with his left hand as if stirring an enormous pot. Seeing this Halsey demanded, "Damn you, Jake, what are you doing?"

"Well, Bill," replied Fitch, "you and I have been out in Yokohama and we know there is an enormous pot there, a ceremonial pot in which to cook any arch enemy of Japan. No doubt Tojo is preparing a stew there now for you after what you did to him at Marcus. He wants to boil you in oil."

All during the evening Fitch kept stirring that pot until finally Halsey roared:

"Damn you, Jake, stop stirring that pot or I'll beat hell out of you."

Fitch got his revenge when Halsey was promoted to full admiral. He sent a message of congratulation, at the same time warning that Tojo was enlarging the pot to accommodate a four-star admiral. To this day Fitch and his classmate, Vice Admiral Calhoun, get a kick out of stirring the pot whenever Halsey appears.

Prepared to fight the war all the way to Yokohama is Fitch, who has written his wife: "The only way I'll ever get home is to get fired or to be hit on the head with a coconut."

Uncle Joe Stilwell, American generalissimo in China, is still a New Englander at heart and longs for the ultimate victory which will permit him to revisit the trout stream where he fished as a boy.

Sitting around a hostel in China, Stilwell disclosed his ambition to Major Fred Wildman of New York. The talk turned to farming back in America and Wildman mentioned he had a farm in the northeast Berkshires, near Norfolk—more specifically at Colebrook, a little gem of a hill town, population 450.

"Hell!" eclaimed Stilwell, "I know Colebrook and it's the most beautiful country in the world. I used to fish there for trout as a boy. Where's your farm from the church?"

Wildman described his farm in relation to the church on the village green.

"Why, I used to fish there fifty-odd years ago," Stilwell reminisced.

"I've been back there with my wife several times and I want to return there and fish as soon as we win this war."

There in the middle of China, more or less cut off from the world, Stilwell was as New England-minded as any First Selectman. He remembered perfectly how the trout brook ran through the farm now owned by Wildman and named Stonebrook. Stilwell's father had owned a farm on the Massachusetts side of the border.

When the Germans invaded the Low Countries in the spring of 1940, Robert Montgomery was making a picture in England and had an assured income of $5,000 a week. He gave that up to drive an ambulance. After the fall of Paris he escaped into Spain and returned home to obtain a commission in the United States Navy. After service in London, the North Sea, the Mediterranean and Panama, Bob went out to the Pacific.

In the closing days of the Guadalcanal campaign, Montgomery served on cruisers, destroyers and PT boats, rounding out a variety of experiences richer than falls to the lot of most navy men. During the last eighteen days of the campaign, Bob saw constant action without any sustained sleep. By day his ships were bombarding enemy positions; by night they were intercepting the Bougainville Express.

Thanks to Bob Montgomery and thousands like him, the Americans had conquered Guadalcanal. And now Bob was a very sick man. His friend, Gene Markey, found Bob in Efate, "shaking like a leaf," in Gene's words, from a recurrence of jungle fevers.

While convalescing from his malaria and dengue, Montgomery lived with Markey and others in a hilltop house whimsically named Havoc Hall. Father Frederic Gehring used to come there for dinner and bring his violin. "Fritzie" Gehring was known to every marine and soldier who fought on Guadalcanal, where he said Mass right out in the open day after day on the edge of Henderson Field. A Jewish boy, Barney Ross, ex-champion boxer, played the organ for him at Mass.

Flying back from Australia, I encountered a famous name, a name that will go down in history. The owner was a good looking blond fellow built like a fullback. As we met he thrust out his chin and his right hand and announced firmly "Kimmel's my name." Looking back

on it, one could imagine that there was a challenge in his manner for I learned this submarining lieutenant commander was a son of that Admiral Kimmel who was in charge of Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941.

To dinner with Harold Stassen, Shep Cowles and Cliff Mallory, who were chuckling over a previous dinner to which Princeton alumni invited the Yales and Harvards. Principal speaker was Harvard's history professor, Samuel Eliot Morison, who conveyed the idea that "America would save the world, the Big Three would save America, Harvard would save the Big Three, the faculty would save Harvard, and the history department would save the faculty."

Commander Gene Tunney, retired heavyweight champion, met one of his victims in New Caledonia, Tom Heeney, now a petty officer in the navy. They shook hands, instead of slugging. Tunney confided to me that he would consider returning to the ring for just one more bout; that he would like to go to Australia to fight the Australian champion. He recalled that Bob Fitzsimmons, at the age of forty-eight, did exactly that and was winning on points until he tired. Gene thinks he could do better than Bob for he's only forty-six.

Few men get around as much in the Pacific as does Vice Admiral Fletcher. In the Coral Sea he commanded the task force which sank fifteen Jap ships, damaged twenty-two, and lost only three of our own. In the Central Pacific, at the battle of Midway, Fletcher was one of the senior officers of the combined task forces that walloped the Japs and headed off an invasion of Hawaii. More recently Fletcher has been in the far north, bombarding the Japanese Kuril Islands. He has a bone to pick with the Japs who sneaked out of Kiska. When a big American force landed there after bombarding the island for days, the only defender remaining was one mongrel pup.

Fletcher is commander of the North Pacific Force under Admiral Nimitz. Commander of the Central Pacific Force is Admiral Spruance, who was associated with Fletcher in the Midway victory. Whereas Fletcher is genial and conversational, Spruance is a quiet, reserved little man. He shuns publicity, but is not ashamed to admit that at Annap-

olis he graduated twenty-sixth in his class. Nor does he claim perfection in this war:

"Sure, we've made mistakes," he says, "but we've learned from them."

In naval directories Mike Moran is listed as Edward Joseph Moran, but he's a barrel-chested fellow who looks like he should be called Mike and that's what everybody has called him since his Annapolis days.

Mike was captain of the cruiser *Boise* in the second battle of Savo. Through a combination of circumstances the *Boise* almost monopolized the publicity growing out of that battle, and was officially credited with sinking six Jap ships. Mike was careful to point out that the *Boise* had not accomplished the sinkings all by herself, but the censorship withheld the names of the companion ships and they did not share the credit. This resulted in ill-feeling and the waterfront jest in those days was that the next time the *Boise* entered battle she'd be sunk and not by the Japanese either. This resentment was recalled when Moran was transferred from the *Boise* to a navy postoffice job and again when he was made commodore of a motor torpedo boat squadron operating in the Solomons.

Some of Mike's friends feared he was being kicked upstairs, but Mike went ahead and fought a little war of his own against the Japs, this time with PTs instead of cruisers. Nor was this the first time Mike had conquered adversity. When Mike sent the *Boise* after the Japs off Savo, every bluejacket aboard knew they would do or die.

"We're going to slug it out, boys," said Mike, and they engaged the enemy with guns firing point-blank and chattering like typewriters. The *Boise* absorbed a lot of punishment, but Mike took her home to Philadelphia.

Uncle Dan Callaghan was a quiet hero. Of his flagship *San Francisco,* white-haired Uncle Dan, who had been aide to President Roosevelt, would only say:

"We have a nice ship and a good bunch of men. We ought to do fairly well if we get a chance."

Yet Uncle Dan, for all his understatement, ran his cruiser down the

gauntlet of the Jap fleet, knocking out an enemy battleship, a cruiser and destroyer.

"We want the big ones first," Uncle Dan had ordered in his quiet manner. He got the big ones—and lost his life in the process.

Capt. Ray Thurber, operations officer on Admiral Halsey's staff, has a good sense of humor. Bidding farewell to a group of correspondents going up the line for action, Thurber said:

"You have a chance to get a bomb dropped down your neck. Take along a tin hat and a prayer book."

I met Vice Admiral Calhoun when he was mourning the loss of a friend, Col. Stevenow, one of twenty-two killed in the crash of an Australian-bound plane.

"I realize this is war, but I can't help feeling the loss of a friend," said Calhoun, and he added: "I hope I never get so I don't feel it."

One of the coming men in the United States Navy, definitely a man to watch, is Rear Admiral Willis Augustus Lee, Jr., who received the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism" as commander of a task force which defeated a larger Japanese force off Guadalcanal in a decisive turning point in the Solomons campaign. Had we lost that battle, we might have lost Guadalcanal and we would have lost a lot of face too.

Admiral Lee, who is fifty-five years old, has already come a long way up the ladder of success without losing the common touch. It would be hard to think of a more democratic admiral. He is known throughout the fleet as "Ching" Lee, for that is what he calls himself. One day he telephoned down from the bridge to the wardroom.

"This is Lee speaking," he began.

"Who's Lee?" demanded a new ensign who answered the telephone.

"China Ching Lee," responded the skipper to the amazement of the ensign who suspected a laundryman had stowed away.

"Ching" Lee likes to roam his flagship, poking his head in the most unexpected places, and talking things over with the enlisted men. Any man who has a gripe can do his complaining to the head man without going "through channels." The admiral also is an inveterate reader; he

reads every type of literature, and when he has no book or paper in his hand he reads over other people's shoulders.

There is a certain lowly seaman who will never get over the shock of feeling a hot breath on his neck and looking up to discover that his admiral had joined him in a perusal of "Buck Rogers." The admiral finished the chapter on Buck's adventures, thanked the seaman for sharing the comic strip, and went on his round of inspection.

Some of the colleagues of "Ching" think he carries his democracy to an extreme in one respect. Instead of living in style at Newport or San Diego when ashore, "Ching" Lee is proud to list his home address as 1340 14½ Street, Rock Island, Illinois.

P.S.—In that Guadal battle, Admiral Lee's force destroyed at least one Japanese battleship, three cruisers and one destroyer, damaged several other vessels, and turned back the remainder of the Japanese fleet.

Theodore Stark Wilkinson: His friends call him Ted. He's a slow-spoken, slow-moving, extremely courteous gentleman, fond of homely anecdotes. Out of uniform, he might pass for a country doctor or justice of the peace.

Admiral Wilkinson has always been a big man in the navy. Though he never talks about it and you wouldn't suspect it from his self-effacing manner, Ted Wilkinson has been a hero since his junior officer days when he crawled into a smoking, exploded gun turret and dragged his fellow gunners to safety. For that Ted Wilkinson received the Congressional Medal.

I became acquainted with Ted Wilkinson when he was captain of a battleship, returning from a convoy trip to Iceland. The captain invited the correspondents to a gala dinner the last night out in anticipation of his promotion to admiral's rank.

Over the cigars and coffee, the captain inquired: "Know any good stories, gentlemen?" Our host proved a good raconteur. I remember he told a sprightly anecdote about a beautiful young lady who showed up at a formal dinner party with an irksome cold in her nose and two dainty lace handkerchiefs. We laughed heartily—and forgot the tale until it was published months later in the *Reader's Digest*, submitted by John Erskine. After the war Ted Wilkinson should be in demand as an after-dinner speaker.

"Country" Moore, one of the outstanding flying aces of the Navy, is called "Country" because of his slow, rural drawl. He was leading his men on a reconnaissance flight when they passed over the harbor of Munda. As "Country" tells the story, he looked down upon oft-bombed Munda, saw two destroyers lying in the harbor, and flew on quietly for a few minutes until a brainstorm struck him:

"My God, those are Jap destroyers!"

Actually, there is nothing slow about "Country" except his exaggerated drawl, and he wasted no time flashing the word back. By a rare stroke of fortune, a cruiser task force under Admiral "Tip" Merrill was already on its way north to bombard the Munda installations. Such expeditions require long preparation, but the last-minute flash from "Country" fitted perfectly into the picture. Admiral Merrill's force steamed into Munda, blasted the destroyers and blasted the installations, and steamed away without a scratch.

"Our bright work is polished
But our ship is demolished."

Lieutenant Dan Mooney, Jr., of New York, survivor of the cruiser *Chicago,* has a right to sing that ditty, and he does. Mooney was a communications officer on the *Chicago,* flagship of a task force, which tangled with Japanese Zeros south of Guadalcanal, off Rennell island, as the Japanese were creating diversions to cover their humiliating evacuation of Guadal where our forces had been pushing them around. At 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, as the *Chicago* was sinking under a merciless air bombardment, Dan Mooney jumped into the ocean from starboard forward, near the Number One turret. He was in the water two hours in his kapok lifejacket before being picked up by a destroyer which subsequently transferred him to a transport.

Remembering the navy's instructions on how to deal with sharks, Mooney made a point of putting his boots on before he leaped into the sea. Once on a destroyer, he removed his boots; then general quarters sounded and he had to run around barefooted. He arrived on the transport sans boots. Red Cross workers were on hand with duffelbags containing a new set of clothes for each survivor. The bags were marked 6 to 12, indicating the shoe sizes, but Mooney could find no 12's to fit him. A seaman volunteered to give up his shoes, and the surprised Mooney found they were the same ones he had abandoned.

But that was nothing compared to the wallet that Mooney lost while in the water. Three days later a sailor accosted him with:

"Did you lose a wallet?"

"Yes," said Mooney, "and it had $70 in it."

"That's right," the sailor acknowledged. "I picked it up and figured you had drowned. Last night I got in a poker game and lost $15. Here's the wallet with the rest of the money. So sorry."

Mooney is a graduate of Georgetown University, and also attended Fordham Law School. He is a son of Daniel J. Mooney, attorney and friend of Alfred E. Smith. The Mooneys live at Washington Square and Waverly Place in an apartment house in which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt recently set up housekeeping.

Since his ship was demolished young Mooney has been in communications on the beach, apart from eleven days in a hospital with dengue fever. The swimming which saved his life he learned at Atlantic Beach, Long Island.

Clendenin Ryan, being a grandson of Thomas Fortune Ryan, could have rested easy on his inherited millions. He could have been a Stork Club playboy. Instead, Clen interested himself in political and economic affairs and became secretary to Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, which is a liberal education in itself. With a war on, both Ryan and LaGuardia tried for active service. Ryan succeeded, became flag secretary out here to an admiral in charge of converted carriers. Lieutenant Commander Ryan served through the Solomons campaign with distinction. But when Clen talks about the war and the Ryans he doesn't mention himself. He will pull clippings out of his pocket to show you what his brothers, nephews and cousins are doing. He is particularly proud of that young Ryan who was landed around Casablanca and stormed the City Hall himself. City Halls seem to have an attraction for the Ryans.

The City Hall poker games contributed to Ryan's education. Though he talks pink radicalism, Ryan plays cards like the conservative that he is. Correspondents who invited Ryan into a sociable game of blackjack found that out. Ryan cleaned them on the principle of "them that has, gits."

The Japanese failed to get Ryan, but dengue fever did. He has re-

turned to the States now to convalesce and to check on the third generation of Ryans. At last count there were thirty-five of them.

Ronnie Balcom, of New York and Palm Beach, is what the tabloids call a playboy. He married American millions and had fun. That was before the war. Now Balcom is a lieutenant in the navy and master of his own ship. He's gone up the line as skipper of a subchaser. The playboy is a serious fellow now, for this is no drawing room war. But one gets the impression that Balcom is doing just what he wants to be doing and wouldn't be back on Long Island or Palm Beach for anything in the world. Not while there's a war on.

P.S. Ronnie has just come back—alive and thirty pounds lighter. He says: "Anybody who says he doesn't get scared under fire is a damned liar."

"I come from a long line of horse thieves. Our family in America was founded by three indentured servants from England, three brothers. One went to the North, one to the South and one moved by way of Tennessee into God's country, Missouri."

There speaks an Ozark philosopher and patriot, Ensign Clarence Olin Woolsey, of Springfield, Mo. His great-great-grandfather, Zepheniah Woolsey, was an early settler in Caldwell County. His father, Olin Moore Woolsey, was called Tinker by his friends and so was Ensign Woolsey, who answers either to Tinker or Tink. When Ensign Woolsey recently had a son, he decided to legalize the name of Tinker, and so the infant was named William Tinker Woolsey. The father has no idea how the name of Tinker originally fastened itself upon the family.

"I'm the oldest ensign in the Navy," says Tink, modestly. He was born thirty-two years ago in Chillicothe, Mo., and was brought up in Braymer, Mo., where he read *The Braymer Bee, The St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *The Kansas City Star*. He was practising law and politics in Springfield when the Navy called him.

He has never seen his son, born seven months ago, while Tink was in San Francisco awaiting transportation to the South Pacific.

"I've never seen my son Tinker," says the aged ensign, "but you can announce in his behalf that he's already a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the Missouri State Legislature from the 1st District, which is

Greene County. And if you mention Springfield, don't forget it's the Queen City of the Ozarks."

Frank Moore hails from New Orleans. He comes from a family of bankers with plenty of money. They assisted Huey Long in his early days and lived to regret it, for Long turned on most of his benefactors before he was killed. If he had had the opportunity, Frank might have killed Long himself. So Frank says, and you don't know whether to believe him or not, for he is a kindly soul and he never speaks above a whisper. But Frank is a fighting man; he has a bullet in him from fighting the banana trust in Latin-America. That was when Frank was a big banana man, traveling between Wall Street and Mexico, and living in Mark Twain's old red brick house at Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street. Frank was a flyer, too. He flew with the Weidles and the Williamses of New Orleans, most of whom were killed. Frank Moore has given up flying now for a form of wartime yachting. Lieutenant Moore is skipper of a minesweeper which has gone up the line. Moore believes in living dangerously. There's nothing soft about minesweeping.

Chet Huff lives on borrowed time. A black-browed, profane little fighting man, Chet is the ace flyer on one of our carriers. Now at the age of thirty-two, Chet is too old to operate fighter planes and is headed back to the States to instruct. He hopes to return to action as a bomber pilot. Chet was quarterback for Alabama U. when they played Minnesota. He still thinks the Minnesota Swedes were harder to beat than are the Japanese.

A cocky rooster if ever there was one, Chet doesn't wish to return to the States until the war is won. Then he plans to settle down on the family farm, Spring Hill, between Selma and Montgomery.

"We raise Tennessee walking horses, a little corn, a little whisky, a little hell," Chet confides.

Chet has two flying buddies, named Ironhead and Winnie Pooh. Once they win the war, he's got jobs for them on the farm as lookouts for revenooers.

Moreover, Chet has a formula for victory. He believes in attack to conquer, not merely to damage.

"When we played Minnesota," he says, "we had our ears pinned back, but we kept on slugging."

Sam Pierson is a citizen of the world, and of Stamford, Connecticut. An army captain, Sam controls an advanced base depot with hundreds of jeeps and peeps. That makes Sam a man of importance. Anybody with a jeep out here amounts to something; a man with hundreds of jeeps rates with admirals and millionaires. Sam has a country estate which he's nicknamed Rumdum's Rest. There he, Major Jim Crane and other boys from Stamford get together and talk about Connecticut. There Sam had the pleasure the other day of entertaining his kid brother, passing through. He was overjoyed to see his brother, and I know how he felt, having a kid brother of my own in Iran.

Possessor of a French name, Pierson stands high in the French village where he brings his laundry. Sam brings his laundry to an unpainted frame building with a peeling signboard which reads: "Chief of Police." The chief operates a laundry in connection with the jailhouse. When Sam Pierson introduced himself, the chief fell on his neck and wept with joy.

"Ah, Pier-son! Pier-son!" he exclaimed. The chief never thinks of Sam Pierson without recalling that René Pierson whose name is cut in stone on the village war monument bearing this dedication:

Aux Caledoniens et aux Hebridais
Morts pour La France.

Sam Pierson, of the Stamford Piersons, thinks he and the late René may have been distantly related.

In line of duty, your correspondent sprained an ankle and hobbled off to a mobile hospital where the X ray department was in charge of Lieutenant Commander Edwin P. Bugbee, who bore a remarkable resemblance to a friend of mine. Upon returning to my base, I had a letter from my friend, Miss Emma Bugbee, of the *New York Herald Tribune.* She wrote that her brother, Edwin, whom I had failed to meet in Alaska last summer, was now somewhere in the South Pacific, and she hoped we might get together. It's a small world, etc.

Descendant of a Napoleonic Marshal and a Confederate buck pri-

vate, that's Lieutenant Commander Ray Parlier, and he'll take the Confederate any time. A roundish fellow who walks with the rolling gait of an admiral, Parlier came up from the ranks and is proud of it. It's experienced salts like Parlier who season our crop of naval reserves. In the World War Parlier served overseas as an enlisted man. He is a shipfitter from the shipbuilding town of Bath, Maine, and he likes to carpenter and paint the scant furnishings in his room.

"Some people who recognize my French name think I'm French-Canadian," says Parlier. "As a matter of fact, the first Parlier I know of was a marshal on Napoleon's staff. When Napoleon went to St. Helena, the Parliers moved to America. One branch of the family settled in Georgia and a Parlier married a daughter of Ol'man Cox, who fought in the ranks with the Confederates. He was my grandfather, and a grand old man at eighty.

"When I attended public school in Atlanta, I was treated like a French boy, much to my disgust. When we all were caught throwing rocks, I alone would be lectured by the teacher because, as he said, I was a French boy and French boys were supposed to have better manners. In fact, there were only two boys at the school regarded as foreigners, me and a lad named Moscovitz.

"I never thought of myself as being French. I hate Vichy France and all that it stands for. I would change my name if Vichy won out. When I was in France in the last war, I didn't even bother to look up my Napoleonic ancestors. I was busy with other matters. A few years ago I was passing through California and looked up the California branch of the Parliers who had gone into the winery business. I had a long chat with an old Parlier who was the image of Napoleon's marshal. He was very polite and glad to see me, but do you know, that old Parlier never even offered me a glass of wine!"

Dr. Marion Kalez, of Philadelphia, is returning to the States from an island where he has been directing an "aviatorium," or rest home, for marine flyers wounded in the Solomons campaign. The "aviatorium" was an old French country estate with dogs, cats, cows, pigs and geese basking in the sun and amicably possessing the courtyard. In addition to fresh country air and three square meals daily, Dr. Kalez recommends an interest in pets to speed convalescence and get the patients'

minds off their troubles. I overheard one chunky, freckled young fellow say:

"Doc, would you recommend sulfathiazole for that wing? It's still bothering."

"Let's have another look," said Dr. Kalez. He and his patient went upstairs. The subject of their mutual concern was a tiny blue parakeet, housed in a homemade little box above the patient's cot. The flyer had brought back the bird with its brilliant plumage and chirping voice from one of the islands where the previous owner had clipped the left wing to ground the bird. The wing had been clipped too short and had bled. Dr. Kalez dusted the wound with sulfa powder and said everything would be all right. Until the wing grew out, the bird would be lopsided and have a tendency to ground-loop, but in a few months, the doctor said, there would be no evidence of the clippings.

The flyer, himself clipped by the enemy, showed concern only for the bird. And the bird reciprocated the interest by hopping out of his cage and ground-looping in his owner's big right hand. Bird and man will get well together.

Let the Japs beware. The twelfth man on the Dartmouth side in that famous football game with Princeton in 1935 is now at large in the South Pacific. Remember how Princeton and Dartmouth, both unbeaten teams up to that time, met on a snowy day with the eyes of the nation upon them and Princeton proceeded to give the Big Green a trouncing, whereupon a spectator, Michael Mesco, of Elizabeth, N. J., dashed on the field and attempted to grab the ball and carry it down the field to save Dartmouth from a shutout. Unfortunately, gendarmes interfered and Mesco was carried off the field.

Mesco is now an officer on a passenger ship flying the Pacific, and today he hates the Japanese with the same intensity he once reserved for Princeton.

"I come from New Jersey, but I sure hated Princeton," he recalls. "No, I'm not a Dartmouth man. You might call me a Rutgers rooter. All Rutgers men hate Princeton."

On a lonely island road I met a young soldier from Vermont who said

his name was Ethan Allen. I asked him if he was descended from Ethan Allen, the green mountain rebel.

"Funny, people keep asking me that," said the lad. "No, I don't think so."

I reminded him that *the* Ethan Allen was rated quite a soldier in his time.

"That's nothing," said the boy. "You should meet my old man. He fought in the last war. When this one came along he applied for the navy. They took him. He's what they call a warrant officer. I'm proud of my old man."

Frank Filan, Associated Press photographer, had read about the new co-ordination of army and navy forces which might lead to unification eventually. He believes what he reads. Out here on assignment, he borrowed a navy jeep and drove it into an army base for servicing. He had filled the gasoline tank before an amazed sergeant discovered he had a navy vehicle in his midst. There was no precedent for it. It was one of those things that couldn't happen to a dogface. The army and the navy were as far apart as east and west and never the twain should meet. The navy vehicle was allowed to depart with its loot but the driver was warned:

"Don't let it happen again."

Then there was the dark, curly-haired petty officer whose name I forget. An ambitious, clean-living, thrifty young fellow, he was serving at a mobile hospital as technician to a dentist and, after hours, practising a little dentistry on the side, with other enlisted men as willing patients or victims. After the war, our young man might go to college and emerge with a dentist's degree of his own.

I saw the petty officer for the first time when he came into the isolation ward to visit his dentist, a lieutenant, who was afflicted with "cat fever" (catarrhal fever). The doctors and nurses danced attendance upon the dentist, for he was their friend, he belonged to the hospital staff and he treated their teeth.

"Don't put him in with the gunshot cases, they might catch his fever," a doctor ordered. "Let's put him in right here"—and so they moved the dentist and his catching disease next to me. The dentist was

visited daily by his technician and they held prolonged chats about women and money as they munched through a box of Fanny Farmer chocolates. They offered me a fudge bar or two, but dengue had destroyed my appetite. The technician sat on a chair between the two beds, leaned back, spilled my glass of water, apologized, and recited a perfect, short short story about his love life:

"I just got a new picture of my gal with glasses on. Makes her look like an old woman at twenty-six. Seriously, though, she looks good to me. She's wearing a cute form-fitting little skirt. Seems to fill out her clothes more than she used to. Gee, I'd like to get home by December."

"So would everybody in the navy," the dentist interrupts, reaching for Fanny Farmer.

"Give me a hard chocolate," says the technician, with the easy democracy of an enlisted man eating out of the same candy box with a commissioned officer. "I don't like those soft mushy pieces. . . .

"You know, I'm loose in a lot of ways, but I never let a dime get away from me. Lots of sailors go out on pay days, spend all their money and get drunk and wake up with a hangover. Not me. I never could see that.

"When I joined the navy, I told my girl I'd save $400 the first year. What I actually saved was $600. Now I've got $1700 in the bank book. A good many fellows get married on less than $1700. It'll be $2,000 before the end of the year."

The petty officer gazed out at the tall palm trees that stretched from the isolation ward to the tropical beach on which lovers were known to frolic after dusk. He continued dreamily:

"My gal knows all the angles. She figures we can be married and furnish a house for $400. Not counting the reception her old man will pay for."

BOOK FIVE

To the Victors

35

PARADOX OF THE PACIFIC

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS of peacetime tourism, Hawaii blushed prettily under its self-imposed designation as Paradise of the Pacific. There may have been some amateur, pretender paradises lurking around in the broad ocean such as Tahiti or Bora Bora or Samoa, but Hawaii would have you know that it was the professional and premier paradise west of California.

Today, Hawaii has become a Paradox of the Pacific. Where else could so many upside-down, inside-out things happen?

Weary American war veterans from Munda and Ramu and Attu, taking the rest cure here or homeward bound and laying over between planes, will tell you how they chased the Jap through the jungles or bombed him to bits in the tundra. In the next breath they will call up a Japanese girl and take her out for the evening, to dine and drink and dance.

When Allied warships move in and out of Pearl Harbor, when Allied merchantmen tie up at Honolulu piers and elsewhere in the islands, and

when our patrol planes maintain their ceaseless vigil overhead, they are watched by thousands of squinting brown Japanese eyes. It could not be otherwise, for Japanese make up one-third of the population of the Hawaiian Islands.

When the national draft law was applied to Hawaii, Filipinos were exempted, because they had been promised their independence, and Japanese of all kinds were exempted because, frankly, it was not known whether they could be trusted or not. Yet today Japanese, who voluntarily enlisted as proof of their loyalty to Uncle Sam, are fighting and dying in Italy.

It should be mentioned that the Hawaiian Japs heretofore referred to are AJAs, which is the local terminology for Americans of Japanese ancestry; in other words, young American citizens born under the Stars and Stripes of Japanese parents. In California they would be called Nisseis, but that Japanese word is not favored here where some of the AJAs try to be more American than the Americans—or shall we say the Caucasian and Negro Americans?

The casualty lists coming in from Italy include such strange American names as Staff Sergeant Richard Kano Murashige, Sergeant Ronald Kiyabu, Corporal Richard Kanhan Toyama, and Private Takao Shikya. Some of the AJAs giving up their lives in the fight against the Axis are graduates of Honolulu's McKinley High School which, erroneously it seems, was reported to have had graduates among the crews of the dive-bombers and torpedo planes which rained destruction upon Pearl Harbor.

One reads that the family of Private Keichi Tanaka, (no relative of the Japanese war lord and alleged author of the notorious Tanaka Memorial), who was killed in action in North Africa, is donating $200 to war charities in appreciation of sympathy shown during their recent bereavement and "in observance of the traditional forty-ninth day of naka, parents of the fallen American soldier, "will dispense with the mourning." Owing to wartime conditions, Mr. and Mrs. Kikuzo Ta-usual custom of distributing coffee and tea."

Although their loyalty was questioned at first, and they still aren't being sent into combat against the one hundred per cent Nipponese of Tojo, the Americans of Japanese ancestry in Hawaii have contributed more men to the army than any other racial group, proportionately.

Exempted as they were from the draft, 9,000 AJAs answered the first call for volunteers.

A second campaign for volunteers is now under way with the assistance of AJAs who have come back from Camp Savage to tell how well they were treated. Among the first recruits were Ralph Mori, filling station manager, and Teisho Nakanishi, Honolulu taxi driver. Mori, a former student at the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, said he felt it was his duty "to participate actively in the war against aggression," and Mori added:

"There is nothing else a good American can do."

To stimulate a sense of kinship and patriotism, the army has been playing up photographs and biographies of AJAs killed in North Africa and Italy, which might give the impression that AJAs were fighting the whole war for us. At least, a white American resident was reproached the other day by a bright eight-year-old AJA who said:

"You are sending all our boys up to the front lines to be killed off."

Which, of course, is not true, and may have been inspired by some elder of doubtful loyalty.

Before AJA volunteers are accepted, a thorough check is made into their lives, and their teachers, employers and friends are interviewed. Much information comes from informants. There is a legend that Japanese are close-mouthed and not a race of informers, but this is not quite true. Loyal AJAs do not hesitate to give information about subversive activities.

Generally speaking, white Hawaiians give the AJAs credit for loyalty, but are not so sure about the older enemy-alien Japanese who are fixed in their ways and have not become Americanized. These elders, they say, are not buying War bonds, but are putting their savings in Hawaiian real estate and capitalizing on wartime prosperity.

As for the disloyal young AJAs from Hawaii, who have been rioting in California internment camps, Hawaii doesn't want them back. It suggests that they be dumped on Japan after the war, as part of the reparations.

Meanwhile, Hawaii is an armed camp. The beaches are still lined with barbed wire, and sentries with machine guns and watchdogs keep patrol wherever landings might be attempted. Big coastal guns and

ack-ack batteries roar every day. After the Pearl Harbor blitz, so-called defense construction was expected to drop off in a year or two, but instead it multiplies. Defense workers earn high wages, pay exorbitant rents for inadequate housing, and are fined heavily for absenteeism.

Those Japs you see working inside the gates of Pearl Harbor are Koreans.

German shepherd (police) dogs are being recruited for sentry duty. Their masters are assured that "Dogs enlisted in the Army are given highly specialized training, the best of food and care, and when returned to their owners after the war will be better dogs for their army experience."

Despite the war and some diversification of crops, Hawaii continues to be the pineapple kingdom of the world. This may be news to the parents of a private who received a Christmas package which he opened ahead of time. To his amazement they had sent him from the States six large cans of pineapple juice.

Hawaii's economy is dominated by the Japanese and by the descendants of the missionary families who, as the saying has it, came to Hawaii "to do good and remained to do well." Owing to wartime expansion, Hawaii's "Big Five" monopolies are now referred to as the "Sacred Six."

The war has accomplished one thing at least, says a wit—it has shown a lot of people that Hawaii is not a part of the Philippines.

Business people say the best pay are Japanese, Filipinos and Chinese. Slowest to pay their bills are the easy-going Polynesian Hawaiians, the Portuguese, and the defense workers who hope to get back to the states ahead of their bills.

The Chinese are buying both War bonds and realty. Foreign language papers still published in Hawaii, include two Japanese dailies.

Hawaii still has a strict curfew for aliens. For citizens the depressing blackout has been modified slightly. Night clubs are booming, and bootleggers are busy. Hawaii has a few legal distilleries of its own, turning out inferior gin and "imitation bourbon whisky," distilled from fruits.

Steaks at four dollars a copy are to be had at the House of P. Y. Chong. P.Y., who denies he was educated at Harvard, is a character. When the O.P.A. cracked down on him for the wide spread between

his four-dollar steaks and the wholesale cost, P.Y. blandly proved he bought all his steaks at retail, from fellow Chinese. When the government continued to pester him on the ground his steaks were too large and conducive to waste in wartime, P.Y. obligingly reduced the size of the steaks, but not the price. P.Y. plows his enormous profits into patriotic full-page advertisements, such as this appeal:

"Amelica fighting boys needs some more pletty new kinds books, magzines, for read. They fight hard all tams, sometam no more rest for two, three days. If you get books, magzines, please give now.

"When you give magzines, books, please no give too old kind; no over 3 months old. Cospolitan, Red Book, Amerlican all good. Best kinds Pulp, Detective, Cowboy magzines. Funnies best kind in all."

. . . All in all, the Japs certainly started something at Pearl Harbor.

36

GUADALCANAL STREET

"I HOPE we make those Nips up the line pay twenty to one for what they've done to our boys. No, that's not the right percentage. Let's make 'em pay more than that."

This keen desire for revenge upon the hated Japanese was voiced by a middle-aged soldier standing beside me in Guadalcanal Street, the local name for the little cemetery in which are buried hundreds of America's finest young men, slain in the first stage of the Solomons campaign.

We were standing bareheaded under a blazing afternoon sun.

"Have you seen any boys from Wichita Falls, Texas?" the middle-aged soldier inquired reverently. "I heard there were two here."

As I pointed out the inscription on the white cross in front of us on a low grassy mound, the soldier exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be surprised! Isn't that a coincidence?"

"Did you know Fuzzy?" I asked, for the inscription on the cross read:

"Lieut. Walter A. Franklin
(Fuzzy)
Wichita Falls, Texas."

The adjoining plot was dedicated to:

"Lieut. Robert L. Gately
(Bob)
Brooklyn, New York."

Brooklyn and Wichita Falls had fought and died side by side.

"No," replied the soldier, "I didn't know Fuzzy. I'm a bit older than that. He must have been a young fellow; probably a pilot."

In addition to the crosses, the graves of Franklin and Gately were marked by plane propeller blades upended in the ground.

The craving for revenge runs like a crimson thread through the thoughts and talk of every man I encountered in Guadalcanal. The cry for vengeance arises even from the graves. For example, on the grave of Lieutenant Weldon S. Sims, of the 27th Infantry, the memorial plaque reads:

Dear brother
May you rest in peace
And may I never
Until your death
Is fully avenged

But vengeance is not all. Devotion to duty and the promise of lasting peace are recorded for pilgrims who step carefully between long rows of the heroic dead.

"For peace—security—happiness," we read above the remains of Oren E. Bryant, of Polo, Missouri.

"Where he fell may freedom stand," is a tribute to Private Daniel Marshall, and for Sergeant Thomas M. Petty:

"Here is a small parcel of dust which shall forever be American."

Warriors of various nationalities, creeds and colors sleep side by side. Flying Officer Nelson Warner, of the Royal New Zealand Air

Force, rests beside Lieutenant Volt H. Tom, U.S.A. The democracy of the dead finds room for a Chinese laborer named Don Ken Chow and for "an unidentified Chinese." For all one can tell, red, black or brown men may be buried in other graves marked "unidentified."

Protestants, Catholics, Jews and nonbelievers make up this national cemetery. Masonic insignia, the Catholic symbol "IHS" and the Jewish Star of David decorate the mounds in Guadalcanal Street.

Private Clyde Hanks, of Gadsen, Alabama, sleeps here with Corporal Lucien Mailhoit, of Bedford, New Hampshire. Here also are Privates Oscar Rainwater, Stanley Mickiewicz, Michael Pantozzi, Jimmy Sarro and Bartholomew Connelly, Corporal Emile Fregeaua and Sergt. Robert Hammarlund. There is a Private Hargrove, too—Private Dennis I. Hargrove.

Not without significance is the grave of Captain J. V. Carney, U.S.N., who was killed in a dive-bomber crash. As the celebrated Henderson Field on Guadalcanal was named after a marine flyer killed at Midway, so a new field bears the name of Carney and is equipped to send hundreds of bombers swarming north.

The fraternity of American warriors is illustrated in the case of Lieutenant Colonel William C. Wright, the highest ranking army officer in Guadalcanal Street. His casket and gravestone were fashioned by his two brothers, one a captain and the other an enlisted man. All three brothers served in the 132nd Infantry.

"Say a prayer for my pal
Who died in Guadalcanal."

This is the commonest inscription. Other inscriptions range from "A soldier whose devotion to duty was greater than love of life" to "He was the best" and "—to a better land I know."

Our flyers destined to do or die on future missions against the Japanese find inspiration in such tributes as that paid to Sergeant Paul R. Murphy, twenty-three years old, a marine, of Lowell, Mass.:

"The memory of a gunner
Whose life was taken at
The completion of a mission
He had volunteered to carry out
Will be retained
By the members of his squadron."

At the beginning of the war, flyers were buried with aluminum propellers upended at the heads of the graves, but now aluminum is conserved and baser metal is used. However, most inscriptions are still inscribed on aluminum—the tops of mess kits known to dogfaces and gyrenes as "meat cans." These aluminum plaques are nailed or wired to the crosses and will be sent home with the remains after the war, if so requested by the next of kin.

Guadalcanal Street's cemetery was founded by the marines during a lull in fighting on that island, and later was taken over by the army quartermaster. The original plot has been filled and an addition opened. Near by is a third and smaller plot in which a few dozen Japanese officers are buried under green crosses simply marked "Enemy dead." Some distance away is a common burial ground known as "Bloody Point" in which hundreds of Japanese are interred without markers.

In the whole Guadalcanal campaign the Japanese are estimated to have lost sixty thousand men, including thousands drowned offshore when Americans wrecked Japanese transports. American marines and soldiers in Guadalcanal Street number fifteen hundred, but this, of course, doesn't include our losses at sea in the Savo Island battles.

American flyers killed months ago are still being found in remote jungles and are being brought into Guadalcanal Street for burial. One such grave is marked "Unknown flyer" and bears the inscription:

"Here lies in glory
An American flyer
Known only to God."

Even in death our heroic dead have not gone from the wars. Grassy, treeless, well-kept Guadalcanal Street lies only a few miles from Lunga Point, where our marines first landed, and from the coconut plantations where shattered trees still bear wounds from Japanese shelling.

A Japanese flyer recently dropped a bomb which fell with fine impartiality between the graves of the Americans and the enemy dead, doing no damage.

But there is no impartiality in the minds of Americans who contemplate the meaning of those hundreds of American graves in Guadalcanal Street. Such contemplation intensifies the fierce desire for mass

revenge upon the Japanese—a desire to do as much damage as possible and to do it immediately.

37

BOUGAINVILLE BOOGIE-WOOGIE

IN BOUGAINVILLE the Japanese invaders decided to kill the paramount chief of the native black tribes as a lesson to the Melanesians to cease helping the white man and to begin co-operating with the yellow Nips.

The paramount chief, a fine specimen of Kanaka manhood, was brought to the chopping block beside which his grave had already been dug. In the jungle clearing around him were lined up the lesser, regional chiefs who had been invited to witness the execution as a reminder of what would happen to them, too, if they went on defying the Japanese. They were to be impressed by the futility of defiance.

But the paramount chief was as fearless as Joan of Arc at the stake. With folded arms and icy composure, he listened to his death sentence, a diatribe by the Japanese commander who said the blacks were fools if they sought friendship with the English, who were weak and decadent, and the Americans, who were worse. The round-bellied commander illustrated his contempt for the Americans by going through a pantomime of quaking his putteed legs for five minutes—a common gesture on the part of Japanese braves.

Even as the diatribe ended and his head was about to be severed, the paramount chief refused to be intimidated. With his final breath, and in his best pidgin English, he declared to his murderers:

"Me glad die 'long white man." (Truly a phrase worthy of company with that farewell by a great American who said he regretted that he had but one life to give for his country.)

Much to the chagrin of the unimaginative Japanese, the result of their pretty execution scene was that the surviving chiefs went back to

their thatched-hut villages impressed less by Japanese power than by their own headman's willingness to die for a good cause.

It is not generally remembered that Bougainville and Buka once belonged to Germany. By the middle of the nineteenth century, German traders operating out of Hamburg and Samoa obtained footholds in the northern Solomons and the Bismarck Archipelago. In 1884 Germany proclaimed a protectorate over Kaiser Wilhelm Land (the northeastern portion of the enormous island of New Guinea) and the nearby islands of the Bismarck Archipelago, and in succeeding years the protectorate was extended to the German Solomon Islands, Nauru, and to the Caroline, Marshall, Mariana and Pelew groups, north of the Equator.

When she went to war in 1914, Germany lost all of her Pacific possessions. Australia took over administration of Bougainville, Buka, Kaiser Wilhelm Land and the Bismarck Archipelago. The islands north of the Equator went to Japan under a League of Nations mandate, which she flouted by fortifying them in preparation for the present war.

All things being equal, the blacks probably would prefer to have their islands to themselves (there are about 60,000 natives on Bougainville and Buka.) But when it comes to a choice of masters, they definitely prefer whites to yellows.

Generally speaking, the natives when left alone are gentle, unselfish people. A fifty-year-old "boy" who performed the remarkable feat of taking a stranded Fort crew from the Cartaret Islands to Choiseul by canoe, was asked how much he wanted for his reward.

"About five pound," he said. He was given a bit more than that (roughly, $20).

Another dark friend received enough cartons of cigarettes to keep his little island puffing for a year. "You got smokum?" is the customary greeting from a native, and lucky is the white man who has the tobacco to satisfy the craving for nicotine which is as keen in a Kanaka as in any Park Avenue deb.

When our marines slipped into Segi in New Georgia to reconnoiter before laying siege to Munda airfield, they took along gifts for the natives and made friends immediately. When the first party of marines left New Georgia they brought out with them two grinning black boys. Riding in jeeps and traveling on destroyers and transports for

the first time, the jungle lads were as pleased as punch with the wonderland that had been opened up to them by the generous Yankees.

On Guadalcanal and the other islands we have occupied we hire the Kanakas at the standard rate of a shilling a day to build our airfields, to repair our roads, and to construct thatched houses, an art at which they are expert craftsmen. The natives labor patiently but slowly, taking time off to chat and to giggle. They have a hearty sense of humor.

Catching on all too rapidly to the peculiar ways of the white man, some of the Kanakas began sneaking into troop chow lines in order to get American grub free. Also, they established contacts with the quartermasters and supply officers to carry home cans of meat and beans. Such aggressions are officially discouraged on the theory that the native who can wangle free food is not likely to work for the Americans, since the philosophical black sees no sense in working expect to ward off starvation.

Still, you can't keep a barefoot boy down. In fact, you cannot keep him barefooted. It is nothing unusual to see a jungle citizen in jungle shorts walking along an American-designed highway in American service boots and maybe American service cap and raincoat. If they haven't been able to cadge cigarettes, they'll be smoking miniature clay pipes, and you can't go wrong by handing them another pipe or two. The boys are the greatest collectors in the world. I know of one boy who is proud as any king, for he wears a battered navy cap discarded by a Chief Petty Officer, and to a Kanaka a C.P.O. ranks with an admiral.

We have established native labor camps to house the shilling-a-day workmen. These camps are off limits and out-of-bounds for our service personnel. The effect is to guarantee some privacy to those whose jungles have been rudely disturbed by the white-yellow war. There are no women in the camps; women are very scarce on all the major islands, having retired to the distant hills or to more remote islands for the duration.

You may well ask how the Americans and the Kanakas speak to each other and make themselves understood. The answer is Pidgin English.

In the Solomons there is no universal language; more than forty

dialects are spoken, and blacks living in villages a few miles apart may be unable to understand each other. Nevertheless most of the Kanakas have been educated by the missionaries and the traders to speak and read sufficient Pidgin to get by.

Pidgin has been described as the Lingua Franca of the Pacific Islands, including the Solomons, New Hebrides, New Caledonia and New Guinea, as well as the East Indies and the Far East. Thousands are speaking and reading Pidgin today for every one who studies so-called scientific languages such as Esperanto or Basic English. If the United States forces remain active in the Pacific after the war to guard the far-flung air routes, it seems quite possible that Pidgin English may be taught in American schools in the same way that our developing Latin-American relations have popularized Spanish.

Already the army headed by Lieutenant General Harmon has published a Melanesian Pidgin phrase-book and vocabulary, and the allied air forces in the Southwest Pacific have issued a Pidgin glossary for the use of their men who may become stranded and need native help to survive and get back.

For the benefit of flyers whose vocabularies may be inadequate, official circulars are available to be handed to the first native one encounters on the beach or in the bush. On one side of the circular is plain English; on the other side is the translation into Pidgin. For instance, I have before me a circular which reads in part:

> The white man holding this paper is a friend of the Government.
> His plane has crashed and you must look after him so that he reaches safety.
> If the Japanese come hide the white man and give them false information.
> If he is unable to walk make a stretcher and carry him.
> If the Japanese come to your village do not let them see this note.
> THESE ARE THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND YOU MUST OBEY THEM.

Now for the Pidgin version of that first sentence:

> Dispala masta i gifim pas long yu i peren belong Gavman.

And the last sentence:

> GAVMAN I TOK YUPALA MAS ARIM.

Simple, isn't it? As you see, Pidgin is not merely corrupt English or comic opera double talk; one cannot speak Pidgin by hashing up English words any which way. The grammar of Pidgin is simple, but its rules are inflexible.

In talking Pidgin, our soldiers are advised simply to use the sounds of their own speech. They must be alert, however, for the changes which the natives make in the sounds when pronouncing them. Then the soldiers will catch on and begin using these new sounds themselves:

Examples: "h" is not pronounced; "he" becomes "e"; "horse" becomes 'oss.

The natives are unable to pronounce more than one consonant at a time, so they insert a vowel wherever two consonants come together. Thus "stop" becomes "si-top"; "propeller" becomes "para-pella."

Nouns in Pidgin do not have any plural form. The singular must be used at all times: one-fellow man, two-fellow man, plenty-fellow man.

Numerals ordinarily used are one to five; six to twelve are normally used only in counting time. Bright indeed is the native who can count beyond twelve. Because of this failing we usually add a grain of salt to any estimate by the natives as to the number of Japanese soldiers or ships in their vicinity.

Pidgin sentences are never complicated. Ideas which in classic English might be expressed by a single sentence are in Pidgin broken into two or more sentences. Where one might say in English: "If you want to kill a pig, after taking an ax, a spear and a piece of rattan, you go down to a swamp before sunrise, and when the sun comes up after breakfast, you chase a pig," the Pidgin spokesman would say:

"Suppose you like kill-im pig. All-right. Kitch-im one-fellow ax, one-fellow spear, one-fellow kanda. Kitch-im finish, you go down 'long place he-got water. Sun he-no come up yet. Bimeby sun he-come up. Bel belong you he-hungry too-much, he-sing-out 'long kigh-kigh' (meaning 'your stomach calls out for food'). Kitch-im kigh-kigh. Kigh-kigh finish, you round-im one-fellow pig. Enough."

All this may sound like Bougainville Boogie-Woogie business to the old folks at home, but learning Pidgin is a life-and-death business with our flyers and ground troops in the Pacific isles. At first our boys find Pidgin almost as difficult as algebra or Arabic, but soon they are fascinated by its possibilities. You should hear the more advanced stu-

dents relating to the bug-eyed natives brief histories of the Revolutionary War or the romance of King Edward VIII and Wally Simpson, the natives listening as if to events of only yesterday.

Useful phrases for Pidgin beginners are:

Do you now how to talk Pidgin?—You savvy talk white-man?

Have you seen any Japanese soldiers?—You look-im Jap soldier?

All the Japanese are enemies of all good men.—Alltogether Jap he-birooa belong alltogether good-fellow man.

Are the Japanese in the district?—E got Jap-pan e stop?

Where is a path to avoid the Japanese?—Where stop road belong sakim Jap-pan?

Bring me food.—Bring em kigh-kigh (or kai-kai).

Did you see the plane crash?—You lookim barlus e fall down?

It is badly damaged.—E bugger up finish.

I want sleep.—Me like sleep.

All native males are called boys, no matter how old they are. And the spirit of George M. Cohen who wrote and sang "Mary Is a Grand Old Name" would be delighted to know that all native women are called Mary. The woods are full of Marys and Boys.

A Japanese is called a Jap, a Yap or something unprintable. A Chinese is Kong Kong. An American is Joe. The King of England is Number-one kee-ap true.

A few more translations and we are through for the day:

Why the hell?—All-same what-name?

Bird, airplane.—Balus.

Backwoods native, hillbilly.—Bush-kanaka.

False, deceitful.—Gammon.

Quinine.—Kee-nene.

Loin-cloth.—Lap-lap.

Ocean.—Soda-water, sola-water.

Cannibal.—Man he-savvy kigh-kigh man.

Nothing.—He-no got something.

Stomach.—Bel.

Ten.—Two-fellow hand.

Whisper.—Talk-talk easy.

If things continue to go well in the next few months we can say "Alltogether master he-make-im big-fellow Chris'mas," which means: "All the white men are having a big Christmas."

38

OUR AUSSIE HONEYMOON IS OVER

IT HAPPENED in Sydney at one of the gaudy cinema castles. The house was packed for a showing of a feature-length Walt Disney film—I forget whether it was "Snow White" or "Dumbo." Anyway, one of the tiny tots in the animated cartoon spoke up to inquire shrilly:

"Where's my mamma?"

Unexpectedly, the first reply came from the cheap seats in the pit.

"Probably out with some damn bloody Yank," shouted a deep-throated Australian soldier, drowning out whatever the screen had to say. The impromptu retort sent the audience into gales of laughter. Both Americans and Australians could appreciate the joke. But there was more to it than a mere jest; the serious undertone and resentment could not be overlooked.

When American troops poured into Australia in substantial relays in 1942 and 1943, most Australian young men with fighting physiques were elsewhere, battling foxy Rommel in North Africa and the Japs in New Guinea. Theirs was a desperate predicament, for they had been kicked out of the Balkans and out of Malaya. Many had been taken prisoner; many had been wounded. Nor was victory for them anywhere in sight. The Japs were overrunning New Guinea down to Milne Bay and the Owen Stanley Mountains and were bombing Australia's Port Darwin from the air.

At this critical juncture the so-called Brisbane Line came in for serious consideration in official circles. This was a proposal that all

Australia should be evacuated as far south as Brisbane; that the seven million Australians, unable to defend their continent with most of their fighting men abroad, should concentrate on defending the rich coastal strip extending from Brisbane to Sydney to Melbourne to Adelaide. It was further proposed that Australians who had fought their way out of Greece and Crete, Tobruk and Singapore should be recalled home on the theory that defense, like charity, should begin at home.

Arrival of American troops in Australia and New Guinea rendered these proposals academic. Not only was Australia saved, all of it; the Jap invaders began to be slowly but steadily purged from New Guinea. Today Australia is as safe as Alaska, and thousands of tired and wounded Australian troops are being brought home after an absence of three and four years.

Does this make for mutual esteem and appreciation among the allies? No, quite the contrary. In too many cases the returning Aussies have discovered their sweethearts who promised to be true forever have gone over to the Americans, who show them more courtesies and have more money to spend on cinemas, cafés and cabarets. If only errant sweethearts were involved, it would be sad enough, but some wives have called it quits in their husbands' extended absence and have turned to the obliging Americans for consolation. Even Australian grandmothers have been known to dye their gray hair blue and go for our gallant colonels.

Many of these Australians, bedazzled by what they have read of Hollywood, Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue, expect to marry their charming American acquaintances and migrate to the States after the war. Some already have wedding rings (or babies, or both) and no doubt thousands of them will get to see the Golden Gate, the Statue of Liberty, or both. Other thousands are doomed to disillusionment, to discovery that they have been temporary playmates rather than permanent companions.

For their benefit countless sermons are being preached in the Australian churches, and editorials printed in the Australian papers, paraphrasing the oft-told parable of the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter. In short, the Australian daughters are being warned against unconditional surrenders to American travelers who may have wives or sweethearts back home with top priorities. Bishops and editors have

cited rather alarming figures on desertions and pregnancies. Conferences have been held among the allied authorities to Do Something About It.

There you have what might be described as the romantic side to the problems that result when American Boy Meets Aussie Girl. There's an economic side, too. Your Aussie soldier who prides himself on being better paid than his English counterpart is poorly remunerated in comparison with the American doughboy. And his heavy woollen uniform is as shapeless as a feed bay lined up against the smartly cut American outfit. This lack of class and cash gives the Aussie an inferiority complex when he goes walking out and has to meet the competition of his American ally. Now if there's one thing the Australian hates above everything else, it is to have an inferiority complex, or to be told he has one. Your typical Australian regards himself as the most independent man in the world, and he is just about that. He admires the English and the Americans in most matters, but he'll be bloody well blarsted to hades if he'll submit to being patronized by his friends any more than he'll be pushed around by his foes. He is influenced more than he realizes by American films, magazines and books, and by British traditions and prejudices and the BBC. He uses American slang with an accent that is English—and don't call his accent cockney unless your prepared to scrap! His green parks are as beautiful as London's Hyde Park or St. James's. His cities of Melbourne and Adelaide are quaintly Victorian like London and Hove, and his Sydney and Brisbane have the American liveliness of Chicago and Kansas City.

In the first World War the Australians saved Australia without the help of the Americans. In France the Australians and the Americans fought side by side and found a deal in common; they were taller and louder and more assertive than their English mates. In the second World War, through no fault of their own, the Australian expeditionary forces suffered one setback after another. Naturally, they welcomed American intervention to save their homeland, but they were more than a trifle nonplused when at last they began returning home only to discover the smooth fast-working Americans had "captured" hundreds and thousands of their womenfolk. This situation rankles the Aussie veteran, and there's no use pretending otherwise. In the interest of

better relations among two peoples who have so much in common, it might be well to speak out and tell the truth.

Our Aussie honeymoon is over. Let's accept that, but can't we still be friends?

I don't want to give the impression that Americans and Australians are about to don their boxing gloves. There have been a few minor disturbances at bars and canteens, just as there have been in England and North Ireland and wherever virile young men of different nations are thrown together. But there has been no real rioting, nor will there be, if General MacArthur and Prime Minister Curtin have anything to say about it.

What has happened has not been a development of animosity so much as a lessening of the brotherly affection that prevailed up until the last few months. Even brothers may look askance at each other now and then, and some Australians are beginning to look at the free-spending, well-dressed Americans and to wonder what's keeping them in Australia hundreds of miles from the fighting fronts. This minority of Aussies may have forgotten that other thousands of Americans, dirty, weary, wounded and malarial Americans, are fighting in the jungles of New Guinea and the islands to the north, and that they draw their reinforcements and supplies through the co-operation of the healthy, clean-shaved, well-washed and well-heeled Americans one sees in Brisbane and Sydney.

If certain Australians are disappointed in the Americans they see, it is because they, in the first flush of patriotism and hands-across-the-Pacific, expected *too* much. Despite evidence to the contrary in our films, they saw us all heroes and saints, with not one sinner in a whole cargo-transport. We can only hope, in their pained rediscovery that all Americans are not saints, they will bear in mind that the bloody Yanks did not ask to be sent to Sydney, Port Moresby, Buna, Lae or Madang in the first place, but once there they tried to make the best of things, as is the American manner. . . .

Restaurants and cafés in Australia are advertising: "Waitresses wanted—over 45." Actually, the ones they get are closer to 65. The young 'uns are too busy to wait on table, particularly at night.

Night life in Sydney, for example, is something which has to be seen

to be believed. Hotels, eating and drinking places are jammed, and there are corner-stretching queues waiting outside the cinemas.

The most talked-about place in Australia is the lobby of Sydney's Hotel Australia. The lobby is called the Snake Pit, and not without reason. Our officers gather there in search of a date. The unattached young females of the town gather there for the same reason. After a nod and a smile and maybe a drink, the date is made. It's all very informal and unchaperoned. Some of the girls may have husbands or sweethearts serving abroad, but they don't care; they like free food and drink and a good time generally. Puritanical Australians, and there are still a few left, preach hellfire sermons and Indignant Readers write to the newspapers, but boys will be boys, and girls will be obliging. All over Australia there's a similar moral letdown. It was true in England during and after the last war. I even hear it's true in America now.

The Australian girls say they like the American boys because they have oodles of money to spend and because Americans are better-mannered and more chivalrous than Australians, who are a bit on the rough, take-it-or-leave-it side. Naturally the Australian veterans who are coming home don't like the situation. Australians are still friendly and hospitable, generally speaking, but not as crazy about us as formerly. Yes, the honeymoon is over.

It's too bad that sex has reared its head, ugly or otherwise, to throw a monkey wrench into our Pan-Pacific brotherhood. But the damage can and will be overcome, for America and Australia have a joint destiny. . . .

I sat on a hill in the windswept park behind Government House, the yellowed stone palace occupied by Lord Wakehurst, Governor of the State of New South Wales. This castle was built in 1837 to dominate the harbor. Across the bay on another point of land is a still older gray stone castle, Admiralty House, occupied by the King's viceroy, Lord Gowrie, Governor General of all Australia. Out in the middle of the harbor, on an island about the size of our Bedloe's Island which supports the Statue of Liberty, is a gray stone circular prison. This is Rock Island, better known as Pinch Gut Island. Prisoners were con-

fined there in the penal colony days and were so starved they had to draw their belts tight, or, as the Australians say, pinch their guts.

No wonder the Australians have erected a monument, outside the Sydney Public Library, to a royal governor, Sir Richard Bourke, who pioneered the transformation of Australia from a jailbird colony into a free state.

From my park bench I could trace the history of Australia from the old days to the present way. I could see Woolloomooloo Bay, where Lend-Lease has built a dry dock, and Mrs. Macquarie's Point (named after the wife of an early Royal Governor) where several Jap two-man subs maneuvered early in 1942, trailed ferry boats in through the harbor nets, and discharged torpedoes at the cruisers *Chicago* and *Canberra,* hitting only a ferry boat tied up at a dock and serving as a floating school. The *Chicago* and *Canberra* lived to perish elsewhere at the hands of the nefarious Nips.

As I mused, I was joined by a sixty-five-year-old park policeman, a witty old boy who had served in the Boer War with the British forces under the famous Colonel Daniel Driscoll, King of Scouts, who led the Driscoll Rifles for Winnie Churchill's commandos. Now my new friend wanted active service against the Japs but was turned down because of his age. He thought this a bloody shame. He could still hit a bull's-eye at eight hundred yards and he was active enough to work night and day shifts to keep the park clear of spooners and easy-sleepers "so it'd be fit for gentlemen like yourself to sit down here in peace."

Only the other day he had had words with his good wife for house-cleaning and throwing out souvenirs of his Boer War days, "souvenirs which I valued most highly."

On days when he goes home and finds his wife having neighbors in for tea, in the parlor next to his bed, he tells her he'd like to join the army "for a bit of rest and quiet." Actually it's plain to see he'd like to fight the Japs for the fun of it. He's already lost a son in the war, an honor student who joined the R.A.A.F. "for a bit of fun" and then, instead of fighting the Japs, had to train green kids to fly.

"He was flying a Wirraway, which is something of a cranky machine, but my boy knew it and liked it. He said a Wirraway could land itself. He'd prove it by taking it far above the clouds and letting it go down of its own accord. He said the clouds were flat like the ground—have

you ever been up, sir?—and that if the Wirraway could land itself on the clouds, it could do the same on land.

"So my boy proved he could land his plane on the clouds, and he wrote me not to worry; that he was safe as long as he had six hundred feet to open his 'chute in.

"Of course, he went up once too often. He was only two hundred feet up when it happened. . . ."

The white-haired man in blue changed to other subjects. He was philosophical about the convicts who helped to found Australia. He jested:

"They came here for good—for the good of the country they left."

Like all Australians, he boasted of his independence. It seems he had a rich old relative who died at MacDonald's Farm, Binghamton, N.Y. The estate went to relatives in England. My friend made inquiries but did not sue.

"We're independent that way," he explained. "We can get along without help. All we ask is to be left alone. Why, I've got brothers and sisters living somewhere in the world today, but if you asked me I couldn't tell you where."

Suddenly my friend excused himself:

"Sorry, sir, but I must be getting around the park to keep things in order, you know."

But before he went he had a few words for the Japs and for General MacArthur—"our pet" he called him, and said he hoped their pet would be given a big job to do.

And he talked about ships—the *Monterey,* the *Mariposa* and the *Mary,* which he identified as the *Queen Mary* in distinction to the *Lizzie —Queen Elizabeth.* He said he'd hope to ride on the *Mary* before he died, and he seemed amazed to hear I'd been on the *Mary* all the way from Europe. He'd never been to Europe; once he had traveled as far as Vancouver. He remembered how the boat stopped over at Honolulu (this would be in 1905) and how the natives danced hulas and passed out colorful leis and set off firecrackers, asking nothing in return but a square bottle of gin.

My blue-coated friend said he'd always been suspicious of Japs. As a young man he'd carpentered aboard a Jap Maru in Sydney and had become friendly with a young Jap officer who afterwards wrote and

sent presents to himself and his wife. But he couldn't tolerate Jap militarism.

His Jap friend had once remarked that girl babies should have their throats cut at birth as only boys were useful—for war.

"Do you really mean that?" my friend had asked, and the Jap had reaffirmed, drawing a finger across his throat to illustrate.

Further, he had taken my friend into a secret chart room and said:

"You think the British Empire is the only country shown in red on world maps. Well, here's Japan in red, and Australia, too."

"Oh," my friend continued, "the Japs had designs on us for years. They used to come here with their cameras and photograph everything. We had instructions to let them do as they pleased, to treat them as guests and show them around.

"I could have been fired for what I did just before the war. I saw a Jap shuffling around down there under the pins of the Sydney Bridge —longest suspension bridge of its kind in the world, sir; that single span is third of a mile across and the whole bridge with approaches is a mile and three-quarters long.

"Well, sir, I said to myself that shuffling Jap must be crippled. Then I realized he was measuring off in feet the width of the bridge so he could blow it up when he got around to it. And then he stopped to point his camera up at the span for a photo.

"At that moment I lifted up my foot like this (and he illustrated) and I gave him such a kick in the pants that the Jap lost all count of the bridge. . . . A few days later we were at war."

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"NOW ALL THE WORLD WAS SOFT"

AUSTRALIAN DIARY:

For the first time in a year, I was to see big cities again, with sidewalks and bathtubs and all that.

Borrowed a seldom-used alarm clock from AP's William Hanafin Hipple and set it for 5:30 A.M. Had a restless night, afraid the alarm clock wouldn't work and I would miss my plane. Rose before 5:30 and turned alarm off. Shaved in semidarkness. Dressed and climbed hill to mess hall to snatch a cup of hot coffee.

Drove through Noumea with Javanese squatting on sidewalks—Orientals would rather squat cross-legged than sit or stand. Waited at Naval landing for Higgins boat to take me across to Ile Nou, about which there is a mocking song which says: "The oldest island in New Caledonia is strangely called Ile Nou." Had another long wait there—in aviation it seems like one spends less time in the air than at air terminals, waiting, waiting, just waiting.

Off at last for Down Under, Australia, my fourth continent—North America, Europe and South America previously visited with Asia and Africa to come.

We fly in a PBM (Martin Patrol Bomber) across the Coral Sea, scene of our first big naval victory over the Japs. Fellow passengers include Commander Kenneth Earl, Noumea Central weather expert, and Col. Norman Peterson, army flyer. The army and the navy play cribbage, hour after hour, the navy coming out on top.

We'd expected a Panair (Pan-American Airways) crew. Instead we got a youngish navy crew which meant less experience and less service. Instead of ham and eggs and coffee, we waited until nearly noon for a cup of grapefruit juice and a cold ham sandwich. We learned the pilot got hot ham but if he makes that trip every dreary day he deserves hot ham.

In midafternoon we sighted our first land, a thin sandy reef, the beginning of the Great Barrier Reef that protects northeastern Australia for hundreds of miles. There are only three passages in the reef through which enemy ships might enter. Between the outer reef and the mainland, there are several miles of shallow water, muddy as at the delta of a big river.

Our flying boat circled over the sprawling city of Brisbane and smacked down on the Brisbane River, not far from the heart of that overgrown metropolis, which has multiplied its peacetime population of one third of a million. As if he had a date, our pilot wasted no time in setting his boat down in the narrow river and swinging her around to taxi to a mooring.

In every British settlement there's a touch of Old England. Driving downtown we noticed that every poor cottage had its flower garden to lend brilliant beauty to what is hardly the prettiest city in the world. Spring is just coming to Australia (there was a hailstorm the day before my arrival) and the Jack-o'-lantern trees are in full blossom. These are low, billowy trees which are a mass of delicate, lavender-colored blossoms. They are second cousins to the flamboyant trees, peculiar to New Caledonia.

Lew Sebring of the *Herald Tribune* had reserved a room for me at Terry Mortimer Ahern's Hotel Gresham, which was fortunate, for Brisbane, like Sydney, is overcrowded and hotels are turning unbilleted guests away. After a pleasant dinner to the music of a two-piece orchestra—a man handling a violin and a girl torturing a piano—Sebring and I talked until midnight about affairs of state.

Retired at 12:15 A.M. to be awakened at 3:15 to catch plane to Sydney. It would have been restful except I fought all the way with mosquitoes who won the decision on points—white and red welts. The hall porter knocked on the door at 3:15 and I sprang up like a groggy boxer at the bell, much to the disappointment of the still hungry skeeters who thought they had me down for keeps. At 3:45 I joined Sebring in the lobby for tea and toast which he'd wangled out of the porter who was scrubbing the floor.

Drove miles out of town to Archer Airport to board an old DC5, Douglas transport, said to be last of its kind in existence. Douglas sold six to the Netherlands East Indies before the war. The Dutch

lost three fighting the Japs. Three got away to Australia and two of them subsequently were wrecked. We rode in the last of the Mohicans.

Before we entered the plane, we were weighed holding our baggage. I weighed 265—with baggage, of course. Names of passengers had been called out twice but after we entered the plane, the checker-upper discovered two stowaways. He demanded that the two extras get out of the dark plane or else all would have to leave. Nobody left voluntarily, so all had to pile out. Two sheepish officers then discovered that they had boarded our southbound plane whereas they were supposed to head north, for Rockhampton. Honest mistake, no doubt.

We flew the 400-plus miles to Sydney in about three hours. Fellow passengers included a number of malarial New Guinea warriors on leave, also Bill Olexy, former Fordham football player. Also, an Australian navy officer named Blackwell from Port Vila who recalled seeing me in Suva, and now admired my ability to sleep under adverse conditions. I was crouched on a bare tin bucket seat, resting my weary head against the rivets of the door. The door was locked, to be sure, but every now and then I stirred and tested it—to be sure, since I had no parachute.

Australia is nearly the size of the United States. Turn the map of Australia upside down and its resembles the States. However, its total population is less than New York City's. Most of the Australian continent is desolate wilderness fit only for Abos (the dying race of bush aborigines). The more fertile and populated region is a fringe along the eastern coast, south from Brisbane.

As we approached Sydney, we flew over rolling green hills and thousands of pleasant-looking, red-roofed houses. We flew low over the Hawkesbury River, Manley Beach, and Botany Bay, where the English founded a penal colony after our Revolution stopped them from deporting people to North America. Australians naturally don't like to be reminded of their penal background. To ask an Australian if he belongs to the oldest family is to insult him. They will tell you that many of the convicts transported to Australia were political or religious prisoners and no more hardened criminals than were our own Pilgrim Fathers who founded Massachusetts.

Our Douglas landed at Mascot Field and we bussed into downtown Sydney; an impressive metropolis with a peacetime population of a

million and a half, largest in Australia. Sydney, more Americanized than Melbourne, has the brisk, apple-cheeked freshness of San Francisco and the pertness of Chicago.

Sydney also has a harbor about as beautiful as any I've known, including San Francisco, Rio de Janeiro, Southampton and the Isle of Wight, and New York Bay. Facing skyscrapers piled on Manhattan, New York Bay is more breathtaking, but whereas the New Jersey and Brooklyn shorelines are straight and bleakly industrial, the harbor of Sydney, known as Port Jackson, is a graceful series of green coves and bays and inlets, with redtiled dwellings enlivening the hilly landscape.

Finding no room at the Australia, Usher's and Carleton Hotels, I appealed to the army and got billeted at Hotel Wentworth, a clean, hospitable old place with the charm of an old English inn in Bournemouth. The hotel is staffed mainly by old maids—the men having gone off to the wars and the younger women are WACing or showing the town to Americans on leave.

I got a stuffy room with a community bath down the hall. Downstairs, the Wentworth has some of the medieval charm of the old Planters in St. Louis. The plumbing is not, as the English say, laid on so extravagantly, but the Wentworth has barmaids, which the Planters never had to my knowledge.

Looked up Colonel Y. to arrange transportation to New Zealand. The Colonel, who hails from Hempstead, Long Island, was pessimistic about the war. Said he didn't expect to get home until 1946, if then; so far we'd merely pinpricked the Japanese; we'd have to invade Japan itself to win.

He remarked that the war effort of the Australian government was being hamstrung by three unions—railroad workers, coal miners and steel workers—"all owing their first allegiance to Moscow," and striking as they wished and interfering with the American deliveries.

The Colonel said Americans were the prize suckers of the war, giving away everything and not receiving much in return.

Incidentally, Senator Lodge and the other Senators who toured the war fronts with him have called attention to the fact that we have lost thousands of lives and spent billions of dollars building airports, docks and roads all over the world with no assurance that we'll retain

possession more than six months after the war. This is not good business; it may not be good sense. (In New Caledonia, for instance, we planked down a cool million in advance to use the roads, we have paid enormous sums to lease sites for our bases, and we have even paid for the site of a cemetery. My, what a stink there's going to be after the war is over!)

Already there's a stink in Australia but for different reasons. There being an acute shortage of gasoline, automobiles run on charcoal, shale oil or ordinary cooking gas. The latter is carried in big balloon-like bags on top of cars. As the gas is gradually used up, the balloon shrinks and collapses like an elephant running out of hay. It's a fantastic sight to see a man driving down the street with his little car almost completely hidden under a big black balloon. I don't suppose the drivers dare smoke, for there's an odor of escaping gas everywhere. He who struck a match would sail through the air with the greatest of ease.

Cars which burn shale oil or charcoal carry Gas Producers instead of bags. The Producers look like stoves or hot-water tanks and are usually attached to the front or rear bumpers. The old expression about having everything but the kitchen stove is now outdone; the drivers take their stoves along. Even while the cars are parked, the stoves keep cooking.

In New Caledonia the war may be considered officially over; one of our generals has got himself a brand new yacht, biggest in the Pacific, and has traded in his green camouflaged Packard for a new two-tone collegiate job. Moreover, the bombproof trenches in the public park have been filled in. But in Sydney and Brisbane store windows are still boarded and bombproof shelters remain to block traffic on the sidewalks and in the streets.

In Australia, as in Great Britain and the whole British Empire, including Fiji, Tonga and British Samoa, all traffic moves on the "wrong" side of the street. This is confusing to American jeep drivers now and will be more so when they return to their jalopies. I found myself looking in both directions before crossing a street—and then praying! On the sidewalks one is bumped around unless he walks on the left hand side. . . .

Went in the evening to Sydney's music hall, the Tivoli. Sat in the

dress circle with gobs and gyrenes and dogfaces and saw a longish show called "Black Vanities." The jokes were on the unrefined side, a combination of New York's Minsky's and London's Palladium.

Spent an afternoon at Tauranga Park Zoo in the company of penguins, kangaroos, wallabies and koalas. The latter are vegetarian teddy bears, little gray furry creatures who climb trees and nibble on eucalyptus leaves.

I forgot to mention how surprised I was on passing a couple of Australian soldiers to hear a friendly greeting, "Hello, pal." As they passed on, I mumbled "Hello" and they looked back in surprise. As I turned the corner, I discovered why; there was a cageful of parrots shouting "Hello, pal." Was my face red!

In the evening went to the Wynard Theater to see my first news-reel in months. All this city life, sidewalks and everything, is making me homesick.

With 80,000 others I went out to Randwick Park to see the Australian Jockey Club's Derby, Sydney's racing event of the year. Out of sentiment bet on a favorite named MacArthur. A nag named Moorland won. MacArthur finished among the also-rans. I should have known anybody with that name would be sidetracked.

Sat one night in the lounge of my Hotel Wentworth, musing on the fact that wars are won by courage and intelligence and lost by decay of body and mind. My musings were interrupted by an Australian captain who thought I was lonely; actually he wanted an audience. He had been touching the bottle and he told me things he said he wouldn't even tell his wife—that his two boys weren't half the man he was, that they were pampered by his wife, good woman that she was, and that all the younger generation was pampered. He had been brought up in Scotland on mush and home-baked scones and tea cakes. He used to wade barefoot in cold creeks, and at night he went bird-nesting and got spanked by his father for staying out late. He grew up tough and hardy, and went to sea when nineteen. Now all the world was soft, eating the wrong kind of food, wearing too much clothes, and thinking only of luxury. Slightly befuddled, he gave the impres-pression he could win the war singlehanded if only supplied with enough mush and scones. Maybe he has something there. . . .

Up early for tea and toast and one boiled egg, and out to Mascot

Field in a camouflaged car driven by a pretty and polite little Wac, or Wren, rather. Boarded a Lockheed Electra, operated by Ansett Airways, for the trip back to Brisbane.

It was raining and the sky was full of clouds. Hour after hour we sailed above the clouds, blotting out the foul earth below. Aviation has been perverted to kill mankind, but aviation also serves to bring one close to heaven. It is impossible to describe rightly the sensation of being on the other side, the topside of cloudland. The earth is gone, you have ascended into a kind of heaven, you are floating on clouds. You compare the clouds to snow, they are so white and clean. But the clouds march past your window, and they billow and whirl. They are in perpetual motion like the billows of soapy foam in a washing machine. They look like Lux foam but they are tougher than Lux. Clouds come in layers, and your wise pilot tries to fly between the layers. Sometimes he misses his mark and bumps into a cloud. The cloud bumps back as if to say: Mind your step, watch where you're going, bub, I was here before you and I'll be here long after you crack up. Your plane shivers and shakes from the impact. You resolve to give the clouds the right of way. You can beat one cloud, or two or three, but if you make a practice of bumping into clouds, you'll get cloud happy and some day you'll meet a great big cloud that will brush you off for keeps. Clouds are like armies, you know. A cloud by itself scurries along like a colored boy passing a cemetery on the night of Friday the 13th. You can even see wispy little clouds dissolve into thin air. But when hundreds and thousands of clouds join forces and march along as a co-ordinated army, you have a rainstorm and maybe a cyclone, tornado or hurricane. Never sass or jostle a cloud if you know what's good for you.

I can't think of anything more beautiful than cloudland unless it is the sea. The ocean can be black or indigo blue or aquamarine or cobalt, depending upon the depth or the time of day or night. In the South Seas the insect-animal coral has built his coral reefs all around the islands. In these shallow lagoons the water is the greenest you ever saw; just outside the reefs it turns blue.

When your seaplane takes off you have all the colors of the rainbow. Off Tonga, Samoa and the Fijis, when I was lying in a bunk with a sprained ankle, I pressed my nose against the window with the ocean

surging past me one-sixteenth of an inch away, on the other side of the glass. In taking off, your seaplane throws up great geysers of water which slap against the windows and blot out the view. But as the plane steadies under way, the geysers die down, you regain your view and can stare out over and under the greenish waters. With the sun shining and our pontoons stirring up the depths, the water becomes as iridescent as a rainbow or the jewels in a dime-store window.

Yes, the ocean is beautiful, cloudland is beautiful, even the earth can be beautiful—only man is vile, as the poet says.

40

WHO GETS THE ISLANDS?

In *The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake,* London, 1628, we read: "The Maine Ocean (the Pacific) by right is the Lord's alone, and by nature left free for all men to deal withall, as very sufficient for all men's use, and large enough for all men's industry."

Prior to the Pearl Harbor blitz, President Roosevelt had remarked that he envisoned the Pacific as a lake of peace, remote and sheltered from Hitler's war in Europe. The Japanese spoiled such conceptions, and now President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and General Chiang Kai-shek are agreed that militaristic Nippon is to be punished by being stripped of the octopus-like empire it has accumulated since we, in an excess of enterprise, forced the Japanese to open their doors to Western civilization and commerce in 1854.

China is to recover Manchuria and the treaty ports which Japan seized. Korea and Formosa are to be made independent of Japan. Presumably Hong Kong is to go back to the British, since, like Malta, it is one of the brightest diadems in the royal crown and Mr. Churchill

has made it plain he did not become Prime Minister to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire.

Having ejected the Japanese from Asia's mainland and the adjacent islands of the China seas, now we come to the thousands of islands scattered throughout the Lord's Ocean. To the victors belong the spoils. That has been true in past wars, and apparently this one is to be no exception to the rule.

Apart from the original home islands of Nippon, to be left to them under the peace terms, the Nipponese annexed the Bonin Islands, which they began settling in 1861 despite Anglo-American claims, and the Marshall, Caroline, Mariana and Palau (Pelew) groups of islands, which they swiped in 1914 from Germany, which in turn had bought most of them from Spain when we passed them up after the Spanish-American War, satisfying ourselves with Guam and the Philippines.

Today we recognize that we made a mistake in not taking the islands when we had a right to them as spoils of war. For the sake of future peace, we must retain possession of those islands to prevent Japan from making a second attempt to turn the Lord's ocean into the Emperor's lagoon. So far no one seriously disputes our claim to these islands, which are being stormed entirely by American forces and which can be retained only by the strongest power in the Pacific, which is the United States.

With the annexation of the islands formerly possessed by Japan, plus the recovery of Wake, Guam and the Philippines, the United States should be in a position to preserve peace indefinitely in the Pacific, in association, of course, with those other Pacific powers, China and Russia.

Whether we assume outright ownership of the islands, or take them under some league mandate, the effect will be the same—the United States will be in a position to keep Japan neutralized and impotent and to prevent outbreak of another war in that area in a quarter century, as has happened in Europe.

North of the equator, where we have been doing all of the fighting, we are to have the spoils of war, it appears. But not so south of the equator, where we have been doing most of the fighting.

Take the Gilbert and Ellice islands, for instance. They constitute a British crown colony, administered by the Colonial Office in White-

hall, through the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific with headquarters at Suva in the Fiji Islands, who delegates the administration to a Resident Commissioner. In this colony are the Gilbert group, the Ellice group, the Phoenix group, Ocean Island, Christmas Island, Fanning Island and Washington Island.

When the Americans had captured the Gilberts after the bloodiest battle in marine history, they raised the American flag as a token of victory, not necessarily of possession. Simultaneously, on another flagpole, the British flag was raised by the Resident Commissioner, V. Fox-Strangways, who had come ashore with a small kit containing the Union Jack and an extra pair of drawers.

Although the British official was acting within his authority in restoring the British administration, there was some grumbling among the spectators, sweat-and-bloodstained Americans who thought he might have waited until they had buried the bodies of their buddies, still floating off the beaches.

A Senator from Maryland, Millard Tydings, thinks the United States should "accept" a mandate over the Gilberts after the war. He says "someone has to own them," and that the British have thousands of other islands. But Britishers like Mr. Churchill do not volunteer to lower the Union Jack once they have raised it.

Any arbitrary division of Pacific islands to give the Americans those north of the equator, and leave the rest of the islands to the British Colonial Office, Australia, New Zealand, France, the Netherlands and Portugal, would run into some difficulties. For instance, Makin, Tarawa and Abemama in the Gilberts lie north of the equator, but other Gilbert islands are south of the equator, as are also the Ellice Islands and Ocean and Nauru Islands. Then, too, the United States already has a few islands in the South Seas, notably the American Samoa group.

Recently, cession of New Britain Island to the United States was proposed by an Australian newspaper publisher, Sir Keith Murdoch. To which Herbert V. Evatt, Australian Minister of External Affairs, promptly replied that the Australian government would not consider yielding its New Britain mandate to the United States, nor would it entertain similar suggestions concerning New Caledonia and the New Hebrides. (New Caledonia is a French colony, over which Australia

has no control, although they are neighbors. The New Hebrides are under joint Anglo-French rule.)

Just as Australia doesn't intend to transfer any of its island holdings to the United States, so is it safe to say New Zealand intends to hold on to British Samoa, although historians have pointed out there is no logical reason why the Samoan isles should be divided among two nations—either the United States or New Zealand should have full possession, if only for purposes of defense.

What has been agreed upon to date is that the present war must wipe out Japan's island outposts in the Pacific in the same way that the previous war liquidated Germany's. This will leave the Pacific islands largely in Anglo-American hands, with France as a minority partner in the South Pacific, and the Dutch and Portuguese in the far Southwest.

The islands of the South Seas, particularly Samoa, the Fijis, New Hebrides, Caledonia and the Solomons, have been transformed by the war. They will never be the same, economically and morally, which may be all for the best.

Our chain of Atlantic island bases from Newfoundland to the West Indies and Trinidad was acquired from Britain under 99-year leases—and the terms were put in writing. The terms for our new Pacific bases are less definite and subject to further negotiation with the owners—French and British.

Our investment in man power and money is enormous. No responsible person has said we should take over ownership. On the other hand, no American who has been there thinks we should abandon possession the day the war is ended or even six months after.

The solution can be found in friendship and common sense, probably through leases or joint mandates or condominium governments. An example might be taken from Canton and Enderbury islands which Britain and the United States share in common, with the U.S. making most use of them for the time being as they lie on the air routes from our Pacific Coast and Hawaii, to New Caledonia, New Zealand and Australia. After the war the British may seek to establish competitive airlines to the South Seas from Canada.

As might have been expected, American wages and democracy have not brought complete happiness to these Pacific isles. Natives, pampered by the extravagant Americans, have grown lazy and insolent;

under European discipline, in other places, they remain fairly industrious and altogether respectful. (A bundle of laundry that costs the equivalent of $1 in British Samoa costs $5 in American Samoa.)

The wholesale invasion of Americans has meant a change not only in money but in moral standards. The guidebook had not adequately prepared our boys for the sight of seminude Polynesian and Melanesian belles in Kiva-Kivas or sarongs. Bug-eyed curiosity abated when missionaries persuaded the belles to don Mother Hubbards for the duration as their war sacrifice. And the wise old queen of Bora Bora sent her virgins into the hills for the duration.

The island French, the Neo-Hebridais and Neo-Caledoniens, haven't shown much gratitude for the Americans who protect them from Japanese invasion. In Efate I was told:

"The French here can't be trusted; they're Free French one day and Vichy the next. So far as Americans are concerned, the French are only interested in taking our money."

The Americans like the black natives more than their white masters. The natives are called goonies for some reason. The goonies go for American wages and American canned foods. Paid seventeen cents an hour to dump American garbage and refuse, they diligently search the debris for souvenirs. When one discovers an item, his companions gather round to admire.

Regardless of what we do after the war, the jungles can never be the same. The copra business, depressed by the rise of the soya bean, has been hurt further by cannons and foxholes. Jeeps and command cars race over new hard roads interlacing coconut plantations. Lightnings and Liberators outspeed the buzzards and bats.

At night the freshly hewn airports and highways are busier and brighter than LaGuardia Field or Riverside Drive. The farther south one goes, the less drastic is the blackout.

Nazi agents have been active in Samoa; Japanese and Vichy agents in other islands. These agents have done their worst, but American penetration and development of the South Pacific progresses with giant strides.

More than ever before, there are white shadows in the South Seas; white shadows that are edging the Yellow Peril back toward Tokyo. . . .

Meanwhile it may be interesting to consider some of the problems

of island management, at which the Americans have not been too adept in the past. Generally speaking, the British and the French have found it advisable to let the brown and black islanders retain a certain amount of self-government and not try to make them over in the image of their white masters. In Tonga, for example, the happy, carefree islanders have been permitted to retain their ancient dynasty, with stately Queen Salote as the reigning constitutional monarch, assisted by a native premier and parliament. The real power behind the throne is, of course, the white British agent whose advice must be accepted by the Monarch.

In Ile Uvea, which became a French protectorate in 1842, the French republicans permitted the native Polynesians to retain a semblance of monarchy and have enforced respect for the native king and his chiefs, although the real boss is the white French Resident, who lives in the same village of Mataautu with the royal family.

Because of its limited population (4,200, before the Americans moved in), Ile Uvea can be studied in miniature as a problem in island management. Being only a handful of whites among the darker-skinned folk, the French, in drafting the native penal code, had something to say about respect for authority:

The people shall respect their King.

The same for the French Resident.

If any one slanders the King or speaks ill of him he shall be judged; and if the matter be proved, he shall be severely condemned.

If a man meets on the public way the Resident (French), a priest, or any white man, he halts and raises his hand to salute. It is permitted to wear a hat, but this must be raised before a chief or before the house of a chief, out of respect; or in the same way, if one meets some one on the public way.

It is forbidden for any chief or commoner to sell any parcel of Uvean land to a white man. If a native wishes to give such land to a white man be must first ask the King, who will give him written authority.

Ile Uvea has something in the nature of a simple wages and hours law to protect the native laborers who work for the whites.

There is also the labor contract, which indicates the price, so much labor in one day, or in two, or in a week, and at such and such a price. It is for each to see whether he will accept or not.

Secretary Ickes probably would approve of the Uvean code on con-

servation of natural resources, which specifies: If a man wishes to carry out some work in a forest reserve, to hollow out a canoe or to cut himself building materials, he must ask permission of the government first.

Laconic wisdom and small fines are compounded in the Uvean laws pertaining to theft:

It is not theft if a man carries off something in the belief that it belongs to him.

If a man takes something from his brother or from a relative, as is customary among relatives, the latter shall be the judge of what should be done. If he complains, the fine shall be the same as in the case of theft.

He who has committed the crime of murder shall be slain, or condemned to forced labor for life. His execution or his pardon are to be referred to the King alone.

It is forbidden for a man to beat his wife. Should he have a complaint to make of her, it is allowed him to address himself to the government, which will exact a fine of five dollars from her.

On the subject of religion, the Uvean native code is strict. It reads:

It is forbidden to absent one's self from mass. $1.

It is forbidden to wear a necklace of flowers into church. Two shillings.

Holy communion is forbidden to women wearing dresses with short sleeves, like the "savalolo," or wearing finely woven (i.e. transparent) dresses or wearing dresses which are too low at the neck. $1.

It is forbidden to enter church wearing orange skin paint. One shilling.

It is forbidden to enter church wearing yellow or red headdresses. One shilling.

The beadles shall inspect those who come into church and see that they have no tobacco behind their ears or in the holes in their ear lobes. Those so discovered must remove same or they will be subject to a fine of $2.

41

THERE'S NO GLAMOUR TO THIS WAR

THE OFFICER opposite me was speaking about the war in general, as we waited for our dinner to be served by the *Chamorro* steward, and I'm afraid I wasn't paying strict attention to his observations. I was more interested in glancing about the long mess hall and studying the faces of the hundred navy and marine officers. One could readily distinguish the hardened, leathery faces of the veterans who had been through Guadalcanal and New Georgia from the apple-cheeked, bright-eyed boys fresh from training schools in the States.

"The one thing that has impressed me most," my officer friend was saying, "is that there's no glamour to this war. All the men want to do is to get this war over with and get home."

His words sank in. I could not avoid them; they pinned my ears back; they halted my distractions. Because they were so embracingly true, one could not escape them. Millions of words have been spoken and written about this war, but there's nothing truer than that there's no glamour to it.

Now, wars weren't always glamourless. Despite General William Tecumseh Sherman's harsh coupling of war and hell, the Civil War had its merry moments. If one must take up arms and go forth to slay, then clean, fragrant, grassy knolls of Bull Run would appear inviting, particularly with the gay, unrationed belles and blades of Washington's society dressing up as if for a picnic and driving out to see the fun—and that first farcical battle of Bull Run must have been fun, at least for the South.

Best of all possible wars was the Spanish-American imbroglio, because we were certain of victory from the start and without much effort or intelligence being required. Our casualties from the languid Spaniards were no heavier than from our own embalmed beef. The comic war

made heroes of Colonel Teddy Roosevelt and Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines and everybody was happy. We had proved our peculiar ability to win wars with one hand tied behind our back, and naïvely we assumed it would always be that way.

In the first World War, our American Expeditionary Force was envied by millions left behind because the A.E.F. was sailing for that country of our dreams, La Belle France. In the language of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain, we loved France like a woman. To us Marianne was not a nation, but a girl friend. We orated about Lafayette and Rochambeau, but we sang of Madelon and Charmaine and Mademoiselle from Armentières, and we were kinfolks with Joan of Arc.

Though seldom satisfied, the same yearning for romance and glamour persists in this war.

It is now my duty to record that, excepting Stewart Island or something on that order, there's no glamour in this war so far as the Pacific area is concerned. The war opened for us with inglorious shambles at Pearl Harbor and painful surrender at Bataan and Corregidor. Since then we have gained hard-fought victories at sea and in the islands. Our sea victories have been achieved at terrific cost amid burning oil and sinking ships; our land triumphs have been tortuous, crawling pilgrimages through the filthiest mud in the world. The well-advertised mud of Flanders was gentle, well-nurtured, refined, aristocratic loam compared to the thick, black, soupy gumbo that grabs you by the ankle and the knee in the islands of the South Seas.

Swimming through burning oil and dodging the mesmeric swirl of drowning ships is child's play compared to an eternity of foot-slogging through island mud to kill Japs. It has been said that "At sea one may die like a dog, but one lives like a gentleman." On land it is difficult to live like or look like a gentleman. The jealous, possessive mud penetrates your hair, your eyes, your ears and nostrils. When you think you have used up all the mud, the heavens pour down their daily rain, and more mud is in the making. By day you are wet and feverish; by night you are wet and chilled and ripe for pneumonia. Nothing can cure you of your dirt and misery except a good hot bath and there's no hot bath to be had for love or money.

When our foot-sloggers leave the front line and go south for a rest, the first thing they ask for is a hot bath; and they'll stand under a

hot shower all day except that they are cautioned not to waste the precious steam. Next to a hot bath, they crave a hot meal. In our infiltration into New Georgia, our vanguard went for seven days without a hot meal, it being impractical to set up cookstoves without betraying our positions.

Civilians, try going without a hot meal or a hot bath for a week and you'll have a faint idea of why glamour's gone out of this war. Better still, step out into your Victory Garden, sprinkle the ground thoroughly, and then rub some rich, fruity mud into your eyes and ears. Yes, and you might attempt sleeping outdoors on the bare, cold earth some night when it is raining cats and dogs.

Do you remember the old expression "His name is mud?" Meaning that someone was shunned, ostracized, predestined, defeated, despaired of. Well, mud is more than a figure of speech. Second only to the Japs themselves, mud has been our most devastating enemy in the Pacific. Americans, educated to bathe daily and to brush their teeth before and after meals, have found it easier to kill Japs than to keep clean. And being physically dirty has a depressing effect on Americans; nearly as bad as shell-shock, which we nowadays term combat fatigue.

On Fifth Avenue Elizabeth Arden and Dorothy Gray used to feature mud packs and mud baths as aids to beauty and glamour; maybe they still do. But mud has one meaning on Fifth Avenue and another in the South Seas. When our soldiers, sailors and marines march up Fifth Avenue after the war is won, they won't want to see mud again. What they want, in addition to the Four Freedoms, is a hot bath on Saturdays and every day of the week.

And glamour, too! What is glamour? Well, glamour is washing your face, putting on a newly-pressed suit, and taking your girl to the movies. Glamour is kissing your girl, or somebody else's, in a dark car. Glamour is admiring your wife, your children, your mother. Glamour is resuming your career and building your own home. Glamour is living and letting others live, in a world that has found peace at long last.

Definitely, there's no glamour in this war. Which may be just as well. For, in the absence of glamour, our boys in the Pacific are bored with the war and are resolved to finish the damn job in a hurry.

More speed to them.

42

DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON?

ARMY CHAIR CORPS SONG

(Tune: Army Air Corps Song)

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Diving deep into the drawer,
Here it is, buried away down under,
That goddamned stuff we've been searching for,
Off we go, into the CO's office,
Where we get one heluva roar,
We live in miles of paper files,
But nothing will stop the Army Chair Corps.

CHORUS

Here's a toast to the host of those who slave,
With feet on desk so high
To a friend we will send a message of
The trials of the swivel-chair guy.
We type and file, and tho we have no prop,
We're either in a spin or else we blow our top.
A toast to the host of the men who coast—
—the Army Chair Corps.

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Keep the margins level and true,
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the glue.
Office men, guarding the Army's red tape,
We'll be there, followed by more.
With dictionary, we're stationary,
Nothing can move the Army Chair Corps!

Back in the United States now, temporarily battling on the home

front, I can still hear the sage words of my friend, Commander Eddie Pearce, whom I left behind in the South Seas:

"We have only begun to fight," said Eddie, and Commander Mike Cheek, veteran of Manila and Corregidor, nodded assent.

"We have merely saved California thus far," Eddie continues with pardonable nonexaggeration of our victories.

"Unless we harden ourselves, at home and in the field, and especially at home, we may be in for a long war.

"From now on, we must Cut, Kill and Deliver. Mark those words, we must Cut, Kill and Deliver."

Eddie Pearce and Mike Cheek are the finest types of American fighting men. They know what it's all about. They are confident of ultimate victory, but they are worried lest it be delayed unduly by indifference and selfishness on the home front. Their worries are shared by millions of Americans overseas, and I must say there is a substantial basis for believing many Americans at home have not kept the faith with Americans abroad. I intend to cite proof of this, but first I want to tell about the homecoming of a few boys.

I flew back with a stocky Seabee named Kennedy, just back from months in New Georgia; he helped to build an airfield at Segi in nine days. He's fed up on Spam and longs for his German wife and home cooking in Wisconsin. At Suva he ate his first banana in nearly a year, and raved over the lettuce and tomato salad and the cold beer.

"When I get home, I'm gonna get me a rifle and go out and shoot me something good to eat," he said, "and when I get around to it, I'm gonna blow up that damned Spam factory."

At Pearl Harbor, we went through the customs in short order and impatiently grabbed a taxi into town. I rode with two younger officers who had been out in the wilds of New Guinea and the Solomons. They had scarcely seen a girl, a white girl, for ages. Now they saw hundreds of white girls; girls who didn't wear lava-lavas and sarongs but skirts and slacks. They rubbed their eyes in disbelief.

Even more amazed were they at the sight of new shiny automobiles, black, red, yellow and two-tone. They were accustomed to vehicles being speckled and camouflaged, like jeeps and tanks.

"Look, a new Buick," one cried.

"Yeh, and a 1942 model," the other echoed.

Our taxi driver was a little Japanese. So little that he had installed a kind of child's wicker seat so he could reach up to the steering wheel. This Jap scared our heroes stiff. Not because he was a Jap. They were not afraid of his Shintoism, but his careless driving. They agreed jungle driving wasn't as dangerous as city driving. One recalled that automobile casualties in the States last year exceeded our total of war casualties for the same period. Our heroes who had faced hand grenades and sniper's stings flinched and closed their eyes every time we slid in between two busses or trucks without an inch to spare.

The suicidal tactics of Zero pilots are nothing new; they could have learned their tactics on the taxi fields of Hawaii.

What a strange America to which we return! Disillusionment begins as we step ashore. The big carrier which brought us back from Pearl had its hangar deck filled with cots for the two-hundred-odd survivors from the escort carrier *Liscome Bay,* but as long as we were on the ocean there was peace and serenity, for both the big carrier and little carrier had done their duty, and were we not returning to a grateful people?

"San Francisco is a madhouse," we were warned. "In fact, every American city is a madhouse these days, with the possible exception of Minneapolis."

I don't know about Minneapolis (I flew over there too high to tell), but I can testify that San Francisco is quite mad, as is every other American city where I've set foot. In S.F. thousands of people are rushing in and out of the Fairmont Hotel, the Mark Hopkins, the St. Francis and the Palace in quest of fine food, any kind of liquor, pretty girls, and what have you. Many of the fun-loving males wear navy blues, marine greens and army khaki, and one wishes them a good time, for they deserve it. At the same time one wonders who the multitudes of free-spending male civilians are, young and strong enough to dance and cut capers all night, though not to shoulder arms. Are these the war profiteers we hear about out in the Pacific?

"The less work you do, the more money you make." Like a stab in the back, the remark floats out from a booth at a Fisherman's Wharf restaurant. We are dining with a couple of naval lieutenants who have come across the country and are about to sail on LSTs, than which nothing could be more hazardous. Americans are not fools and they

have imagination enough to be scared. These lieutenants are frankly scared, for themselves and their wives and families. It is a 50-50 chance they will not come back, and they know it. They are willing to take the chance only because our country is at war and is fighting for ideals which must not perish from the face of the earth. And then we hear a gentleman in the next booth declare with supreme self-satisfaction:

"The less work you do, the more money you make."

The gentleman is young and strong-looking, but he is not in uniform. He could be a shipyard worker; obviously, he has a deferment of some kind. He and another young fellow are drinking and necking with their girl friends. The war does not appear to be treating them badly. It has even given the first fellow a philosophy of life which should carry him far:

"The less work you do, the more money you make."

I can see our naval lieutenants wince at this. They have given up the professions which cost them much study and money; for them the war means less money, not more, and the work they'll have to do from now on will be bloody business, indeed. (Riding LSTs is no fun; Admiral Nimitz's physician and friend, Captain Alfred Gendreau, was killed in one, as was Commander McClelland Barclay, the illustrator; Osmar White, Australian war correspondent, has two broken legs to remind him of LST bombings.)

As San Francisco goes, so goes the nation. The returning soldier forgets his own sufferings as he hears how the people at home have suffered—rationing, my dear, and meatless days once a week, with only fish, chicken, turkey and capon on the menus, and a black market in butter, beefsteaks, beer, liquor, Pullman reservations, gasoline and nylon stockings.

In Washington, Mrs. Jimmie Higgs telephones a tradesman about something, and he snaps at her: "Lady, don't you know there's a war on?"—not knowing or caring that she does, because her husband is with the army air corps out in India, flying back and forth across the Himalaya Mountains and not for the fun of it. All over America, "Don't you know there's a war on?" is being exploited to cover up the inefficiency and downright selfishness of our profiteers.

In Washington a muddled Congress quarrels over the soldiers' vote, unmindful that any American old enough to fight should, in justice,

be accorded full opportunity to vote. In Detroit a motors plant with 6000 employees has to shut down over the holidays as men and women workers on two shifts became too intoxicated to do their precision work. In a tank arsenal thirty electricians and repair men strike in protest against a 25-foot walk to get their overalls. (In an aviation plant, men and women workers are discovered making babies behind huge metal stamping presses.)

In Los Angeles fifty war plants are blacked out by power failures which striking employees declined to repair until the city grants them wage increases.

All over the country there are strikes and rumors of strikes, and the name of John L. Lewis is cursed to a faretheewell, while the AF of L's William Green denounces wartime strikes as inexcusable. Out in the Pacific John L. Lewis is easily the most hated American. Every time we read of a strike in the steel mills, the coal mines or other essential industry back home, a loud curse goes up, accompanied usually by demands that Lewis and his ilk be shot as traitors. I never heard anyone pause to argue that there were two sides to the question, and that the anti-labor people may have been at fault too. In war you have to simplify things, and the boys who shout for Lewis's life are merely declaring their profound conviction that strikes, against the war effort, no matter what the provocation, are strikes against victory, and that strike leaders should be exterminated.

My friend, Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, one of the world's greatest cartoonists, sees that Lewis is not America's only personal devil. In proposing a new National Anthem, to be called "My country 'Tis of ME" he nominates a quartet of selfishness—the labor bloc, farm bloc, oil bloc and the anti-higher tax bloc.

Quite true, and some of us could name other interests which sing of ME rather than WE.

On his flagship *Victory* leading the British fleet to victory at Trafalgar, Nelson signaled his fleet: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Is it too much to expect today that every American will do his duty? As has been truly said, "This is no Hollywood war nor is it a rocking chair war." And again: "What we need is more stuff and less talk."

Old Nelson had the right idea: "You must be quick for I have one

more [signal] to make, which is for Close Action." America could use some Close Action now. . . .

War profiteering, we were once assured, is "fool's gold." Well, in Providence, a Federal jury convicts a wire company and four officials of conspiring to manufacture and deliver defective wire to the Army Signal Corps. The company is let off with a $10,000 fine and the individuals with short jail sentences. In St. Louis a Federal grand jury indicts ten employes of a cartridge company on charges of wartime sabotage by causing defective ammunition to be manufactured for the government. Mention of sabotage in war plants makes me wonder how many lives of fighting young Americans have been sacrificed because of defective material turned out by mechanics, superintendents, inspectors and contractors who simply don't give a damn, if it interferes with their pleasures or profits.

In Brooklyn a navy yard worker, native-born American, is indicted for careless welding that might have caused the new 45,000-ton battleship *Missouri,* the mightiest warship afloat, to split from bow to stern when it went into action. The man is indicted for sabotage, but the prosecutor says the case involves only gross carelessness, indifference and ignorance. That's all, but it could have cost us a battle, a $100,000,000 super-dreadnaught, and thousands of lives.

There probably has never been a war or a nation which hasn't been weighed down by some weaknesses cropping out on the home front, but it's sad to think that it could happen in America today, if we really believe in the well-advertised ideals, slogans and mottoes under which we take up arms against the enemy.

The greatest morale factor in a warrior's life is mail, mail from home. That is, it should be. One would think the girl he left behind him would write to encourage and inspire him. Quite the contrary, though. Officers whose duty it is to censor mail tell me that the men devote ninety per cent of their writings back home to cheering up the poor lone girls. Forgetful of their own war weariness, harassed night and day by the enemy, our boys still must suffer the worst blow of all—

whinings and whimperings from people back home who are running short on nylons and patriotism and all-around understanding.

"The woman who has a husband overseas wading through hell, sweat and blood and who is playing around with another man is the lowest thing I know, and the next lowest thing I know is the man who runs around with her."

There speaks an army chaplain, Major John S. Garrenton, Baptist chaplain for the India-China wing of the Air Transport Command, who says one of the greatest problems he encounters is the woman who writes her soldier, not to cheer him but to ask for a divorce so she can sleep, legally, with her civilian boy friend.

"What this country needs is a good bombing to let people know we are really at war," the chaplain adds.

That would be all right with me if the bombs could be earmarked for the guilty parties. Since that is impractical, may I suggest that the wife who betrays her soldier is a war slacker and profiteer in her own way, and should be punished accordingly.

If, as we say, we are fighting a total war, let us then, for God's sake, make it total—or else stop talking nonsense!

One of the first men I encountered upon returning to New York was a lieutenant who had been out in the Pacific eighteen months. Home at last on leave he immediately sought the arms of the wife who had been accepting his allotments and his correspondence, and responding endearingly by mail, throughout his long absence. But she turned him away; she had another man, she wanted a divorce.

This man, in his early twenties, little more than a boy, was crying like a boy when I saw him. What happened to him was all too typical. They shouldn't do it to a dog—and they are doing it to thousands of our heroes.

Many a fighter's bravado covers a breaking heart. There's that swashbuckling Swede, a rough, tough, poetry-writing flying fool, who bombed Attu and Kiska in the days when it was suicidal to do so, and later had a go at the Gilberts, the Marshalls and the Carolines. He-man that he is, he never departs on a mission nowadays without wrapping an old silk stocking around his neck for good luck. Others may carry medals and shamrocks and rabbit's feet for luck, but he prefers

a lady's stocking. You see, the lady was his wife—she sued him for divorce while he was out in the Aleutians. He says he can't understand her action; he's still madly in love with her.

Then there was that reserved, good-looking officer on the Flying Fortress that set out to bomb Nauru and got lost in the ocean off the Cartaret Islands. After being lost in the ocean and the upper Solomons for seventy days, he and his companions were rescued and flown back to civilization. The hardships his mates endured were nothing compared to his mental agony—an hour before his near-fatal flight began, he received word from his wife in California that she had met another man she liked, and was suing for a divorce. That was the secret he had kept locked in his heart for the seventy days he was among the sharks and the cannibals. He couldn't do a thing about it anyway, but knowing what he did he would have been pardoned if he thought the more he saw of the human race, the more he respected man-eating sharks. . . .

Summing up the subject of our home front, I would say that the Jap's secret weapon is the faithless American wench.

43

NEVER LET THESE BOYS DOWN

What did you do today, my friend,
From morn until night?
How many times did you complain
The rationing is too tight?
When are you going to start to do
All of the things you say?
A soldier would like to know, my
friend,
What did you do today?

We met the enemy today
And took the town by storm

Happy reading it will make
For you tomorrow morn.

You'll read with satisfaction
The brief communiqué.
We fought, but are you fighting?
What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today;
I feel his warm blood yet.
Your neighbor's dying boy gave out
A scream I can't forget.
On my right a tank was hit,
A flash and then a fire;
The stench of burning flesh
Still rises from the pyre.

What did you do today, my friend,
To help us with the task?
Did you work harder and longer for
less,
Or is that too much to ask?
What right have I to ask you this?
You probably will say.
Maybe now you'll understand;
You see, I died today.

The foregoing poem was written by a wounded Army officer who amputated his own foot with a jackknife and thought he was dying when he composed the verses. He recovered—to come home to a country whose apathy and self-satisfaction must have surprised him. I know it amazed me.

As I finish this writing and shove off for the invasion front I would like to leave this one book without a Message. But if sermons can be read in stones, maybe there's a point to a couple of little stories.

At Admiral Nimitz's headquarters, a number of correspondents interviewed a group of wounded soldiers brought back from the conquest of Makin. Among the foolish questions put to these boys who still smelled of gunpowder and blood was this:

"Do you want to return to combat?"

With magnificent simplicity, without hesitation, fear or braggadocio, the buck private to whom the question was addressed, replied:

"If I'm ordered to go, sir, I'll go."

Hero of the second story was Father Neil Doyle, Army chaplain from Waterbury, Connecticut, who risked his life repeatedly to minister to the National Guardsmen who were fighting the Japs in the green hell of New Georgia. Padre Doyle consoled the living and he buried the dead. He administered the last rites, he dug the graves, and no Jap sniper could stop his funeral services.

Captain Bill Rafferty, who's Protestant despite his Irish name and Irish face, and chief of chaplains in the South Pacific, was making an inspection tour of the front when he came upon Father Doyle among heaps of wounded being taken from Munda to Tulagi in a crowded barge. A shell from a Jap mortar had shot away Doyle's left leg and gangrene was setting in to kill him, but he was uncomplaining.

"He was a tall handsome fellow, over six feet and weighing about 250," Rafferty told me. "About forty years old, I would say. As I held his hand and talked to him, he said:

"Padre, you're not a Catholic and I am, but there's one thing I've got to say to you: 'Our government must never let these boys down.' "

That was all, but it was a masterful oration, a combined victory and postwar program in five words:

Never let these boys down.

Need we say more?

THE END

Here are the men of the United States Navy—from the Admirals to the gunners aboard the destroyers and the pilots on the flat-tops—men with whom Mr. Driscoll lived on intimate terms and whose varied adventures he has shared.

Pacific Victory 1945 gives us revealing portraits of Nimitz and MacArthur and scores of other leaders of the fleet and land forces. It takes us ashore on the islands of the Pacific and paints the life of the natives, the quality of the country, and the effect the war is having throughout the archipelagoes. It is filled with vibrant stories of action, which come together to form a unified view of progress and achievement in the Pacific war. It provides the answers to those questions which the friends and relatives of the fighting men are most interested in asking.

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